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THOUGHTS IN AN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Two journeymen, says a German poet, who had been travelling through many lands, returned after an absence of several years to their native town.

"What have you seen? Tell us," eagerly asked the friends who came to greet them.

"Pshaw!" the one yawned indifferently. "What have I seen? Mountains and meadows, trees and rivers, cities, villages, and people."

"We have seen," exclaimed the other enthusiastically, his eye beaming with rapture, "mountains and meadows, trees and rivers, cities, villages, and people."

Kant as well as Schopenhauer has proved mathematically that our intellect can grasp only the qualities of a thing, not the thing itself, and it is a fact which also can be proven that the qualities of a thing present themselves to the intellect of different persons in a different shape. A poet will stand with admiration before the same plant which a botanist will dry for his collection, as a fair specimen of the order or the genus, without the poet's rapture over the beauty of its colors. A farmer will tear out the same plant by the root, looking upon it as an unwelcome weed, and a fourth person will pass by indifferently without even noticing it.

Many are the visitors to the orphan asylums that are found in almost every large city. Thousands of names are registered in the books which are kept in the offices of such institutions for their signatures. Guests are cordially received either by the superintendent himself or by some other official, conducted through the long corridors from one wing

of the magnificent building to the other, and shown everything worth seeing. They will admire the bright and airy dormitories in which the neat and scrupulously clean little beds stand like soldiers in a line; they will watch with astonishment how by means of a well-devised system the hundreds of children are served in the dining hall with marvellous rapidity; they will look compassionately upon the *poor orphans*, whom grim death has robbed of their parents, and be happy in the thought that it is the good fortune of their own children to live with their parents in a comfortable home. They will, perhaps, offer a part of the surplus of their parental love to one of the *poor orphans*, whose hair they will smooth, or whose cheek they will pat. It may be they will even open their pocket-book, and leave a donation for the support of the asylum.

If it were possible to collect the thoughts which pass through the minds of visitors on such occasions, and to assort and analyze them, we should find that they all turn around one pivot, viz., the thought that no greater misfortune can happen to a child than to lose both his parents, and consequently to be put into an orphan asylum. They will observe whether justice is done to these *poor* children (will the reader please emphasize the word "*poor*"); whether they are kept clean, whether they have sufficient and wholesome food, and whether they receive proper education. The business man will watch the business management of the institution; the housekeeper will notice the standard of cleanliness that is kept up; the gormand will taste of the soup, and the would-be philanthropist, who brings his friends in his carriage to the asylum that he may show them what a magnificent institution WE maintain, will direct their attention to the architectural beauties of the building, not forgetting the marble tablet in the reception room upon which his name is engraved, to be transmitted in golden letters to future generations as the founder, or at least a member of this noble institution.

Indeed, we all have eyes apparently constructed alike, and yet how differently we see things through them. It is my privilege to look at things as my eyes will permit me, and when I lately visited an orphan asylum I saw many things which other visitors generally do not see. Why, then, should my thoughts not have been propelled by the sights I saw in

another direction than that which our present well-regulated society considers a safe road to travel?

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A few months ago I visited the orphan asylum in C. The able and scholarly superintendent, Dr. W., showed me all over the house, the magnificence of which, as well as its excellent appointments, could not fail to arouse my admiration. I saw the schoolrooms, the dining hall, and the dormitories. I inspected the playrooms and the tank in which fifty boys or girls at a time could enjoy cold or warm baths. I observed the orphans in the class room, in the yard, and while taking their meals. I could not help noticing their blooming health, their youthful sprightliness, their healthy appetite, their clean and well-fitting garments. It caused me exceeding pleasure to observe with what affection they clung to their teachers and especially to the superintendent, nor did I fail to observe the love which the teachers harbored for their pupils, or the brotherly and sisterly sentiments which these orphans showed to one another. It was a pleasure to notice how the larger children took care of the smaller ones; in a word, I saw many things which every visitor may see but which he rarely observes. I saw, moreover, that the five hundred children of this institution were not at all to be pitied on account of the loss of their parents, but that their lot had become one to be envied when compared with the hundreds of thousands of children whose parents have to struggle with the worries and anxieties of everlasting poverty, or with those whom death has robbed only of either the father or the mother. Even when compared with the children of well-to-do or wealthy parents, the balance would be in their favor, because the latter, being pampered, become effeminate; their talents are not discovered and stimulated by an able educator, but rather spoiled and misdirected by the egotism of parents who love but themselves in their children. A silly, even a cruel wish rose then for a moment in my heart, which I will confess, although I feel the danger of being misunderstood in doing so. I wished at that moment that death would remove all poverty-stricken parents in the land, in order that their children might enjoy a happy youth, free from care, worthy of the human name, and enter upon active life well developed and educated, with a prospect of success.

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"What are the conditions necessary for the admission of a child into your institution?" I asked the superintendent. The answer was, that only children are admitted both of whose parents are dead, and who have no relatives of means who could take care of them.

Let us now take two children out of similar circles and observe the contrast. The one has lost both his parents and, therefore, is admitted into the asylum. From that moment he comes under the eye of a highly-cultured educator; he receives clothing, food, and proper direction. Light and ventilation are carefully provided. He is trained to scrupulous cleanliness. Even while playing, he is watched and his character noted. Good influences surround him from all sides, while evil is kept from him; even inherited faults are quickly discovered and systematically uprooted. In case of sickness, the best care is taken of him. A physician is called in time and his advice carefully followed. When the time arrives in which the child must choose an occupation for his future life, the advice of the educator who has discovered his talents long before and has caused them to be developed, is his for the asking.

The other child, to whom a good (?) fortune has left both his parents, is brought up in narrow quarters that lack light and air. He is surrounded by misery and destitution and the squalor and uncleanness which necessarily accompany them. His food is unwholesome and insufficient. If his shoes are torn, his parents will complain that at present they have no money to buy him new ones or even to have them mended. He is left to himself. His father is at work all day, and in the evening is too tired to devote an hour to the training of his children; in most cases he does not even understand more of his parental duties than that he has the right to thrash his child. The mother is overburdened with household cares, and thus the child is left to all the evil influences which surround the miserable neighborhood as with a dark cloud. His sentiments are suppressed, his talents remain unnoticed. The public schools can do but a part of the educational work, although indeed it is a great boon to the children of the poor that at least during five hours a day they are brought within the reach of better influences and during that time may enjoy better light and air. In case of sickness, quack medicines are tried before

the dispensary doctor is called, and his advice remains unheeded, because light, air, and wholesome food are medicines which cannot be procured at the drug store. Choice of occupation is entirely out of the question. After the child has reached his fourteenth year, he is obliged to take the first place which offers itself, in order to earn a few cents. A city which supports an orphan asylum of about four hundred pupils contains, on an average, thirty thousand children who are denied all these rights and possibilities of life which I have enumerated, because they are so happy (?) as to possess parents. It is evident that all these miseries assume larger proportions when the father is dead and the widow alone must support her children.

"But, my dear sir," the reader will say, "you leave out the consideration that the love of parents to children and the affection of brothers and sisters to one another, overbalance all these material advantages which the orphan asylum offers."

Let us not talk of the affection of brothers and sisters towards one another. Most parents, be they rich or poor, are troubled to keep peace between brothers and sisters. Fraternal affection is less reliable than friendship; but supposing that the family does develop sentiments of love in children towards one another, is not the orphan asylum still a family though on a larger scale? In place of three or five or seven brothers and sisters, hundreds are given here to the pupil. He has the choice of making warmer alliances with those who are congenial to him and whose hearts are attuned with his.

And parental love? While it is true that in the love of a mother lies a secret charm, we must not forget that parental love, so highly praised, finds its strongest root in instinct and self love; it must not be overlooked that this very parental love often grows foolish, and we must remember that the mere expression of love is not all that ensures a proper education. The most loving mother is not always the best educator.

There are persons who are gifted by nature with unselfish love; who possess a certain magnetism that will attract others and establish a mutual relationship. Such persons find their life's happiness in the profession of teaching, and when they are placed as teachers in an orphan asylum the

radiation of their love is far more beneficial to the pupil than that of the best parents. When I observed the love with which the pupils of the orphan asylum in C. clung to their teachers, how they left their play to be petted by the superintendent, it became clear to me that love in itself is independent of blood relationship.

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Nothing is easier and affords us greater pleasure than to utter a wish, but if it were possible to note down and to classify all the wishes which daily rise in our minds, we should find that they all could be divided into two sections. One would comprise those whose realization is not only impossible, but not even expected. The other would contain such as could be realized by our own efforts, without the aid of any power outside of ourselves. Hence the wishes of the first section are absurd, while those of the second are unnecessary. Yet the torrent of our wishes will not be stayed even by the dam which sound logic sometimes constructs to weaken the force of the current.

The sight of the happy, well-fed, well-dressed, and well-educated orphans, and the corresponding compassion for the thousands of children being brought up in misery by their poverty-stricken parents, induced me to wish that the real cause of their misery, their parents, might be suddenly removed, so that the children might enjoy the same privileges and the same happy youth as orphans! But what a foolish wish that was! Does it not make me appear a second Caligula? (It is said that this Roman emperor once uttered the wish that the whole Roman people had but one neck, so that he could enjoy striking off its head at one blow.) Of course I never earnestly desired the realization of this, and I knew well that it was absurd because it would demand an impossibility. But it was also a member of that second section of wishes, those which are unnecessary because they desire conditions which can be brought about by our own activity, and without the aid of any power beyond our own. A moment's reflection showed me that there is no reason to wait for the death of parents in order to give to their children the benefits which a well-regulated orphan asylum offers, because all children could be brought up in the same manner in which now only orphans are reared. The absurdity of my wish impressed me still more, when I reflected

that live people can do more for such institutions by supporting them than the dead. I began to figure.

The annual expense for the support and education, let us say, of five hundred children, will reach thirty-five thousand dollars, or, to leave a margin, fifty thousand dollars. For that outlay each individual child gets the best of everything, and what is the most useful for his welfare. He is supplied with good, wholesome food, with clothing according to the seasons, with an abundance of light and pure air; he is trained to scrupulous cleanliness; he receives a good schooling; he is surrounded by that moral atmosphere in and through which alone a strong character can be developed; he is taken care of in sickness; in a word, his development is of body, intellect, and soul. The average cost for each child would thus be about one hundred dollars per annum.

If the reader will now take the trouble to figure out what it costs poor people annually to bring up one of their children in the midst of misery that surrounds them, to house them, to feed them, and to dress them in rags, he will be astonished to find that if the amount does not reach the figure of one hundred dollars, it does not remain far below it, even with the most poverty-stricken classes; and the well-to-do and the wealthy will concede that it costs them much more than one hundred dollars annually to support and educate one of their children. Now, what more and better things can be given even to the child of a millionaire than wholesome food, clean and comfortable clothing, light and air, and, above all, an education appropriate to his peculiar talents and inclinations? The surplus that the well-to-do and wealthy classes spend for the support and education of their children, enormous as it is, is squandered, and the only result derived from it is often that their children are made physical wrecks, with their nerves unstrung, their intellect over stimulated; that morally they are depraved; that they become unfit to fight the battles of life; that they enter it with expectations which can be gratified only by means of inherited wealth.

A plain, simple education based upon scientific methods, which tends to develop the whole child, body, mind, and will; which permits the natural faculties of the child, and not fancied talents, to evolve; which does not stimulate the mind at the expense of the body, nor fatten the body at the

expense of the mind, is the right which should be granted to every child, be his parents poor or rich. It can be had at the price of one hundred dollars per annum.

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If it is true that education as it is offered by the orphan asylum leads to better results than that of the home; if it is true that such institutions can be run at an expense, *per capita*, much lower than that which the poorest of people incur, why have people been so long blind to their best interests, and why have they never tried the experiment of communal education?

In ancient Sparta the education of the young was assigned by Lycurgus to the commonwealth; philosophers of a still later time have recommended similar measures, but we, *per se*, cannot copy to-day the example of a time long past, nor could the people of those ages have formed an idea of the acquisitions of our day. It is only of late that it has become possible for us to take a bird's-eye view of the whole body of humanity, and to conceive of any socialistic enterprise as feasible. Even one hundred years ago such a proposition and such conceptions were impossible, and had no place in the human mind. But before I turn to the demonstration of the feasibility of such a radical transformation in the rearing of the young as would be their education and support by the community, I must answer a question which forces itself into the foreground. If it were advisable and possible to give to the whole youth of a city a kind of orphan asylum education, what means can be substituted for the beneficial influences which father and mother exert upon the child? Or in other words, is it advantageous in all respects to supplant home education by public education?

May I ask the reader again to help me add some figures? It will be conceded by all that a child ought to sleep for ten hours daily. During that time neither the home nor the educational institute can exert any pronounced influence upon it, although it is likely that dormitories may be built to ensure more excellent ventilation, and more careful watch over sleepers, if necessary, than most home chambers afford. Let us add to these ten hours the five hours devoted to schooling, during which time the child is again withdrawn from home influences. Two hours a day is not too much to allow for the time in which the child is on his way to and

from school, since the two-session system is preferable to that which keeps the child for five hours in succession under mental strain. During these two hours the child is again left to himself and away from home influences. Two hours a day are spent at the table, during which time both parents and children are too much occupied in satisfying the cravings of the inner man to give thought to educational matters, excepting perhaps in table etiquette and the proper use of knives and forks. Three hours a day children should be allowed to play. During this time parents cannot watch because they cannot follow them into the streets or the squares where children congregate to play. An institution has its open and covered playgrounds, and can employ one or several teachers to watch the pupils even when at play. If all this is conceded and the figures are added, the reader will find that of the twenty-four hours of the day only two remain in which parents might fulfil their duties as educators and might exert some influence over their children. The poor, however, need that time sorely to recuperate the powers consumed in daily toilsome labor, while the rich are sometimes compelled to give that time to the demands of society. Let us consider, too, that the average parents understand no more of education than that which nature has taught them instinctively. They allow many faults of the youthful character to pass uncorrected; parental vanity will often applaud what should receive stern rebuke, or will punish what is not culpable at all. If all this is summed up, it will not be difficult to see that parental influence is a myth, not supported by facts. In a public institution, on the other hand, the pupil does remain under the eye of an experienced educator during the whole twenty-four hours of the day. This educator is rarely, if ever, led by his temper to punish, or by partiality to praise, where punishment or praise is not appropriate and will affect the child as foul air or a hail storm affects a tender plant.

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Public education is yet in its infancy. Our public schools are very, very young, and the idea that it is the duty of society to give to every child a complete education has not yet fully matured. How long is it since orphan asylums have been erected? Who in ancient times ever thought of the possibility of bringing up five hundred children in one

institution? Who ever thought then that an orphan has the same right to be treated with love as has any other child? A child was formerly looked upon as the property of parents, to be utilized by them—was, so to say, a day laborer, obliged to work for his parents, receiving only board and clothing for pay. When a child lost his parents, people were found in every village or town who were pleased to take an orphaned child into their family and thus to obtain cheaper labor. It is difficult to find an orphan asylum older than two hundred years, and what are two hundred years in the history of human evolution?

As long as charity flourishes at the expense of justice, asylums which take temporary care of neglected children will rank among the noblest charities; but let us not ignore some of their defects. As these institutions have not sufficient means to take care of all these waifs and rear them in such a manner that, hereafter, they may enter life with prospects of success, they feel obliged to search for people willing to adopt them. Hundreds of children are sent annually to country places and especially to the West and adopted by farmers, who promise the officers of these institutions to take care of the children, to give them as good an education as they can afford, and to look out for them as if they were their own. This is the beautiful ideal, and the institutions take pride in showing in their annual reports how they have found homes for hundreds of neglected children. In reality, however, the affair has a different aspect. The farmer who finds it difficult to obtain labor at the price which he is willing to pay, adopts a boy or a girl ten or twelve years old. To board them at his table is no expense to him, and the plain clothing that he gives them requires no large investment. Even if the child is sent to school there are many kinds of labor which can be performed by it outside of school hours. After the fourteenth year they become full-fledged servants, but without pay. They are charged even with the duty of gratitude towards the good people who have taken them from the street. By law their services belong to their guardians until they have reached the age of twenty-one. Then, unless they run away sooner, they are dismissed with thanks, and another child is adopted. How humane and how charitable this is!

Owing to this mode of looking at the duties owed by

society to orphans, their treatment has been, heretofore, rather of an official nature, lacking sympathy and love to such a degree that parents could imagine only with a shudder their own children obliged to take refuge in such an institution. Even the well paid boarding-school is held out to unmanageable children as a kind of punishment. But mankind has ever learned by experience. We have learned that education on a large scale is not only possible, but cheaper and better than that which a home can give, and that, moreover, the element of love is not necessarily excluded therefrom. In former times the rattan was considered one of the most important means of education in the public school; yet it has been removed, and better educational results have been obtained since the rod was exiled and the love of a magnetic teacher substituted for it.* Orphan asylums are now the outcome of the sentiment of *duty*, and hence they are managed with *love*.

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We need only remove existing prejudices to see that better educational results can be reached when the nation or the community undertakes to support and educate all children, from the third to the twentieth year, precisely as it now undertakes the education of the young up to the fourteenth year. Even now the community compels parents to give up their children to the school for five hours a day, from the sixth to the fourteenth year; if the community has the right to keep children away from their parents five hours a day, why should it not have the right to take them for twelve or twenty-four hours? If it is justified in demanding that youth shall be educated and not allowed to go to work until they have reached the fourteenth year, why not keep them in school to the twentieth year? If it is in fact cheaper to supply all the pupils in the school with books at the expense of the community, why is the idea of supplying them also with clothing and board at public expense rejected as preposterous?

I am fully aware that the time for such innovations has not yet come, and therefore can understand why some contemptuously smile at such propositions, while others reject them as being harmful to society. It is true we do not yet live in the time when people understand that a child is neither the toy nor the slave of parents, but that

parents must seek in the development of their children the progress of all humanity. We do not yet live in the age when it will be self-evident that the child may demand *rights* in exchange for the duties which society demands of him, but we are not so very far from it as many imagine, for all our social arrangements are drifting in that very direction. The artisan has disappeared, and into his place has stepped the factory hand; the small workshop has disappeared, and in its place has come the large factory to which the laborer is chained; the small tool has been superseded by the intricate machine, which does the work of a hundred hands; small stores are suppressed by large ones. As an individual, man has ceased to be able to support himself; he has become dependent upon a place in the community. Women are now charged with *duties*, having succeeded in obtaining some *rights*, and this has forced their working capabilities into new spheres. Through these innovations all the conditions upon which life was formerly planted have been changed. Public schools have become a necessity, and their work is even extended to teaching the pupil a trade. Therefore it may not be so very long as many think before the state or the community will feel obliged to undertake the support as well as education of all children, precisely as orphan asylums are now maintained. The old pillars upon which the family has rested heretofore are one after another breaking down, and we are on the eve of a radical transformation of all social conditions, which will also include the support and education of the young by the state.

The reader need not be frightened when the word "state" is pronounced. The state is neither the president nor the emperor; neither the secretary nor a staff of officials. The state is you and I, he and she, we and they. The state which is to support and educate the young is the same parents who do it now, the only difference being that now they do it individually, while in time to come they will do it collectively; that now each endeavors to carry alone that which hereafter all will together carry with ease.

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During the conversation which I had with the superintendent of the asylum, he called my attention to one of the drawbacks which adhere to the system. It is light

which casts shadows. "It cannot be denied," said he, "that the youth of a pupil in this institution is a happy one. He receives a physical, mental, and moral development such as the home can never give him; but in one point I have not reached the desired success, although I have given my full attention and much study to it. My pupils never learn to understand the *value of money*, and when they enter life and are obliged to fight their own battles, they lack sharpness and cleverness to handle that powerful weapon. After many defeats a few learn the tactics of the world and how to use money. Others seek a secluded place, in which they remain during their whole lifetime in a subordinate position. Others finally, discouraged by ill success, yield to downright servitude. How this evil can be cured," said the gentleman, "I do not know. I have tried repeatedly to develop that sharpness and shrewdness in the pupils of my institution which the child brought up in the home learns from experience or by the example set by parents, but I have not succeeded as well as I wished. Inasmuch as no room is left in the asylum for egotism, because the children learn here to submit to a beneficent system and inhale the idea of equality, pupils cannot attain to that sharpness which the grindstone of selfishness produces, and which is needed so much in the battle for existence. If you will add to all this that our pupils never know what worry is—that it is as natural to them to depend upon the regularity of their meals and the replacement of their wearing apparel when outworn or outgrown, as it is for them to expect the return of the sun on every new morning, you will easily find the reason why, in spite of a better education and the better development of all physical and mental forces, the pupils of an institution like ours cannot compete successfully with children brought up in the family, even in most miserable homes."

The experience of this able educator shows in a glaring light the principal objections which can be raised against asylums. Neither does he stand alone. Other educators, too, have expressed their misgivings in regard to the educational limits of the orphan asylum, and experiments have been made to devise means by which the orphan can be supported and educated without disconnecting him from practical life. Some organizations have adopted the plan of boarding such children in private families.

This very weakness of the orphan asylum hurls one of the weightiest accusations in the face of society, however. It is true, alas, that the right of the strong to suppress the weak forms the foundation of modern society as it ever did that of the past. The weak must serve the strong, whether the force applied for the subjection of the less powerful is of muscle or of brain or is hidden in the money bag. In former ages the young member of society was trained to handle the club, the spear, and the sword; now he must be schooled in the art of using the strongest of all weapons, money, to suppress others and to gratify his own selfish desires. This art must not be taught theoretically, but by means of object lessons. In a world whose residents live in a constant fight with one another, in spite of their bombastic and hypocritical assurances of brotherly love; in a world in which the success of a human life is measured only by the accumulation of wealth; in a world in which the individual feels himself the centre around which all creation turns—in such a world there is of course no room for him whose egotism has been kept in bounds, or who has not received the training needed to keep his place in such a battle field of human passions. So long as there is left to one only the choice of becoming either hammer or anvil, the position of the anvil will remain for the one who cannot crush another without feeling pain.

This very observation also throws a sharp light upon the conventional lies of our civilization. In theory, on paper, in the pulpit, on the platform, mankind is portrayed as one family, the members of which should enjoy equal rights; in practical life we fight tooth and nail against one another, and acknowledge the right of the strong, the right of the possessor. In theory we speak of human dignity, of the gulf that separates man from the brute; in practical life, when obliged to fight for the crust of bread that we need, we show greater greed than animals. In the education of the young, as far as theory goes, we endeavor to imbue them with the ideas of justice and truth; in practical life, however, we are satisfied with the appearance of virtue, since real virtues are but impediments to individual success. The asylum, therefore, which gives an ideal training, does not fit the pupil for practical life. The asylum teaches the individual to suppress selfishness and work for the community, seeking his own happiness in the welfare of

the social body. The world applauds only him who is able to suppress others and to make them do his will. The asylum teaches the equality of all human beings; the world bows to him who possesses more than others do. The asylum is a haven of peace in which even passions are silenced; the world is a battle field in which no sympathy is shown to the defeated. In the asylum money is of no value; in the world it is worshipped as a king, yea, even as a god.

We have the choice between two methods to remove these drawbacks of the asylum system of education. Either the asylum must fit itself to the world, or the world must fit itself to the asylum. Either the paradise of the asylum must be transformed into a realm of strife, deceit, and intrigue, or the world must be transformed into an abode of peace. It is easier and recommends itself as more practicable to do the first; if, however, as in course of time will and must happen, the state becomes charged with the support and education of all children, would it not be better and more humane that the world should aim at universal happiness, and seek it not in warfare but in peace? Would it not be preferable that all should unite their activities and see to it that all can live in happiness, than that by the victory of one individual over another the welfare of the victor involves the misery of the defeated?

Coming generations will know as a fact that which appears to us as a theory. Will they look back upon us and acknowledge that we not only hoped for a world in which peace and happiness should be the share of every individual, but that we even saw it in anticipation and strove to hasten "the good time coming"?

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY THE LATE RICHARD A. PROCTOR.*

AMONG the strange fancies which have from time to time arisen respecting the great men of the past, few seem stranger than the thought that Lord Bacon was the real writer of the plays which have been so long attributed to William Shakespeare. Those who first heard of the fancy regarded it as the idle dream of one unacquainted either with the actual characteristics of the Shakespearean drama, or with the quality of Bacon's mind as shown in his works, or with both. But although this may have been the case, it is certain that the fancy has found attractions for some who should at least have possessed the necessary knowledge to form a just opinion on the subject. And apart from the value, small or great, of the reasoning by which the idea has been supported, it has been in a sense encouraged by the gravity with which it has been encountered. For in literature, as in science, the paradox dies out if not attacked. A school of 'flat-earth men, another of circle squares, would soon be established, if science did not very rigidly leave the paradoxers alone, or else — which has been my own constant custom — deal with them as merely affording highly interesting examples either of what some minds are capable of imagining, or of what some minds are unable to comprehend. For in the case of every paradox ever advanced, there has always been *some* evidence which to the ill-trained mind appears decisive, always some circumstance to render the paradox attractive to men of fanciful imaginations; and when in oppugning a paradox you come across a detail which apparently favors it, and at the same time is slightly beyond the mental grasp of the paradoxists, your failure to explain that detail sufficiently to show that it has in reality no such bearing as the paradoxist imagines, appears to the weaker minded among the on-lookers

* This paper consists of a discussion of Shakespeare's plays, written by the eminent astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, to his daughter in 1866. Miss Proctor, while transcribing that portion of these letters relating to the Shakespearean plays, has omitted those parts which were not germane to the subject, save the closing paragraph of the last letter, which is retained as giving a delightful glimpse of the father. — EDITOR ARENA.

as an admission that the paradox has something in it. A sense of despair comes over the explainer, and his audience interprets it to mean "that he finds his case weaker than he supposed," — whilst in reality his feeling is, that with minds so much weaker than he had supposed possible (outside certain asylums), explanation is hopeless.

I suppose that no believer in the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays will ever be convinced that he holds (or is held by) a wildly impossible theory, or, indeed, be otherwise than strengthened in his faith by reasoning adduced against it — reasoning which he is quite unable to comprehend. He has heard a number of circumstances which undoubtedly make Shakespeare a marvel among men — a marvel "not for an age, but for all time," — and he has not heard, or hearing has not understood, what would make the explanation he seeks to substitute, much more than a marvel. He has heard that Bacon overthrew the scientific methods of all the ages preceding his own, and replaced them by the method which has effected all the discoveries of modern science; and he is not aware that all this is purely mythical, that long before Bacon the method regarded as modern was successfully employed by men of science, while the method defined by Bacon never has been employed and never will be, with any chance of success. Because Bacon, of whom the great Harvey justly said that "He wrote of science like a lord chancellor," claimed all science for his theme, failing egregiously in his attempt on the sole detail to which he applied his own method, it seems an easy thing to conceive that he could take, at the same time, besides all his other employments, the task of achieving the first place in dramatic literature.

The Baconian paradoxist combines with these mistakes the notion that Shakespeare was far too ignorant and simple-minded a man to have been capable of writing the plays which bear his name, whereas Bacon was a thorough scholar — the real fact being that, except in the power of writing rather bad Latin fluently, Bacon was a most imperfect scholar (he was far too great a man to be scholastic). He imagines that Shakespeare's name and fame were the creation of later days than his own; that the correct use of law terms in Shakespeare's plays proves the real writer to have been a leading lawyer of Elizabeth's time. And a number

of other matters, equally mistaken or equally little germane to the subject, readily satisfy the paradoxist that he has lit upon a great new truth.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCIENCE.

With respect to Shakespeare's science, it has been suggested that several passages may be regarded as indicating the anticipation by Shakespeare of some of the scientific discoveries made since his day. Thus the law of gravitation is supposed to have been suggested by Shakespeare before Newton in the lines, —

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was even akin to what Shakespeare here refers to. The story of Newton and the apple is, I suppose, responsible for the idea that Newton indicated the action of terrestrial gravitation, which was of course recognized ages before his time, and had been made the subject of experimental researches by Galileo before Newton was born. In so far as Newton's theory of gravitation related at all to the earth's attraction on falling bodies, it was entirely different from that view which in Shakespeare's time was commonly entertained, namely, that the *centre* of the earth was the attractive part; for Newton showed, by a series of inquiries of the most ingenious kind, that terrestrial attraction is a property of every part of the earth's mass, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous.

Another line, —

You may as well forbid the sea to obey the moon,

shows that Shakespeare knew, as every schoolboy probably knew in his time, that the tides follow the moon, and that he did *not* know how, depending on the law of gravity, they follow the sun also. Newton had nothing to do with the discovery that the tides are associated with the moon, which had been observed by geographers many hundreds of years before.

Again, it is suggested that the invention of the stereoscope by Sir David Brewster may have been preshadowed in the following lines: —

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

But here there is a distinct and very obvious reference to an optical trick, familiar at least as far back as Roger Bacon's time.

I must confess I can see no reference to the true theory, as established by Harvey, of the circulation of the blood, in the comparison, —

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

It was no discovery of Harvey's that the blood visits the heart.

Tyndall's molecular theory, again, cannot, by any one who knows what Tyndall's views about molecules are, be associated in the remotest way with the words, —

For thou exist'st in many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust.

It seems to me impossible to find any reference to science throughout the whole series of Shakespeare's plays which shows more than that he had a fair though vague idea of the crude philosophy of his day. And I must confess I should be sorry to see the name of the greatest poet the world has known, associated with false claims and pretensions easily disproved.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

Comparing Bacon, the philosopher rather than the student of science, with Shakespeare, Bacon the essayist with Shakespeare the dramatist, we find reason to wonder there are so few parallelisms among so many thoughts directed by the two men to the same subject. The most remarkable feature of resemblance lies in the fact that just as you may come, again and again, to a scene or even a speech in one of Shakespeare's plays, and find fresh beauties in it, so it is with each one of Bacon's philosophical writings, and especially with his essays—every fresh reading brings out a new feature. In the whole series of essays I have never noticed any resemblance detailed to Shakespearean philosophy so

striking as that in a passage outside the essays (in the "Wisdom of the Ancients — Endymion") where Bacon says that princes of thoughtful and suspicious nature "do not easily admit to their privacies such men as are prying, curious, and vigilant, or as it were sleepless; but rather such as are of an easy, obliging nature, and indulge them in their pleasures, without seeking anything further, but seeming ignorant, insensible, or as it were lulled asleep before them." This undoubtedly recalls Shakespeare's

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

But such resemblances are few and far between. The explanation, doubtless, is that Shakespeare pictured men as they live and act and speak, Bacon as he saw them. Bacon gives us his thoughts about men's actions and motives; Shakespeare makes the men in his pages speak their own thoughts about themselves and their fellow-men, who with them act and move and have their being in the world of his creation.

Of Bacon's poetic power there can be no question; it is shown, strangely enough, more in his writings about science than anywhere else. But as a poet, in the sense in which Homer, Virgil, and Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton were poets, Bacon certainly showed himself wanting. The man who wrote of

The great leviathan
That makes the seas to seethe like boiling pan,
and sang that

Man's life hangs on brittle pins,
was certainly not gifted with the same power of expressing his poetic fancies as the author of the "Sacred Sonnets," which would have made Shakespeare's name great among the poets, even had he sought no broader, greater, or more heroic themes.

Of Bacon's classic learning the Baconians, in what they are pleased to call "the Bacon controversy," talk as though he were a scholar infinitely more learned than poor Shakespeare, with his "little Latin and less Greek." "There is no doubt," says one, "that the author of Shakespeare was a man of wide and accurate scholarship, and of thorough culture."

If so, assuredly that author could not have been Bacon. The argument, if it has any strength at all, is nearly as strong against him as against Shakespeare. He was not much thought of by the college authorities as a classical student (so ran one tradition at dear old Cambridge), and he left Cambridge without taking a degree. His quotations from Greek authors are never direct, but always from the Latin translations—except one line of Homer, and that was most probably quoted at second hand. It has been said of him, on this account (and, with the alteration of the defining word, the same might be said of Shakespeare), that if a *didactic* author were to be named whose thoughts sprang directly out of his own mind, Bacon must be cited. But, indeed, of Bacon's habit of study we know little more than we do of Shakespeare's—the evidence lies almost wholly in the results of such study scattered broadcast through his writings. In the long vacations, and when he could steal time from official duties, he read laboriously, and probably he made very copious notes, classified under proper headings; but he used the knowledge he thus acquired rather for purposes of illustration than to supply material, and he seems to have read more for examples of style than to instruct his own mind. Indeed, his tone, in speaking even of the greatest writers of old times, is nearly always that of one who contemplates the work of others from a higher level than theirs.

How Shakespeare redeemed his time, we can infer from his poems and contemporary evidence without considering the plays; though a study of the plays in the order in which they were produced, affords singularly interesting evidence of steady work and resulting progress. I suppose no one has ever thought of attributing the "Venus and Adonis" to Bacon, or to any one but Shakespeare himself, who gives his name in full to the dedication. It is, indeed, impossible to say *what* believers in the Baconian theory of the plays may not have imagined—and for aught one can see they may be able to maintain that Bacon, who sat in Parliament for Melcombe Regis in 1585, at the ripe age of twenty-four, and who was returned successively for Taunton, Liverpool, and Middlesex, in the years between 1585 and 1592, amused the abundant leisure which his parliamentary and legal duties and his strenuous efforts for advancement must have left him, to write the warmest poem of love and passion which

our language has produced ! But for others, it may suffice to consider that Bacon's nature was cold and calculating, not warm and passionate like Shakespeare's, and that, entered at the age of twenty at Gray's Inn, Bacon for ten years devoted all his energies to the struggle for place and power. Even his anxieties about the advance of science moved him only to produce the *Temporis Partum Maximum* (or "Greatest Birth of Time"); and though perchance it may have been very great, yet we only hear of it from a letter of his to Father Fulgentio. Can we suppose the great philosopher—who married at the age of forty-two the lady of his affections, after long and formal courtship—to have devoted hours of leisure to produce, at the age of thirty-two, so burning a poem as the "Venus and Adonis," hiding his work under the assumed name of a second-rate actor unknown to literary fame? Would Bacon have dedicated such a poem to a well-known nobleman?—who, of course, must have known of the fraud, even though Shakespeare had consented to sell his name to Bacon. This would be to imagine Bacon a marvel of folly and duplicity as well as of genius, and Shakespeare—though, under the assumed circumstances, that would count for little—as contemptible as his hirer. I suppose, however, that even the believers in Bacon as the author of "Romeo and Juliet," for example, do not imagine that he wrote "Venus and Adonis," or that any one wrote that wonderful—though not altogether commendable—poem, but the young poet who dedicated it to the still younger Earl of Southampton, his patron. We know not when it was written, but presumably some years before 1593, when it was published.

The importance of this one absolute certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Venus and Adonis" is manifest. For with all the passionate warmth of this amorous poem, the Shakespeare of the plays is more manifest in it, than is the Shakespeare of Coriolanus or Henry V. in the first-fruits of Shakespeare's dramatic labors. "Venus and Adonis," besides its undue warmth, has many faults of imagery, from the first line, with its purple-colored sun, to the last, immuring "Venus in her Isle of Paphos." But it is full of passages which none but Shakespeare could have written. Who could have pictured the dejected hounds of Adonis, as in the "Venus and Adonis," save he whose Theseus says:—

My love shall hear the music of my hounds
 Uncouple in the western valley —
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
 My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind —
 So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under other; a cry more tunable
 Was never holla'd to nor cheered with horn.

Grant the "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare's, and we must yield also to him the "Lucrece" and the "Sonnets," as well as "The Lover's Complaint," and a large part of "The Passionate Pilgrim." Any one who can study these poems, and fail to feel that he who wrote them wrote also the plays we know as Shakespeare's, and as a poet was matched by no writer that lived in the Elizabethan age, may be able to attribute the plays of Shakespeare to Francis Bacon. Such a one might, with equal sense, attribute the poems of Tennyson to Thomas Carlyle. The amazing ease and certainty of touch we admire in the plays are seen equally in the poems; the combined strength and versatility are there; the wondrous range of subjects—astronomy (Sonnet 14), law (Sonnet 87), natural history, medicine, botany, general knowledge; and lastly, that copious vocabulary which strikes us so in the plays.

Only nine days now till I shall be home again. I am a trifle tired of this winter travelling, and the trying combination of closely packed lecture engagements with literary work.

Best love to you, my dear daughter, from
 Your ever loving father,
 RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

MEDICAL SLAVERY THROUGH LEGISLATION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

Recognized science! Recognized ignorance! The science of to-day is the ignorance of to-morrow! Every year some bold guess lights upon a truth to which but the year before the schoolmen of science were as blinded moles.—*Edward Bulwer Lytton, in "A Strange Story."*

THE toils of legislative restriction and monopoly are often woven so subtly that the average citizen is quite unaware of possible, and even present, abridgments of his personal freedom. Under the seductive plea of protecting him and doing a needed favor, his theoretical guardians put him in shackles of which he is quite unaware, until the occasion comes when liberty is desired for practical use. Then he beats against the solid bars and finds that his supposed freedom is a myth.

Many are not aware of the fact, that if, in any one of a great majority of the states of this glorious, free (?) Union, one is healed of disease by means of any treatment denominated "irregular," the person who has done him such a service is liable to arrest, punishment, and classification as a felon. This is a calm statement of fact and not a rhetorical abstraction.

Under constitutional guarantees every person is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These rights not only lie at the foundation of our national government, but are inherent, God given, and universal. Wherever under the broad canopy of heaven they are encroached upon, there is tyranny. This is no less true—rather worse, relatively—when done in democratic America than in "despotic" Russia. Old-world despotism has, at least, an honest though hard front, while an insidious though equally cruel oppression may wear a smiling and benevolent mask. In no degree is this a question between different schools or systems, but of natural, individual liberty, pure and simple.

Our forefathers specially provided for religious liberty, and had they imagined that other equally vital individual freedom would ever be imperilled, doubtless they would also

have particularized it. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" most assuredly include the right of individual judgment in regard to all those interior, sacred, personal experiences and choices, which are entirely within man as a social unit. Society robs one of all these when, through the forms of law, it makes one's irregular healer—of whatever name he or she may be—a criminal. Personal rights which in their exercise neither conflict with nor pertain to those of others, nor of society in general, are beyond the province of legislation, majorities, or public control or censure. Governmental dictation regarding the style of homes, furniture, or costumes, would be mild in quality, compared with that which concerns life and death. No single medical school has any more moral right to impose its peculiar therapeutic methods upon an unwilling individual, than a Baptist majority in any state would have to require universal immersion. Of the two, the latter might be infinitely more pleasant as well as profitable.

Our government is founded upon the intelligence of its citizens. Our legislators are not dictators but servants, and every citizen is a reigning sovereign in his own personal domain. The essence of popular government is control from within, rather than from without. Democracy takes it for granted that citizens are not imbeciles but free, intelligent moral agents. Within proper limits, they are to exercise the power of choice, and that even where the choosing may not always be the best. Educational progress in any department is only possible where the individual is left free—even to make mistakes. A community shut away from everything experimental would never learn anything more. Even if a legislative majority had infallible wisdom, it would have no right, by organized force, to thrust it into the internal recesses of a personal life.

Were allopathy an exact science, like mathematics, the ethics of the case would remain unaltered. If a man choose to have any system or *no* system, for *himself*, is the body politic to impose one? Medical legalized monopoly ruthlessly tramples upon the most sacred private domain. It is moral robbery, masquerading as humane legalism.

The position may be confidently taken, that legislative medical coercion is not only oppressive and immoral, but unconstitutional. It is to be hoped that some thorough test

case from one of the monopoly-ridden states may soon find its way to the highest tribunal of the land, on constitutional grounds. In the whole sisterhood of states, only three — Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island — remain entirely free from medical usurpation. Desperate attempts to slip on the fetters have been repeatedly made in Massachusetts, and one quite recently in Maine, but through the vigilance of the friends of freedom they were defeated.

The allopathic "blue laws" of the several states differ in degree, some being very intolerent and arbitrary, and others somewhat milder. The "Act Concerning the Practice of Medicine" passed by the Connecticut legislature in the spring of 1893, was more liberal than those of most other states, owing to the remonstrances of many intelligent and progressive people, who by much effort succeeded in getting it considerably modified before its final passage. Space will not allow, nor is it necessary, to examine in detail the various laws now in force in the several states for the "regulation" of medical practice. However they may differ in specific particulars, their animus is one and the same. Their temper is mercenary, selfish, and bigoted. Without exception they are contrary to the spirit of the age, subversive to true progress, and a disgrace to any government that is theoretically liberal. They are belated reverberations from the seventeenth century.

If the secret circulars, log-rolling, and cabalistic intrigue which were used to engineer these various acts through legislatures were all brought to light, they would furnish excellent material for romance, founded on fact. Unsuspecting clergymen and busy editors have often been made "cat's-paws" to aid in pulling these medical chestnuts out of the ashes. The average legislator, when newly invested with the glamour of office, feels it incumbent upon him to regulate things in general. What is he there for, but to set everything right? He needs but a hint that something requires bracing up, and he is ready to embrace the opportunity.

This is no question of allopathy *versus* any other "pathy." The principles contended for tower above any and all systems. Let each have a fair field to prove itself. To shut off opportunity is stagnation. Bar it out, and all evolutionary progress is congealed — dead in its tracks.

Let it be noted that the vast majority of intelligent and

honorable allopathic physicians have had no hand in this intolerant legalism. They have not only remained neutral but, in many cases, opposed it. They have confidence enough in their own system to be willing that it should stand upon its merits, without being artificially bolstered up, and forced upon the public under the forms of law. All honor to thousands of high-minded doctors of the old school, who gladly accord the same liberty in the solution of the most vital problem in human experience which they expect for themselves. Their dependence is not upon diplomas, and they are not the slaves of system. They are not superior to improvement, and welcome any change that will promote human welfare.

But there is a less numerous class of mercenary bigots who want every one outlawed if he fail to bow before their fetic. They dare not place their work upon the basis of the discrimination of an intelligent public, but ask that their "sheepskins" be made *legal tender*. There is no other profession or occupation that expects to have a clientage furnished through governmental coercion. This is the class that have moved heaven and earth to have the business of healing "regulated." They are extremely anxious to have the dear people protected from cheap quackery. No wonder that honorable physicians, not in league with these zealots, are concerned for the honor of their profession.

But the liberty-loving people of America will never rest quietly until every vestige of mediæval proscription is swept from the statute books. There still exists an intangible but real residuum of the same spirit which burned Bruno, imprisoned Galileo, and whipped Quakers. Those brave souls were the irregulars of the past. Assumed infallibility, whether in religion, astronomy, therapeutics, or any other department, has always waged a warfare against progress. When Harvey made the unconventional announcement of the circulation of the blood, he was denounced as a heretic and crank. Every human growth and advancement has been born of influences outside of conventional boundaries.

Do the people need to be "protected"? Are they incompetent to choose their system of healing, and do they suffer in consequence? There is no evidence of this in the comparative mortuary records. On the other hand, some carefully recorded experiments in certain European hospitals show a

much larger ratio of recoveries in the same diseases where simple nursing was administered, than where it was combined with drug treatment.

If traditional *materia medica* were admittedly an exact science, the points already made could not be controverted; but *is* it more than a shifting system of experiments? This question might be answered in the negative by page upon page of positive declarations, made by the most eminent allopathic exponents and authors who have outgrown the trammels of system. Space will not be taken for such quotations, for few intelligent people are unfamiliar with them. A few names, however, may be mentioned of men of world-wide reputations, who have spoken in most emphatic terms upon this subject. Among them are Sir Astley Cooper, John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S., Dr. Abercrombie of the Royal College in Edinburgh, Dr. Abernethy, London, Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Alexander M. Ross, F. R. S. L., Professor Magendie of Paris, Sir William Hamilton, and a host of others. Some have made such astounding assertions that to quote them would shock many sensitive souls who are reposing in regular "practice," believing it scientific and infallible.

An eminent English physician, in speaking of the medical "fads" of recent date, says that we have had the "purging craze," the "sweating craze," the "vomiting craze," the "blue-glass craze," the "Pasteur craze," the "Brown-Sequard elixir of life craze," the "inhalation craze," the "cod liver oil craze," and last, but not least, the "Koch tuberculosis craze." The latest addition is the "microbe craze."

Regarding medical legislation as viewed from an ethical standpoint, outside the profession, two or three quotations may not be amiss. Says the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone:—

A man ought to be as free to select his physician as his blacksmith, for he alone is to profit or suffer by his choice. The responsibility is his.

Professor Huxley, in speaking of this subject, observes:—

A large number of people seem to be of the opinion that the state is bound to take care of the general public and see that it is protected against incompetent persons and quacks. I do not take this view. I think it is much more wholesome for the public to take care of itself, in this as in other matters.

Among much else of similar import, Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statics," while speaking of English governmental establishment, says: —

There is an evident inclination on the part of the medical profession to get itself organized after the fashion of the clergy — moved as are the projectors of a railway, who, while secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public; moved, as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy.

Judge C. C. Nourse, an able American expounder of constitutional law, in the midst of a powerful argument, remarked: —

The people have intelligence enough to distinguish between a quack and a skilful man. The theory that they have not has originated with the doctors and not with the people.

So far as is known, no demand for medical legalism has ever originated with the people. The whole business has been engineered among the lower grade members of "the profession." The motive claimed is humanitarianism. Such unselfish devotion to the interest of the people should receive appreciation!

Citizens of the despotic governments of Germany, Austria, and Russia have a larger medical liberty than that enjoyed in most of the states of the American Union. The poor man who cannot pay a fashionable fee can be accommodated by cheaper practitioners and even apothecaries. Medical fees average about three times as much in America as in Germany. Our rich people do not mind this, but to many a poor man, with a chronic invalid in his family, it is a crushing burden.

We have also more than three times the number of doctors, in proportion to the population, that Germany has. As this disproportion is constantly increasing, it is an interesting social problem how all are to live, unless disease increases even more rapidly than the population. The average person must be disordered longer, require more visits, and at higher prices. If maladies fail to multiply, the monopoly will have to be more absolute. The annual crowds of graduates, with diplomas, need a field for the exercise of their talents.

The common laws against malpractice put every one, of

every school, who assumes to heal professionally, on the defensive. Such laws are necessary. Under them, any recklessness or ignorant assumption is perilous to the pretender. But there is no unmovable medical *standard*. Of all disagreements, those of doctors are the most general and emphatic. This is not the fault of the men but of the system. Justice in cases of malpractice should be done impartially, independent of school or diploma. The usual legal requirement that every burial certificate be signed by a regular M. D. is oppressive, and opens a wide field for proscription and persecution. As its ostensible purpose is only the detection of wrong-doing, the signatures to such a document of two reputable citizens should be sufficient. If a man chooses to die without the aid of a "regular," it is rather severe that he cannot have an orderly burial without his *post-mortem* services. This is one of the many strands of the monopoly.

Not long since the reporter of a leading Boston daily visited ten prominent physicians, with the self-same story of pains and disabilities. Each diagnosed a different disorder and prescribed a different remedy. The case of Garfield was an object lesson in infallibility, and there have been many later ones among noted men. The marvellous agreement in detail (?) between different "experts" in legal examinations is too well appreciated to require mention.

Why are prescriptions written in Latin—and generally in bad Latin? The practice was begun in a more ignorant age, to make a profound impression of mystery and great learning. It was a kind of charm, and the profession may have blindly recognized that it included a real psychological factor. Its present practical use, however, seems to be to furnish additional chances for mistakes by druggists' clerks, and to enable them to charge exorbitant prices for simples disguised by formidable Latin names. The new-fangled practice of "examination," by stripping, sounding, drumming, and kneading, accompanied by tests with speculum and stethoscope, for every trifling backache or headache, is a part of the professional paraphernalia for making an impression. It is another strand in the cord. However, impressions sometimes cure. Not long since a patient, whose temperature had been taken by the usual test under the tongue, soon after begged that it be done again, as the operation had

greatly relieved him. One of the latest achievements in medical science is the use of whiskey for babies to *prevent* cholera infantum. This, however, has not been generally adopted outside of New York City.

Who are the "irregulars"? Broadly speaking, they include the homœopathists, eclectics, hydropathists, magnetic, electric, and "biochemic" practitioners, Thomsonians, hygienists, metaphysicians, Christian scientists, mental healers, hypnotists, clairvoyants, mediumistic healers, faith curists, gospel healers, and members of the Christian Alliance. There are also the massage, vacuum, and "grape cures," to say nothing of the many sarsaparillas which "cure." It would be in accord with evolutionary principles to give all a fair field and no favors. Whatever good there may be in each should have an opportunity to make itself manifest. In the long run it will survive, but it should not be forcefully deranged and retarded. The irregulars may differ in principle as widely as the antipodes, but one thing they have in common; it is a place in the ranks of liberty, in the never-ending contest with legalized despotism.

In several states the homœopaths have become so numerous and influential that—as a matter of policy—they have been invited to enter the monopoly. In others, the eclectics have also been "taken in." It does not matter that theories are entirely antagonistic, or that the allopath considers the homœopath a heretic, and refuses to meet him in consultation; all the same he will welcome him—when necessary—to strengthen the monopoly. But a few years ago, and his pretensions were ridiculed; now he has gained social standing and must be reckoned with. But greatly to the honor of homœopaths and eclectics, they have generally declined such an unnatural alliance. In 1889 both the American Institute of Homœopathy and the National Eclectic Medical Association passed resolutions in favor of medical freedom. There have, however, been exceptions in some states and among individual practitioners.

Legislative monopoly makes it an offence to *practise* healing *irregularly*. To cure is as much a violation of the law as to kill. The criminal trials of some of the guilty culprits who have cured cases given up by regulars have been editorially ventilated in past issues of THE ARENA. Such a prosecution, however, is practically so much of a popular

eye-opener that considerations of policy generally make it expedient to allow the law to remain a dead letter until some irregular makes a failure. He may cure a hundred and nothing is said, but woe to him if once unsuccessful. It makes no difference whether or not the case be desperate — if, through solicitation, he take it and fail, persecution is let loose. Any number of people may be allowed to die peacefully, if they will only do it in a proper and conventional manner.

The vital question is, *Shall the state step in between the invalid and his deepest convictions and most sacred rights, and veto them?*

It is obvious that there should be a general and systematic effort put forth by the friends of liberty and progress to restore the democratic principle in therapeutics. The monopoly is strongly intrenched, but if the people can be awakened to the real issue, the despotic mandates may be expunged from the statute books.

The purpose of this paper is to deal with a few foundation principles; but as organization is of the highest practical importance, the writer is glad to have the opportunity to call attention to a powerful instrumentality which is engaged in the systematic prosecution of the work of medical disestablishment. It is the National Constitutional Liberty League, with headquarters at 383 Washington Street, Boston. Its president is Professor J. Rodes Buchanan, M. D., and its efficient secretary is J. Winfield Scott, Esq., whose address is at the League rooms in Boston. It has on hand a great variety of telling literature, in the shape of pamphlets, papers, and tracts, which are sent out at low rates for distribution among legislators and the public generally. Through its agents and attorneys it will gladly co-operate with the interested people of any state for the repeal or prevention of arbitrary enactments. Any funds placed at the disposal of the League will be sacredly used for the purpose indicated, and the more means it can command, the greater work it will be able to accomplish. These points are given independently of any solicitation, and in answer to anticipated questions as to the practical ways and means through which this great reform may be carried forward.

We are informed that a thorough history of the medical legislation of the United States is in course of preparation by the scholarly Professor Alexander Wilder, M. D., of

Newark, N. J. Professor Wilder is an ex medical professor, a competent writer, and for some time has been secretary and editor of the National Eclectic Medical Society. His forthcoming work will be of general interest.

It is especially to be hoped that New York will make an effort, at the next session of its legislature, to throw off the yoke of medical bondage and become as free as Massachusetts. Such a victory by the progressive people of the Empire State would be a great moral inspiration all along the line. An organization, even if small in each state, through which liberty-loving people may concentrate their strength, seems highly desirable.

THE SLAVE POWER AND THE MONEY POWER.

BY C. W. CRAM, M. D.

THAT the present condition of our country, industrially and politically, is decidedly alarming, all good citizens must admit. And they must desire, as clearly as possible, to understand the difficulties in the way between us and a general diffusion of happiness and prosperity. To achieve this purpose we must think for ourselves, and study the cold facts of impartial political history. Subsidized editors or other interested persons should not be allowed to warp or shape our opinions or prejudice our views.

"One man may aver one thing, and another another," said Lord Coke, "but the proof of the verity is the record." With this great truth in view, I propose looking backward for as close a view of the political history of our republic as the limits of this article will allow. We will appeal to the record for guidance.

During the administration of President Jackson, two questions of grave import were presented for adjustment, and the directness and vigor with which he decided them attracted much attention. These were the nullification and bank questions. And they were incidents of the slave power and the money power, to which I will now call attention.

As early in the colonial history of our country as the year 1619, slaves were landed at Jamestown, Va. Subsequently others were landed there, and at other ports, by British slave traders. The colonists, in many instances, opposed this introduction of slaves, and passed laws to prevent it. But in the time of Queen Anne, Parliament reversed the colonial laws, and opened every American port to slave merchants, and the slave trade thereby received a strong stimulus. Oglethorpe for awhile appears to have succeeded in keeping slaves out of Georgia; but upon his departure all barriers were broken down, and Georgia became a slave colony.

In the constitutional convention there was a strong desire

to liberate all the slaves. To uphold and propagate a system of servitude was abhorrent to the noble men who were framing a new government and dedicating it to freedom. Yet the poverty of the planters was such at the close of the war that abolition of slavery seemed impracticable. However, they decided that it must ultimately be abolished, and to expedite this consummation they provided for the extinction of the African slave trade.

Then the new ship of state was launched, with a supposed cargo of equal rights for all men. Washington was in command, and the young republic started out to find a better and broader way for human progress.

In consonance with this design, Virginia not only voted to accept the Constitution, but prohibited the importation of slaves. And in 1787, when Congress organized the Northwest Territory, the vote to prohibit slavery was unanimous.

But here a marked hiatus intervened, followed by the germination of a desire to infuse new life into the vile institution. This disposition of slavery to recuperate seems to have been simultaneous with the establishment of the first national bank, in 1791. This moneyed institution opened a national purse, and gave a strong impulse to speculation; and as ownership of black labor was the only monopoly outside of the bank interest, it appeared to offer the capitalist the most lucrative way of investment. So slavery, that had been ebbing its life away, felt the spur of the speculative tendency the bank had roused, and stoutly mounted upon the flow of the tide. From that time the cupidity of the planter tightened its hold on an institution that gave him the ease of leisure as well as profit. Virginia became a slave-producing state. Mississippi and Alabama were admitted as new slave states, and then came Missouri asking for admission, and was finally admitted upon the compromise agreement that slavery should never exist north of 36° 30' north latitude.

Previous to the administration of President Jackson, the South had thoroughly amalgamated all its interests with slavery. John C. Calhoun, the leading exponent of the institution, responding to the fulness of the fact that slavery was capitalized labor, espoused the cause of the bank in the financial legislation of Congress. This action was consistent with his ultra slave propagandism, for whenever the

banks expanded the currency, and speculation was rife, the influx of slaves into the new Southern states was by the thousand. In Mississippi alone, from 1830 to 1837, the slave population increased ninety-seven thousand. In the one year of 1836, a time of enormous inflation and speculation, it was estimated that over forty million dollars was invested in slaves to be worked in the new cotton states.

Mr. Calhoun, in furtherance of his schemes, had urged South Carolina to the verge of treason by nullification of the revenue laws. The president promptly suppressed him, and the rebellious state remained in the Union.

Crushing nullification with an iron heel did not in the least retard the growth of slavery. It dominated party politics with extreme arrogance. The public conscience was seared, and liberty put to shame. Domestic purity was discounted, and duelling made honorable.

The high-handed methods pursued by the advocates of the institution did not, however, go unchallenged. William Lloyd Garrison and others took up the gauntlet for liberty and human rights. But to obtain the public ear and rouse the public conscience, was to move a mountain. While the moral sentiment of the North was dormant, the interest of the slaveholder was intensifying. The human chattels were increasing. Slave pens were inhumanly crowded, the auction block was in constant use, and the interstate traffic in human flesh was said to involve fifty thousand slaves a year.

Then southern members of Congress became more aggressive than before. The bludgeon became an active factor in legislation. The party leaders plied the party lash. Social ostracism glared upon the individual recalcitrant. Meantime the so-called Omnibus bill, the Fugitive Slave bill, the Nebraska bill, and other iniquitous measures were formulated in law.

The bloody trail of this "system of abominations" was now rousing strong resistance to its progress. The murder of Lovejoy, the assault upon Sumner, the deadly raids upon Kansas,—all called loudly for reactionary measures. In response to this call Giddings and his coadjutors were reinforced in the House, while Hale and Sumner found increased support in the Senate. A political revolution was in progress, and the evolved force of new ideas burst asunder the

old Whig party, and from its *débris* came the nucleus of the present Republican party.

In 1856 the Republicans of Maine elected their candidate for governor. Later, in the presidential campaign, the Democrats held a great meeting in Portland, at which Howell Cobb of Georgia and Pierre Soule of Louisiana were present as orators. At an entertainment given in honor of the distinguished visitors the following sentiment was broached:—

Poor old Maine
Has submitted again
To the fanatic's chain
And the liquor laws reign,
With its murderous stain.
She missed stays last Monday at top of the tide,
Went stern on to Wells beach, knocked a hole in her side,
And strained every timber;
But fourth of November
Old Buck and Breck
Will examine the wreck
And fit her and float her and sail her anew,
Discharging two thirds of her lubberly crew;
Replacing the milk-sops with trustworthy tars
Who will never abandon the stripes and the stars.

The superb effrontery with which those men posed as the special champions of the flag of their country is well disclosed in the above lines. All who opposed them were "fanatics" or "disunionists." Yet at that time military companies were drilling all over the South in order to destroy the republic if they failed to control it.

As history repeats itself, we may find the same dangerously masked elements to-day—bold conspirators charging conspiracy on others. But slavery fell. With political blindness it resolved to rule or ruin. It could do neither, and went down forever as a result of its criminal folly, carrying with it the dead bodies of a million brave men.

We erased all law that welded property to human flesh, but have we, since that time, taught men their rights and how to maintain them? Have we increased the intelligence, elevated good morals, diffused happiness, crowned labor, and banished poverty? No. We have simply made a change of rulers. We deposed the limited slave power, to install in its place the unlimited money power, which has for ages been the God-defying tyrant of the world.

This money power, with its malign influence in our republic, is as old as our Constitution. "If America adopts our system of finance," said Pitt at the close of the Revolution of 1776, "her boasted liberties will be but a phantom." The founders of our Constitution did not adopt it directly, but Hamilton, as the leader of the Federalists, fastened it upon the people through unconstitutional legislation, and we now see the voracious plant in the vigor of its full bloom, with British influence dominating social and political as well as financial interests.

What is this system of finance? It is the specie basis system that had its origin with the Bank of England in 1694. It is the pretended use of money with the legal quality of money left out, the bank holding one dollar in gold for the redemption of about twenty dollars of the "promise to pay" paper that it loans to the people. This paper, not a full legal tender by law for debt, which the banker puts out for money, is practically his note of hand—an evidence of indebtedness on his part; yet he draws interest upon it, and gets rich upon his debts. This anomalous situation represents only a portion of his advantage. It is a law of finance that in proportion to the amount of money circulating will be the amount of business transacted and the rate of prices paid. In view of this the banks, having a monopoly of the right to issue paper money, can increase the issue and expand the currency to an extent that makes speculators wild in the promotion of illegitimate business schemes. Then they can call in their loans and refuse to make new ones, and, by greatly contracting the currency, wreck enterprise and create a widespread panic in all business pursuits save that of banking. With business at a standstill, the bankers can foreclose their mortgages and make purchases at low prices; then they can again put out more money, inflate prices, and sell their purchases at a large profit. Wages, the demand for labor, the price of farm products, the condition of trade, the spirit of enterprise—all are directly or indirectly at the mercy of the *coterie* of men who issue the currency and direct the finances of the country.

That the founders of our republic, fresh from the bloody field where they had buried the political dominion of King George III., should look with complacency upon this kingly monster of coin-credit finance, invite it here and submit to

its soulless domination, is without parallel as an act of egregious folly and stultification.

While the word slave, so offensive to free men, was excluded from the Constitution, the earnest advocates of slavery advanced their standard till it imperilled the life of the nation. So, while the preamble to the Constitution, and the delegated powers that appear on its face, have not one word of authority for grant of charter to a corporation, the adherents of this vicious relic of barbarism and spoliation, this feudal coin-credit finance, were vigilant and powerful, and, as already intimated, the sod was scarce formed on the colonial grave of British power when the charter for the first national bank was granted by Congress.

The upas of the money power had taken root in the rich soil of the new republic. The slave power was one of its branches. In the North capital controlled labor. In the South capital owned labor. The East India merchant, like the slave trader, had been actuated by an unholy desire for lucre. The banker, like the slaveholder, desired to live at other men's expense, and this poisonous tree grew apace. Its towering body confronted all enterprise and all industry in the North, while its southern branch cast a dismal shadow wide from gulf to main.

That the evils of this branch, that the chains and unrequited toil of the slave, should arouse the indignation of the northern people, was because slavery had become local and appealed to sectional prejudices. The political wrongs begotten of money through organized capital were general, were deeply masked, were incidents of every-day life, and went almost unchallenged up to the administration of President Jackson when the charter of the second national bank expired.

At that time the bank influence had made much progress at Washington. It was the only powerful moneyed monopoly. Congress was its pliant tool, a subsidized press was eager to do its work, and a cursory glance gave it credit for complete control of the situation. This view did not include the measurement of Andrew Jackson. Congress had passed an act to recharter the bank, but he had not signed it. Would he do so? His cabinet advised him to do so. Could he take such a course and not violate his oath to support the Constitution? Was not the bank an

insidious enemy of the people? British in habitat, it was originally pampered into opulence by official duplicity and corruption. And had it not sought America to accomplish by covert intrigue what British arms had failed to do in the arena of war? True, the Whigs had adopted it in its foreign guise and had nursed it into vigorous life on the bosom of the republic. Were not the Whigs the custodians of the principles of the old Tories? Though the president had been deserted by a majority of congressmen and by a majority of his cabinet, and was harassed by a bitter and relentless press, would he weaken and quail in the presence of this gigantic but domesticated enemy of liberty? Instead of this, it was in proportion to opposition and the perils that surrounded him that he arose to the full mastery of the bank position. Danger could not turn him from the pathway of duty, or corruption undermine and thwart his purpose.

Sir Robert Walpole was an eminent advocate of corrupt practices. He lived best and thrived most in an atmosphere of political rottenness. With him "Every man has his price" was a choice maxim. This rascally principle, when put to a test, sometimes fails. It was so in the case before us. Had the bank put every dollar of its thirty-five million dollars of capital stock at the feet of the president as a bribe, it would not have purchased his signature to a renewal of its lease of life.

In searching for the means by which the bank had influenced Congress to vote for a renewal of its charter, it was discovered that the bank had loaned to congressmen the following sums:—

In 1830, to fifty-two members	\$192,161
In 1831, to fifty-nine members	322,199
In 1832, to forty-four members	478,069
In 1833, to fifty-eight members	374,766
In 1834, to fifty-two members	238,586

\$1,605,781

This is a total greater than the aggregate salaries of all the members of both houses of Congress during those five years.

That such a moneyed institution—a bank corporation without soul, with twenty-five branches and tremendous

powers for evil — should be able to buy its way to the verge of regal power in a free government where equal rights are guaranteed to all, was enough to make a patriot sick at heart. It seemed within reach of unlimited power, but a Jackson was in its way. The bank was a Louis Grayle seeking renewed life, and the president was a Haroun of Aleppo. Unlike the latter, the president resolved to act upon the aggressive. Refusing all overtures for personal profit, he defied malice and trampled upon policy. Then with the club of the veto he struck down the bank without mercy. He followed with the removal of the government deposits, and the rights of the people, for a time at least, were comparatively safe.

But the vile system from which this national institution sprung was still alive, and state banks became more numerous than before. These state banks, however, were not associated, and their power for evil was thereby vastly less. Of the second national bank Senator Benton said: —

Jackson has not killed the bank. She is a wounded tigress, and has escaped to her jungles. By and by she will return and bring her whelps with her.

The truth of this prediction was verified at the commencement of our late civil war. To meet the need of money for purchase of war supplies and the payment of the soldiers, the administration, with Mr. Lincoln president, issued government notes directly to the people with whom they were dealing. This was by law of Congress, and the notes were made a full legal tender.

This was true American policy. It was the only course contemplated by the Constitution. The power to make and issue money had been bestowed upon Congress alone, and it had no given right to exercise this power save in the interests of the whole people. Congress saw and did its duty promptly, and all the machinery of the government was clearly running with constitutional precision in the suppression of the Rebellion.

Bankers and capitalists did not so regard the political situation. Other men's necessity is simply their opportunity. War, with its most direful carnage, has always opened up to them a pecuniary feast. The horrors incident to mangled flesh and bodies dead, that appall a brave but sensitive and conscientious manhood, are to them only

mental stimulants — harbingers of the golden millions they hope to reap as war's ungodly taxes. So as soon as the bankers could formulate their plan, they pressed upon the administration a demand for a complete change in financial methods. To them the Constitution was null. Their demand was the scream of the tigress.

Those men wanted a national banking system and a funding system adopted. The two would dovetail together wonderfully well to their advantage. That this scheme might sparkle in its brilliancy from their standpoint, they demanded the demonetization of the greenback. This effected, they would immediately have a double opportunity for speculation; and as years rolled by, their chances for accumulating wealth would multiply like the stars at eventide. There would be hundreds of millions, aye, billions upon billions in the scheme. Yet the gain of the banker would be the loss of the people. It was a plan, the most colossal ever known, for public robbery. More than this, it was a plan to obliterate the fundamental principles of the Constitution and practically enslave all the people save the capitalistic class. Did President Lincoln, sworn to support the Constitution, arouse all his energies for that purpose? No. In the presence of those despoilers of human rights he exhibited the simplicity of a child rather than the towering strength of a political Hercules. Yet his executive duty was as clear as the sunlight.

There is no basis in the Constitution for a charter for special privileges. The spirit of a private corporation is alien to its whole purpose. If this is questioned, the doubt can be settled by recurrence to the debate upon the subject in the constitutional convention. When the original draft of the Constitution was presented to that body for consideration, it contained, among its enumerated powers, one for the erection of corporations. This clause was debated *and stricken out*. It was then proposed to insert the power to establish specified corporations, among them a national bank. *This was opposed and rejected*, and there the subject remained.

This is history, and Mr. Lincoln was, or should have been, cognizant of it. Be this as it may, he seems to have acceded to all the demands of the bankers, practically abdicating in their favor as far as the finances were concerned.

Then their full scheme was elaborated and consummated with all possible despatch. This necessitated a prolongation of the war, for Wall Street and its minions, through future years, could only fatten upon its proceeds in proportion to the mountain of debt that the mighty contest would force upon the people.

Then law followed law for the expansion of capital and the impoverishment of the people. The first congressional act in this line was the debasement of the greenback by restricting its legal tender quality. This created a premium upon gold, and as it advanced in value the greenback of necessity depreciated, and the bankers, speculating at either end of the line, amassed hundreds of millions of dollars at the people's expense. Then came the funding system and the national banking system as the upper and nether millstones of the money power, followed by other enactments in the same line, and thirteen years of currency contraction that wrecked property and led to the closing of stores and manufactories, the foreclosing of mortgages by the thousand and the turning a multitude of working men out into the street as tramps. Ruin was widespread, and poverty, like a nightmare, harassed the honest yeomanry of the whole country. We had put down slavery of one form only to offer our necks for the yoke of another.

From the close of the war the money power has had an unbroken march of conquest. If we give to Congress a close but impartial view we shall see but one purpose — to legislate to make the rich master richer and the poor worker poorer. The law of the income tax was the only exception of importance, and this was repealed as soon as the capitalists could marshal their lobby for that purpose. Year by year the centralization of power adds force to its menace, and the prospective laws contemplated by our present Congress rise above all others in their approach to imperialism.

When President Jackson struck down the second national bank it was the only powerful monopoly in the country. Now they troop before us till the whole land is blackened by their shadow — railroads, national banks, telegraph lines, telephone lines, express companies, oil companies, insurance companies, land companies, and a score of other powerful organizations, all banded together and protected by a cordon of trusts that are ironclad in their shield of privileges.

Money is the arbiter, organized capital the constitution to be consulted. Caucuses are controlled by agents of the monopolies, and "fixed" candidates are elected to office. To create wealth by legislation, the public interests are waylaid without mercy; corporations water their stocks, and mining properties and manufactories are "tied up" to freeze out their weaker holders of stock. The press is subsidized, public sentiment is debauched, our courts of justice are corrupted, and official integrity is put to shame. "Business" is the national watchword, and honor is trailed as a byword. Years ago our public sentiment applauded and our navy boldly maintained the announcement, "Millions for principle, but not one cent for tribute." But since the late war our people have paid over five billion dollars as direct tribute to the money holders who have taken the place of the slaveholders.

The black slavery that was based on ownership of the person, involved support of the person. Care, food, clothing, medical attendance—all were furnished by the owner who was interested in the maintenance of the value of his slave. It was a case of property to be protected and preserved; but the white slavery of to-day does not involve the support of the unfortunate people who, lashed by necessity, toil early and late to enrich their lordly task masters.

The farmer, oppressed by the contraction of the currency and low prices for his products, crowded by the mortgage and high rates of transportation, and hampered by the board of trade, must sell as he can, while he is obliged to buy at such prices as are demanded, paying high tariff tribute. The wage-worker, obliged to sell his labor for the support of himself and family under capitalistic control, must face and contend with conditions even worse than those that surround the farmer. Professional men, and especially business men, are much restricted in their pursuits, while they are continually taxed, crowded, and in hundreds of cases ruined for the enrichment of their capitalistic plunderers. It has been estimated that the farmers of Nebraska lost ten million dollars last year. Take the farmers and laborers of the whole country, and it is safe to say that, in the aggregate, they did not save a dollar.

Against this poverty looms up the tremendous bulk and

power of the fortune secured by the railroads of the country during last year, their *net income*, as given in their own reports, being nearly four hundred million dollars—more than the whole assessed value of the great state of Iowa, exclusive of the value of its railroads. Yet the railroad represents but one of the many forms of incorporation by which the money power is sucking up the life blood of the nation.

Now, "What will you do about it?" Civilization, honest purpose, brotherly fellowship, preservation of chartered rights, and service to God—all prompt us to heroic efforts at relief.

What is the one thing most needed? *An honest and intelligent vote.* Black slavery was toppled over, and its power forever erased, by red-handed war, but the ballot box is the avenue through which we should attack and overthrow the money power and free ourselves from the curse of white slavery. This purpose necessitates an amended Constitution. No relief can come through either of the old parties. There must be a new deal. New men must come to the front about whose shibboleth there is no uncertainty—men who cannot be bribed or palsied with a cry of alarm.

Twenty-five years ago we cut off a branch of this tree of evil. May a true Christian endeavor speed the day when its gigantic body shall be uprooted and destroyed!

KNOWLEDGE THE PRESERVER OF PURITY.

BY LAURA E. SCAMMON.

THE article "Innocence at the Price of Ignorance," in the July issue of *THE ARENA*, goes far to meet a strong ethical demand of the hour. In it Rabbi Schindler gives clear and forcible expression to wholesome truths which have either been suppressed altogether or distorted into monstrous falsehoods.

It is quite possible for the mind to be of true and good intention, and yet to entertain ideas which are false and bad. The accepted ideas, confusing ignorance of the laws of reproduction with the moral quality of innocence in relation to them, are certainly all wrong; yet this mediæval heritage of error so entails that the most emancipated among us must hesitate to declare himself altogether independent of it. Public opinion has not been directly assailed for its mistakes upon this subject, but it is nevertheless true that an undercurrent of feeling has set so strongly in the direction of rational enlightenment for our youth that the right word might at any moment unlock an undreamed-of sweep of eloquence, a tide that would carry before it many time-sodden superstitions and absurdities.

The young woman who marries in infantile ignorance of all that pertains to her future as a wife and mother, is no longer lauded as a "sweet innocent" by the members of her own sex. On the contrary, thoughtful women everywhere are discussing in little back-parlor circles the dire results of this once vaunted ignorance, and are devising means for opening the eyes of this very young woman to its train of wretched consequences to herself, to her husband, to their unborn children, to the world. Nor is consideration for her companion excluded from their counsels, for she is to become a wife and mother no sooner than he a husband and father; moreover, while she has everything to learn, he also has much to unlearn. They are comparing notes, these quiet, home-

keeping women, and right staunchly are they holding themselves and each other to the task of teaching to young humanity all the truths of human genesis, in terms unmistakably simple and scientifically exact.

It is these women who will welcome most heartily Rabbi Schindler's vigorous protest against the popular exaltation of that fragile innocence which rests upon no better foundation than ignorance; and they will bless the hand, at once delicate and bold, that has exposed its flimsy character, and at the same time laid the cornerstone of a nobler, surer structure. The courage of such a stroke is contagious; may it infect many another with the high resolve to perform deferred duties in the same direction.

This is the situation: The youth of the world — which in years so few will be all there is of the world — young men and women, girls and boys and little children, have been taught falsehoods, when they have been taught anything, about the most intimate facts of their physical being and their most important relations to each other. Ignorance, we have assured them, is most praiseworthy; knowledge is destructive of innocence; the truth is a guilty secret.

They have become possessed, as we knew they would, of more or less knowledge, partly instinctive, partly obtained from clandestine sources; and this knowledge—if we dare to dignify by that name the illicit mass of hint and hearsay and half-formed opinion—every fact known or inferred, is smirched with secrecy, deception, and suggestion of evil. If

The lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,

what is it here, where distorted, foully bespattered and stained with sensuality, it yet is enveloped in the vague fascinations of a pilfered pleasure? That stolen fruit is sweet seems especially true of the apple of the tree of knowledge.

Rabbi Schindler is ready to grant that the questions which childish ignorance will ask must await answer until the understanding and judgment have ripened with years. Thus the child must grow to maturity in ignorance of the chief laws and needs of his being; and it is here, and here only, that thoughtful mothers will take issue with him. This must not be granted. It is knowledge alone that can maintain in our young people the very virtue, for the preserva-

tion of which we have preached ignorance; knowledge alone that can induce in them the love of innocence and of her infinitely nobler and sweeter elder sister, purity.

Instruction regarding the simplest physiological fact affecting their relations to each other is imparted to persons who have reached maturity with a difficulty which reveals the density of the false sense of shame in which the subject is shrouded — a guilty, sneaking mock modesty which well may warn one who attempts such deferred instruction that the mission has been accepted too late for its best fulfilment.

It may not be an easy task to meet the children we have deceived — even through mistaken kindness — to acknowledge our cowardice, to recant the thousand and one skulking subterfuges, if not open falsehoods, to strip from facts all unwholesome marvels and false allurements, and present the simple, clean, living truth. Indeed, of all the dragons which a good father and mother may encounter in the jungle paths of parental duty, I know not one with a sharper tooth. But will it be an easier task to meet our youth when, bereft of all that makes youth lovely, they raise suffering eyes and the accusing cry, "Why did you not tell me?"

An article upon the "Questions of Children," translated from the German for the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, says: —

A child whose questions are not answered by its parents will either turn to others who are willing to gratify its desire for knowledge, but who, perhaps, are unable to distinguish between what is good for a child to know and what is not, or else it will lose its fine natural susceptibility and learn to look upon life in a dull, spiritless way, without interest or curiosity. Worse, however, than not answering a child's questions is to ridicule them. Nothing wounds a child so deeply as finding its inexperience abused, and its earnestly-meant questions made the subject of mockery.

And the author further declares that in questions usually considered foolish, the folly is not with the child, but with the older person who fails to understand how a child's mind works. And the writer who could see these truths can yet give, on the next page, the following example of questions from a little child met in proper fashion by the parent, that is, by herself: —

"Mother, does the angel who brings the little babies carry them in a box or just in his hand?"

Unprepared for this question, I answered hesitatingly, "No, not in a box."

"But they have dresses on, haven't they?"

"No, darling; the little babies come naked into this world."

"But then, mother, how can the parents tell whether it is a girl or a boy?"

Once more I am at a loss, but make out to say, "Oh! we see that in their faces."

The little one is satisfied for the moment, for she turns again to her toys. Suddenly an idea strikes her:—

"Mother, father said the other day that I have the face of a boy. Perhaps I am not a girl at all."

This time I can answer without hesitation, "No, dear, you are certainly mother's own dear little girl; but now don't ask any more questions, but come and help me to bake in the kitchen."

This conversation, full of acknowledged incapacity, evasion, and implied falsehood, is given by one of the most cultivated minds of the day, translated by another, and published by one of our best reviews as an example of the kind and correct treatment of children in regard to such questions! Is it not time for public lessons in truth-telling?

My friend's nine-year-old son said to her last Sunday: "Mama, I don't want to hear any more Bible stories. There isn't any Santa Claus, and there isn't a single stork in this country; and just as likely as not there never was any Jesus." Did not my friend wish that she had told her child the truth?

Women are accused of making every issue a personal one; but what stronger argument can be presented for a given course than that of individual success therein? At the entrance of an unfrequented way, hedged in and beset with fantastic terrors, what better encouragement can be offered than a helping hand and a hearty voice that can say: "Come, where I walk you may walk. The way seems barred and barbed, but the bolts are tinder, the spikes are tinsel, the barbican itself is a bubble ready to burst at the first honest, well-drawn breath; and beyond this bristling bugaboo are endless super-compensating delights." This is not an attempt at a philosophical essay, though there is demand for such, too, for the full illumination of this subject; but to those mothers who fear demoralizing results among children from instruction in the natural laws that govern the reproductive function, I would like to speak a few plain words from the pages of my own experience.

The life of American children is free and unrestrained — too unrestrained, many of us believe, for their highest development, since only the best-disciplined souls make wise use of absolute freedom; but shield and sequester them as best we could, we should not be able to shut away from our children all outside influences. In one way only can we hope to protect them from physical disaster and moral contamination — and that is by arming them with early and thorough instruction in all the physiological facts pertaining to themselves as human beings. If distinctions may be drawn where all seems most vital, it may be said, perhaps, that for the girl the dangers of ignorance are more physical, for the boy more moral.

That girls do sometimes pass the entire period of maidenhood without a single intelligent physiological idea, is too true; that they, and even their mothers, have been known to boast of this imbecility is equally true and more deplorable. It is a shockingly common thing to hear a neuralgic, nerve-wrecked woman date back a dead-weight life to the ignorance of her fourteenth year. How many households join in the sad refrain, "We lost our first baby," — "and through my ignorance," moans to her heart the stricken mother, whose smile is never again the unclouded sunshine of that home; and oh! how often has the tragic end of a bright young life sounded in the words, "Mother and babe were buried in one grave."

If innocence and ignorance are synonyms, there are no innocent boys. To the best of my belief, no boy of sound mind and possessed of the normal masculine craving to "know what is going on," attains the age of twelve years without having his curiosity with regard to the origin of his physical being satisfied, or at least appeased. With those boys who attend the public schools the age may be regarded as certainly two years younger. This *quasi* knowledge, coming to the boy from companions somewhat older than himself, who yet feel that the little they know is more than they have any right to know, is imparted in dark corners, under smother of tight bed covers, by means of whispered hints and guesses; it is veiled in the dark and awful mystery which boys innately love, and glimpses only are afforded by the youthful hero who has taken captive this dragon-guarded secret. Or it comes in coarse, unchaste language from low

and untaught dependents, a shock from which his finer sensibilities will never recover; or by vulgar jests and tales of *double entendre* from foul lips, it may come in form so hideously false, so indescribably vile and depraved, as to soil the soul of the boy past any earthly power of purification.

Will any sane mother run such perdition risks for her son? Dare she maintain that she has not the courage to teach him the art of self defence against the streams of molten hell fire these devils of the pit would pour into his ears?

Dear young mother, conservor of innocence, promoter of purity, diffuser of sweetness and light, listen to my simple advice. Talk to your little children, the girl and the boy alike, about the great and precious gifts which nature holds in her choicest treasure box, his and her own pure, sweet baby body. Begin so soon and so simply that neither they nor you will remember the time — and certainly before the formation in the childish mind of false notions that could interfere with the most perfect freedom.

Do not, at first, enter into long explanations, but teach from nature's simple and pretty lessons. Take them among the leguminous plants of the garden; hold in your hand the ripened pod, and point a lesson from its protection and dehiscence. Lead them through orchard paths when the boughs are ablur and the air adrift with the scented snow of falling bloom; show them the bud, the blossom, the formation of the tiny emerald sphere within the folded leaves — leaves that have performed their part and may fly if they like, now that the lusty young fruit no longer needs protection from frost or blast, and can develop without their further aid.

Soon the lessons may proceed from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. Here they will learn the use and not the abuse of the procreative faculties. They will observe the manifestations of instinct unguided by reason, and may be led to recognize in themselves the power of reason to guide and govern instinct. Give them pairs of pets of various kinds — birds, dogs, rabbits, kittens; and let each become the sympathetic *accoucheur* when little, furry, four-footed babies are born, and observe that even the lady crab in her glass globe pales with the pangs of parturition. When questions arise that cannot be answered by observation, reply to each as simply and directly as you answer questions upon

other subjects, giving scientific names and facts, and such explanations as are suited to the comprehension of the child. It is possible that this course of instruction may open your eyes to some defects and mistakes of your own education. It did mine.

Treat nature and her laws always with serious, respectful attention. Treat the holy mystery of parenthood reverently, never losing sight of the great law upon which are founded all others — the law of love. Say it and sing it, play it and pray it into the soul of your child, that *love is lord of all*.

Thus under your guidance will nature unfold her sweetest, most fondly cherished secrets, and your dear child, your boy as well as your girl of ten or twelve years, will have arrived quite simply and naturally at a full knowledge of all the laws of reproduction. His fancy may linger over the pre-natal days; he may picture himself as lying a fledgling with folded wings in his sheltered nest, soft brooded in mother's very bosom, lulled by her loving heartbeats, sung to sleep by the rhythm of her sweet pulses. Is there a stain upon his white soul for the knowledge that sets it to such music? Would you exchange this knowledge for the "innocence" of the boy who has been forced to abandon his belief in flying angels, in saddlebags or storks, and in their stead has accepted the garbled obscenity of the stable or the street?

The innocence of ignorance is at best untried — a virtue of weak and flabby sinew; do not trust to it, dear young mother. Believe, rather, that when you have given your child every possible opportunity for knowledge of the work of procreation, when you have answered the how, the why, when, and where of his eager young mind to the best of your ability, you have but done your simple duty. What are you, frail little human mother, that you should dare to conceal or distort the high and holy lessons which the great all-mother would teach?

And believe this also — when you take your little children by the hand and lead them, as you so surely and safely may, into all the paths of knowledge, you will feel, as I have felt, such tightening of the tender bonds of love as nothing else can bring, such perfect confidence as nothing earthly can break.

Do not fear that your child, how young soever he may be, will shame you and himself by a show of knowledge out of

season; he will do nothing of the kind. If you have caught the true spirit of nature, he will love and respect her secrets. Moreover, it is marvellous to what a degree the judgment of a child may be developed by showing him your reliance upon it.

Thus armed with a high and noble understanding of his own nature and his relations to his kind, your child is proof against the common forms of temptation from evil companions. He has, for one thing, constantly increasing sources of interest in the myriad forms of natural growth and development, which leave never a dull or an idle hour for Satan to seize upon. For the neglected child, as he deems one whose knowledge of nature's methods is made up of a few hints and a guess or two, he feels a pity charged strongly with contempt; and the pity changes all to contempt for the stupid, vulgar youth who thinks obscenity amusing. As for a vile story, or one that offends his fine reverence for parenthood, your boy will flee the telling or thrash the teller.

But, sweet, lovely young mother, you must know whereof you speak. Temptations inhere in the nature of every child of woman born; and to teach your children self guardianship from foes without and foes within, no shred of false shame must be suffered to screen from you the exact truth, both as regards them and the world in which they must freely mingle. The infancy of the world is past. They who would not live in vain and die in remorse cannot lie on flowery banks in the soft innocence of Eden. The shut-in peace of paradise is not to be had by us at any price. The trail of the serpent is all too visible; to ignore it is to shut our eyes while the thing of evil coils in our path. We must cast aside childish ignorance and fear, and stand erect in the full power of womanly purity.

Mothers of the New Era, what shall be our emblem? Not an angel with white wings folded across her eyes, but a Lady with a Lamp!

IS LIQUOR SELLING A SIN?*

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR, A. M.

WHEN a writer can defend a bad cause with the marked ability displayed by Mr. Brown, his arguments are worthy of thoughtful attention.

The gentleman tells us that he was reared by Christian parents, and is a believer in Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures. He says:—

I have been in the wholesale whiskey business for more than twenty-two years; and if I accept as true the denunciations made against all engaged in my business, by a large organization of men and women, who assert their superior piety and style themselves Prohibitionists, I must be a person wholly given over to evil and entirely without moral guidance.

He then arraigns the Prohibitionists for "banding themselves together for the expressed purpose of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants, at any cost to our civil and religious rights, or at any financial loss to those engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcohol." He quotes from the Methodist "Book of Discipline," which arraigns the traffic as a sin, and adds, with much fairness, that if these things held by the Prohibitionists and Methodists, as well as "many other churches," are true, there is no question but that the liquor traffic should be crushed, even though in doing so many men engaged in the business should be destroyed with it.

He then proceeds to question whether the liquor traffic can be righteously legalized, and to determine, What is sin? He speciously asks, "Is it doing what any particular society of men prohibits, or failing to do what they require?" Certainly not. Christians look alone to the law of God for the definition of sin; no man nor organization of men can create laws to define sin.

Let me assure the gifted writer of a fact which he seems to have overlooked, that Prohibitionists make no pretence to

* Reply to George G. Brown, in July ARENA, on "Christ and the Liquor Problem."

extra piety, and are not necessarily Christians, though all Christians must, in the very nature of the case, be Prohibitionists. This is certainly true of those churches which have declared that "To license is sin," and any such church that continues a man in its membership who votes for license or legislates for it, who manufactures, sells, buys or drinks alcoholic stimulants, is inconsistent in its declarations and conduct. A Prohibitionist, on the contrary, may be a Christian or an infidel, a teetotaler or a drunkard; the only test required is that he vote a straight, uncompromising Prohibition ticket.

The chief concern in this discussion is, Is liquor selling a sin? If it is, then this wholesale liquor dealer must repent and leave his business, or be an unworthy follower of Christ whom he professes. If it is not a sin, then the Prohibitionists and Methodists and "other churches" should apologize to all dealers in liquor, to all who sustain it by their votes, and to those who use it, and at once cease their warfare upon the traffic. They should, in harmony with the numerous Biblical quotations of the gentleman, and his interpretations thereof, stock up their wine cellars and invite men from the highways and hedges to partake, even taking care that the children of their households be taught to use liquors in moderation, instead of the present demand of total abstinence. I take it for granted that all, whether engaged in the liquor business or banded together for its suppression, desire to know the way of truth, for God says, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Like the inquiring gentleman, I accept the orthodox and well-established definition that "Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God."

He then quotes five different passages of Scripture from the old dispensation, in which the Lord permitted wine among the tithe offerings, and "wine and strong drink" as a beverage, and concludes from this that the wholesale liquor business, as carried on by him and others, must have the sanction of the Almighty. He fails to give the slightest proof that any of the "wine" above alluded to was fermented, the kind he sells to his customers and the same poisoned stuff "that made Noah and Nabal drunk." The difference between the wines whose use is allowed and prohibited by the Lord, was fully discussed by me in the March

ARENA, and I will take no time to repeat in this discussion. The "strong drink" referred to in these passages may have been other than intoxicating liquors; it may have been sarsaparilla juice or coffee. Who knows? Certainly there is no biblical proof that it was brandy, gin, or fermented wine.

The gentleman quotes the Lord's reproof of the slanderous Pharisees who called Him a "winebibber," as if it were His own acknowledgment of the habit, and adds that Christ could not come upon earth and live exactly as He did when here, and be admitted to membership in the Methodist church. Like the proverbial Yankee, I will reply to this by asking a question. Does the writer believe that if Christ were on earth to-day He would engage in the wholesale liquor business or frequent saloons? Would He enjoy the fellowship of the class of men He would meet, as a rule, in these places? The very idea is shocking, doubtless, to him as well as to Prohibitionists and Methodists. Judging from His abundant teachings, and the fact that He came to bring peace and joy to all mankind, He would be a strict teetotaler and a Prohibition voter.

The gentleman must search the Scriptures still further, and give other proofs than he does, before he can base his right to be a wholesale liquor dealer in alcoholic stimulants upon the commands of God. If there can be found in his collection of liquors and in the saloons which he supplies only the sweet wine permitted by the command and example of the Lord, he can consistently be a member of any Christian church, and the Prohibitionists will have no quarrel with his business. To have remained in his business "twenty-two years" and made a financial success, he has been supplying the trade with the poison that bloats the face, blears the eye, staggers the footsteps, burns the brain, festers the stomach, rots the liver and kidneys, and sends men through the slow tortures of alcoholism to death and damnation. God says, "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven." The gentleman is engaged in this business, not to serve Christ, but to make money. To all dealers in intoxicating liquors—and this includes the deacon who votes for it as well as the man who sells it—God says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to his lips and maketh him drunken also." Science and observation teach that to the extent to which a man imbibes this poison his

brain and nerves are affected, and he is drunken. A wholesale liquor dealer "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and if God's word be true he bringeth "woe" upon himself. The Scriptures say, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak."

I will turn to the records of the daily press for proof that the liquor business does cause men to stumble, and that by it they are made weak. In the city of Chicago, for many months, there has been an average of three murders per day caused by drunkenness. In a single state, within one month, four fathers have gone to their homes drunken and murdered their helpless children, and in two instances have killed the wife and mother. The heart sickens at the awful mobs, crimes, and murders reported by the press, day after day caused by drink-crazed, brutalized men who are made "to stumble and made weak" by those who have put the bottle to their neighbor's lips for private gain. Suffice it to say that out of the more than seven thousand murders committed in the United States last year, over four thousand of these were publicly recorded as being caused by intoxicated men, and a large percentage of the others were owing to drink. The liquor dispensed from these wholesale houses robs men of physical health, of moral rectitude, of financial independence; it destroys the peace and safety of wives, children, and homes; it peoples institutions for dependents; it multiplies jails, prisons, and almshouses, and furnishes the saloon, the assassin of our civilization, with its quiver of weapons.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not kill." Liquor nerves the hand of the murderer.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not steal." Liquor palsies the honor and makes the thief.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Liquor is the parent of the social evil.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Liquor thwarts justice with perjury.

The Bible is filled with admonitions against drink; therefore the man who deals in that which brings such a train of evils in its wake, "fails to conform to and transgresses the law of God" and wilfully commits sin. Indeed, there is not a word between the lids of the Bible, and there is no human experience, that can justify any man, professing to be a

follower of Jesus, in being a dealer in intoxicating liquors. It is not unusual for that which is too cruel to be called human to be called divine. The Bible has been quoted, at all times, to uphold every wrong that has afflicted mankind. To quote it to sustain the poison traffic is no exception to the rule.

I commend for the prayerful consideration of this gifted gentleman and all other professed Christians engaged in the traffic, either for political preferment or for gain, these words of the apostle, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." On this judgment day what will be the verdict upon those who have brought the awful train of evils produced by the liquor traffic upon humanity?

No matter how Utopian this liquor dealer imagines his business might be, he knows what it is, and every sentiment of humanity and every command of God admonishes him to quit the mean traffic, that he may be respected on earth and saved in heaven. No, the Prohibitionists have received no special new dispensation, as the writer intimates. They find the old one sufficient for their demands.

FREE AGENCY.

The gentleman tells us of the "Lord's plan of free agency." I am always amused when I note the great intimacy liquor dealers claim to have with the Lord. He quotes the words of Milton, —

I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood though free to fall.

Certainly he made man free to stand or fall; but to the fellows who make it a business to stand around to trip up these free agents that they may the more easily take a tumble, He said, "Thou shalt not," thus making of Himself the first great Prohibitionist. If the liquor seller shall not be prohibited because of his birthright of free agency, then the microbe dispenser and the criminal must remain undisturbed by the laws of quarantine or punishment. Truly God made man a free agent, but his free agency ends where the welfare of his associates begins. The liquor dealer's free agency ends where that of any other criminal ends who would prey upon the welfare of others for personal gain.

LONGEVITY AND THE TRAFFIC.

Not only Scripture but science is called to the defense of the Christ-like character of this wholesale dealer's business. He gives a long array of figures taken from the British Medical Association's report, in which he makes the total abstainers live, on an average, one year less than the "decidedly intemperate," and several years less than "free drinkers" and "careless drinkers" and "habitually temperate." In the face of such facts, what unscientific fellows the managers of life insurance companies are who refuse risks on the lives of "decidedly intemperate" men! If these figures are correct, life insurance agents should hunt out the bleary-eyed constituency of the dives and saloons, and capture men on their way to the Keeley cures, that they may be sure of safe and long-lived policy holders.

Unfortunately for the gentleman's argument, these figures have been long ago repudiated, as garbled and misleading, by the Association in whose name they are quoted. The business world, daily observation, scientific research in medicine, as well as ordinary common sense, would repudiate such gross misrepresentation of facts, no matter by whom published. The highest and latest authority in medical science declares that alcoholic stimulants should seldom, *if ever*, be used as a medicine and never as a beverage. Thus both Scripture and science declare against the gentleman's business.

If, as he says, he is intensely interested in the suppression of drunkenness, let him leave the business that creates this drunkenness. He is one link in the chain of agencies that binds the millions of slaves to rum. He can cease his fears that our "civil and religious liberties" will take wings and fly away when there is no more traffic in alcoholic liquors.

If justice and liberty depend upon the virtues of the people, as all good men claim, then the liquor traffic must be suppressed, or our republic will fail. The saloon and the kingdom of Christ cannot occupy the same land together; they are too directly antagonistic to each other. Which shall die and which shall live remains for the Christian conscience of this republic to decide. The Methodist church is right in declaring in its "Book of Discipline" that to "license is sin." Would to God it was as near right in its conduct

at the ballot box as it is in its conference declarations! The saloon would soon be outlawed, and the wholesale dealers should turn their attention to other business which they possess the ability to follow with success and honor. We would no longer hear the cry of the mob, "Give us work or give us bread," in this land of plenty, if the waste of this traffic were no more. May God give all men grace unselfishly to see their individual responsibility for this traffic, which, more than all other agencies combined, hinders the reign of peace on earth and good will to men.

STUDY OF THOMAS PAINE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

IN writing a companion article for my recent notes concerning Benjamin Franklin, I shall begin by placing side by side their religious views, or creeds, as made public by themselves. This I do because, for some reason, Mr. Paine has been made to suffer historical ostracism for opinions shared by both men in common. I trust that we have now so far outgrown narrowness of theological judgment, that this will not enfeeble any man's honor for Franklin, while it may soften the rancor that has been allowed to grow against the character of Paine. It was in 1790, when Franklin was eighty-four, that Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, wrote him a note, saying: "As much as I know of Doctor Franklin, I have not an idea of his religious sentiments. I wish to know the opinion of my venerable friend concerning Jesus of Nazareth. He will not impute this to impertinence or to improper curiosity in one who, for so many years, has continued to love, estimate, and revere his abilities and character, with an ardor and affection bordering on adoration. I shall never cease to wish you that happy immortality, which I believe Jesus alone has purchased for the virtuous and truly good of every religious denomination, and for those of every age, nation, and mythology who, reverencing the Deity, are filled with integrity, righteousness, and benevolence." This highly charitable and manly letter brought the following response:—

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time that I have been questioned on it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to satisfy it. Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that he ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life, respecting its

conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion; and I regard them, as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have some doubts as to his divinity, though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequences of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing unbelievers, in his government of the world, with any peculiar marks of displeasure. I have let others enjoy their religious sentiments, without reflecting on them for those that appeared to me unsupportable, or even absurd. All sects have experienced my good will, in assisting them with subscriptions; and as I have never opposed any of their doctrines, I hope to go out of the world in peace with them all."

This letter may explain to some extent why the theological world has ever been more tolerant toward Franklin. Yet it is not true that he had never opposed their doctrines; while it is true that he had, in his later years, aimed to avoid giving offence, and had given freely to aid them in building their houses for worship. Omitting the crude views that he put forth in his early literary days, we cannot quite forget the fact that he composed for himself a private litany and service of worship, which he used or might use at home, and in his mature years determined to forego further attendance on churches. Earlier in life, he drew up an amended version of the Lord's Prayer, and wrote out a modern Ten Commandments, the last one being, "Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

In 1756 he wrote to a friend: "The faith you mention has doubtless its use in the world; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it—I mean real good works, such as kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers,

filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity." Early in life he projected a book to be called "The Art of Virtue." This he never quite gave over the longing to complete. In 1760 he wrote to Lord Kames a long letter on his project, explaining it. He says it is but "part of a great and extensive project that required the whole man to execute." In fact, with all his other absolutely distinct personalities, Franklin antedated Herbert Spencer as the philosopher of a complete scheme of ethics. But he had not the "whole man" or whole life to devote to it. Our own age is just beginning to develop an ethical education — the very idea sketched by Franklin a century ago. The press teems with volumes on morals as distinct from religion. It was necessary first, before the constructive and building period, that there should be a development of the destructive and eliminative. Paine was a destructive by contrast.

A professed letter of Franklin, without date or address, was published by William Temple Franklin, in which he is represented as reproving some one for a proposed publication. The letter does not materially change our estimate of Franklin's position. In it he says: "I shall only give you my opinion that, though your reasonings are subtle, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind; and the consequences of printing will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. Think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for security. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?" This prudential letter, if Franklin ever wrote it, may have been written to Paine, as asserted. The reply has never seen the light, if ever written. It would not be difficult, however, to imagine the contents would have been of this sort: "If, sir, you feel the need of religion so strongly for others, why not also for yourself? If by your silence, you seek to defend religion, why not also by example? for I learn that you have, for nearly your whole life, withdrawn from church service, and are an unbeliever in the substance of the creeds. Besides, do you not show by your course, a

total lack of faith that your own art of virtue or practice of morals is of any worth to the bulk of mankind? Are we to have one religion for the few philosophers, and another for the masses? If so, may I not ask, sir, who is to draw the dividing line, and say, Thou art the wise man; and thou art the weak fool? Besides, is there not a principle higher than all other principles, that it is safe to know the truth, to speak the truth, and to stand by the truth; and that in the end, such an honest course will turn out wisest, as well as safest and most honorable, both for the one who speaks, and for those he addresses? I am aware that this course will often bring opprobrium; that it even carried Socrates to his death. But I am also aware that Jesus, by such obloquy and suffering, became the Saviour of Christendom. My dear Mr. Franklin, allow me to remind you that in the Ten Commandments, as amended by your own able pen and honest wit, the closing one reads, 'Imitate Jesus and Socrates.' I will follow your counsel."

This, I assume, might have been the reply justly penned by Mr. Paine. The world never needs a duplicate of any great man; and nature never tries her hand at such a production without creating a rogue or a fool. One Franklin was enough. It would have gone hard with America, could she not also have developed a very different sort of man—a man of almost no diplomatic tact; a man who had no thought but to strike a straight blow, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and take the consequences. I have led the way to this man by indirection; and it is hardly necessary to say more of that dreaded and abhorred infidelity of his, than I have already inferred. It was a creed almost identical with that of Franklin; it was a temperament wholly unlike his. Without training or temper for the Socratic method, without prudential reserve, he spoke always on the housetop; in secret he said nothing. It is not necessary to indorse his views to honor the man. Nor am I willing to say that the method he used was more admirable than that employed by his friend; for we are always in need of the cautious who carry by siege, as well as of the gallant who take by storm. However, let us see that I do not draw the substantial comparison without warrant: "I believe," wrote Mr. Paine, "in one God, and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that

religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy." He closes the first part of his "Age of Reason" as follows: "The creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims his power; it demonstrates his wisdom; it manifests his goodness and beneficence. The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God, manifested in the creation toward all his creatures. Seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practise the same toward each other; and consequently everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty. I content myself with the believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave an existence, is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without the body. In one point all nations agree — all believe in a God. The things in which they disagree, are the redundances annexed to that belief: therefore, if ever a universal religion prevail, it will be not by believing in things new, but in getting rid of redundances." In another article, he adds: "I have said that I hope for happiness after this life. This hope is comfortable to me, and I presume not to go beyond the comfortable idea of hope, with respect to a future state." In "A Discourse to Theophilanthropists," he says, "We profess and we proclaim, in peace, the pure, unmixed, comfortable, and rational belief in a God, as manifested to us in the universe." In a letter to Camille Jordan, he wrote, "The first object of inquiry, in all cases, more especially in matters of religion, is truth;" and he recommends him to address the French Legislature as follows: "O my colleagues! let us hasten to give encouragement to agriculture and manufactures, that commerce may reinstate itself and our people have employment. Let us review the conditions of the suffering poor, and wipe from our country the reproach of forgetting them. Let us devise means to establish schools of instruction, that we may banish ignorance. Let us propagate morality, unfettered by superstition. Let us cultivate justice and benevolence, that the God of our fathers may bless us." Samuel Adams wrote him reprovingly for having become an infidel. "My venerable friend," he replied, "I am obliged to you for what you

style my services, in awakening the public mind to a Declaration of Independence, and supporting it after it was declared. As to the 'Age of Reason,' which you condemn without having read it, I must inform you why I wrote and published it at the time I did. In the first place, I saw my life in continual danger [he was then member of the French National Convention]; my friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off, and, as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. The people of France were running headlong into atheism; and I had the work in their own language, to stop them in that career and fix them in the first article of every man's creed, who has any creed at all, 'I believe in God.' Our relation to each other in this world is as men, and the man who is a friend to man and to his rights, let his religious opinions be what they may, is a good citizen; to whom I can give, as I ought to do and as every other man ought, the right hand of fellowship, and to none with more hearty good-will than to you, my dear friend." Paine had told John Adams that he intended, near the close of his life, to write out his thoughts of religion; but expecting to be guillotined, he wrote earlier than he intended.

I am not quite sorry that in the discussion of the qualities of one of the greatest men of our Revolutionary era, I have found it necessary to stand on the defensive at the very outset. It is, I am sure, with moderated feelings, that the most ardent lover of the accepted creeds will now consider the marvellous fitness of this man to assist the country in its peril, and to secure it from a total collapse in the incipency of its independence. When Franklin cried, Peace and patience, Paine answered, with Henry and Otis, Our patience is fairly exhausted; and as for peace, they have waged war on us continually for years — on our property, our commerce, and our persons. Never before nor since, has America been so startled as by the publication, in 1775, of the pamphlet entitled "Common Sense." It was read everywhere. In an age when books were not liable to a large circulation, this one sold one hundred thousand copies. Dr. Rush said of it, "It burst from the press with an effect that has rarely been produced by type and paper in any age or country." Washington held it to be convincing. One writer adds: "It is not too much to claim for it, that it hastened the Declaration of

Independence six or eight weeks; and if that Declaration had been delayed eight weeks, it might have been delayed a century. If it had not been adopted before the battle of Long Island — which occurred six weeks after the Fourth of July — it would not have then been adopted." It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of the pamphlet. But it was not his noblest work; for in the terrible hour of blackest disaster, poverty, suffering, and despair, when Washington was retreating before Lord Howe, defeated, and the country was beginning to feel the cause hopeless, Paine wrote the first number of "Crisis." Washington had it read at the head of every army corps; and at every pinch of affairs throughout the war, the words of Paine were looked for, to inspire the soldiers and arouse the flagging patriotism of the people. Franklin could not have done this work. His logic of prudence and honesty and courage would have failed to touch the souls that were discouraged. It needed words of fire and logic that rang like the blows of a berserker's sword on his shield.

I have not overestimated these services of Thomas Paine. Cobbett wrote to Lord Grenville: "A little thing sometimes produces a great effect. It appears to me very clear that some beastly insults offered Mr. Paine, while he was excise-man in England, were the real cause of the Revolution in America." Washington wrote to Joseph Reed of "Common Sense," "It is unanswerable." In the *Pennsylvania Journal*, which Paine edited, appeared, on Oct. 18, 1775, a series of charges against Great Britain somewhat like those afterwards contained in the Declaration of Independence; and the closing passage was this, "When I reflect on these, I hesitate not for a moment to believe that the Almighty will separate America from Britain; call it independency or what you will, if it is the cause of God and humanity, it will grow." Cobbett said whoever wrote the "Declaration," Paine was its author. The first number of "Crisis" was written by the camp-fires on the banks of the Delaware. No wonder that its first sentence was, "These are the times that try men's souls." It was taken for the watchword at Trenton, when the English were beaten and the Hessians captured. General Lee spoke of Paine as "the man with genius in his eyes."

When Mr. Paine saw with what avidity his first pamphlet

was bought and read, instead of endeavoring to turn it to his own advantage, he gave all the profits to the public. He wrote in later years: "Politics and self-interest have been so uniformly connected, that the world, from being so often deceived, has a right to be suspicious of public characters. But with regard to myself, I am perfectly at ease on this head. I saw an opportunity in which I could do some good, and I followed exactly what my heart dictated. I gave the copyright of 'Common Sense' up to every state in the Union." So far as we can judge of human actions, here was pure, disinterested philanthropy; a man who desired nothing more than to do good.

The Declaration of Independence being accomplished, and the struggle fairly on, Paine became a volunteer, with other men of note, carrying the musket in the ranks. Here he met Lafayette, with whom he established a warm friendship, while Washington showed him special marks of esteem. But his pen was so formidable an instrument, that he may be said to have formed a distinct army corps by himself. What ringing words are these: "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly." His bitterest enemy testifies that the "Crisis" had more than its intended effect. The convention of New York, which was dispersed by fear, was once more rallied; militiamen, who were straggling homeward, read it, turned about, and went back to the army to re-enlist unsolicited. The whole despairing land and army were reinspired with hope and fresh resolution.

Mr. Paine was, in the spring of 1777, elected secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His position was not unlike that of our present secretary of state. He performed his duties faithfully, but lacked diplomatic tact, and was led to resign in 1779, by the dissatisfaction which his blunt straightforwardness superinduced in Congress. In 1781 he was sent to France with Colonel Laurens, on a scheme of his own origination, to secure a loan of the French government. The result was a gift to the states of six millions of livres, and a loan of ten millions more. He planned a secret visit

to England at this time, believing that, if he could once get into that country, without being known until he could issue a publication, he could open the eyes of the people to the madness and stupidity of their government. The above was not his only financial exploit; for at a time when immediate dissolution of the army was looked for, he began a private subscription, giving his own salary as secretary of state, and whatever else he could command. The result was three hundred thousand pounds, which was used in the capture of Cornwallis. From time to time numbers of the "Crisis" appeared whenever most needed, besides other pamphlets of great ability and power. The war ended gloriously for America. Washington took up his quarters for a time near Princeton, N. J. From there he wrote to Paine, asking him to come to him and share with him his residence.

In 1787 Mr. Paine crossed the Atlantic on business affairs, spending his time mainly in England, where he was well received, until, in reply to Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," he wrote "The Rights of Man." The appearance of the first part of this masterly work roused the intensest bitterness among the people of Great Britain, and led to insults and persecutions. Orders for his arrest reached Dover only a few minutes after he had crossed over to Calais. The French greeted him with a frenzy of enthusiasm. They crowned him with chaplets, strewed flowers in his road, and devised every method to show their gratitude. They even elected him from four departments, as representative to the national convention. As Lafayette was to Americans in America, such, and even more, was Paine to France.

Up to this time Thomas Paine was held to be one of the greatest men of the times. Certainly no literary ventures in the history of the world had ever before accomplished so much in the way of positive results, or attained such universal popularity. "Common Sense" and "Crisis," in twelve separate issues, had been, more than anything else, the cause and support of the Revolution and the establishment of a separate government. "The Rights of Man" was a masterly work, and created an enthusiasm everywhere. Only the aristocrats abhorred the work and hated the author. It is not too much to say that at that hour, apart

from Washington and Franklin, Mr. Paine was the best loved man in the world. The Liberals of England sang all about the kingdom, to the tune of "God save the King":—

God save great Thomas Paine!
His "Rights of Man" proclaim,
From pole to pole.

Prosecuted, after his escape to France, by the British government, for "a wicked and seditious libel," Erskine, who was then the most eloquent advocate in England, defended him in a speech of marvellous power. The shower of fame and notoriety probably told somewhat on Paine's character; but not more than similar popular effusiveness on Franklin. His career was one calculated to turn the head of any one but a man of true courage and philanthropy, honest and faithful to the rights of his fellow-men. The whirlwind of events in France gave him hardly time to study modesty and humility, but he bore himself well. The decree that met him soon after landing, conferred the title of French citizen on Priestly, Paine, Bentham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pestalozzi, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Kosciusko, and seven others. In the convention he was associated with Brissot, Vergniaud, Barère, Danton, Condorset, Genoué, Pétion, and the Abbe Sieyès, as a committee on the constitution. Four of these were afterwards guillotined; one committed suicide in prison; another was eaten by wolves while hiding in the forest. Paine himself was condemned to death; and two more only died natural deaths. One of the ablest and most statesmanlike letters ever penned, was addressed by him to Danton on the state of affairs. This letter foretold the collapse of the French Republic, and pointed out the only course of safety. When the king was on trial, Paine urged with great eloquence and clearest logic the folly, as well as the criminality, of putting him to death. One of the grandest scenes in that succession of dramas was the appearance of Thomas Paine at the tribune, with his speech to plead for the life of Louis XVI. He could not speak in French. Marat shouted that he should not be heard, being a Quaker; but the convention voted to hear. Thuriot soon rushed up to the tribune, declaring the interpreter was not giving the speech correctly. Marat added to the confusion by screaming: "It is a lie! I denounce the interpreter. That is not the opinion of Thomas Paine."

The convention had not five members who understood English. They appealed to Coulon, a good English scholar. "It is correct," said Coulon. Then Paine uttered such words as he well knew endangered his own life, but he did not flinch. "My language," said he, "has always been the language of liberty and humanity; and I know by experience, that nothing so exalts a nation as the union of these two principles under all circumstances. If I could speak the French language, I would descend to your bar, and, in the name of all my brothers in America, would present you a petition to suspend the execution of Louis." This scene brought him in violent conflict with the great maniac and scoundrel Marat, the most loathsome character of the mob. Robespierre also became his mortal enemy. Charlotte Corday put an end to Marat, but that only increased the fury of the storm. Vergniaud said, "She has prepared a scaffold for us all, but then she has shown us how to die."

Knowing his danger, Mr. Paine, who had long meditated writing out his religious views, hastened to pen "The Age of Reason." None too soon, for he was flung into prison six hours after the completion of the work. All the noblest of France were there with him. They were insulted, abused, fed with vile food, and surrounded with spies and pimps. On April 5, 1794, he bade farewell to Danton, Desmoulins, and his other immediate associates, who were taken out to be guillotined. It is pleasant to know that he had not dishonored America by flinching in his Saxon grit. He had voted as he believed; he had dared to use free speech. Robespierre issued a decree for his death; but by mistake the jailer put the fatal mark on his open door, which, being shut, concealed it. July 28 the tyrant met the fate of the dog that he was. Ten days later Paine addressed a pathetic letter for justice and freedom to the national convention. Appeals began to pour in from his French constituents and from Americans that he be released. At last James Monroe reached France as our accredited minister. In October of 1794 he wrote a diplomatic letter to the Committee of Public Safety. In that letter he said:—

The citizens of the United States cannot look back upon the time of their own Revolution without recollecting, among the names of their most distinguished patriots, that of Thomas Paine. The services he rendered his country in its struggle for freedom, have implanted in

the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude, never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people. The above-named citizen is now languishing in prison, affected with a disease growing more intense with his confinement. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to his condition, and to request you to hasten the moment when the law shall decide his fate, in case of any accusation against him, and, if none, to restore him to liberty.

Greeting and brotherhood.

MONROE.

It was a model letter, for both manhood and diplomacy, down to the very signature. Two days later Paine was released. But he had, in his advanced years, been imprisoned and barbarously treated, and kept in mortal fear for ten months. A baser act was never committed by any nation. They crowned him as the devotees of idols have crowned their sacrifices. His health was broken; and although he responded to a vote of the convention to resume his seat with them, he was soon dangerously ill.

The shock of his fall was painful to Mr. Paine, as it would have been to any man who had enjoyed such extraordinary and well-deserved repute. In England his friends who dared to publish his works, were prosecuted and imprisoned. In France he was no longer a power. In America, notwithstanding the words of Monroe, he was neglected and, by a large part, hated for his views concerning the popular beliefs. Up to this time nothing had been said against his character or his manners. In England he is said to have led a "quiet round of philosophical leisure and enjoyment." He was occupied with writing, and visiting a few select friends, and occasionally visiting coffee houses. Evenings he played chess, and engaged in singing or recreation with his friends, or in conversation. Among his intimates were Dr. Priestly, Joel Barlow, the poet, Mr. Sharp, the engraver, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the French ambassador, Horne Tooke, Captain Perry, and Colonel Oswald. But he was now down, and a good deal broken and helpless, and, what was worse, the religious world wished to believe badly of him. The wish was father of the deed. Accidental testimony as to his life in France is best. A gentleman in Paris wrote of him: "An English lady, not less remarkable for her talents than for her elegance of manners, entreated me to contrive that she might meet Mr. Paine. I invited him to dinner. For above four hours, he kept every one astonished at his memory, his keen observation of men and manners, his numberless

anecdotes. His remarks on genius and taste can never be forgotten by those present." The picture of his daily life, by his intimate friend, Clio Rickman, is one of exceeding beauty. "The happy circle who lived with him here, will ever remember these days with delight. With these select friends he would talk of his boyish days, play at chess, or enliven the moments with anecdotes; would sport on the gravel walks; and then retire to his boudoir, where he was up to his knees in papers and letters." Joel Barlow says of him that "The greatest part of the readers in the United States will not be soon persuaded to consider him in any other light than as a drunkard and a deist." The facts seem to be, that those who turned their backs on him for his free thought and the "Age of Reason" found his back turned on them; for he was proud, if he was not vain, and among these, I fear, was Barlow himself. The latter says: "He always frequented the best company in England and France, till he became the object of calumny, till he conceived himself neglected and despised by his former friends. From that moment he gave himself much to drink and companions less worthy of his better days." From this day, detraction followed him to his grave. The American people forgot his benefaction, his genius, and his glory. History was written to obliterate his fair fame, and children were taught to abhor Tom Paine.

Mr. Paine's will closes with these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good; I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my God." Is it needful for a student of history, well aware, as he must be, of the insolence of both political and theological controversy in the latter end of the eighteenth century — a bitterness that assailed Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, and, indeed, found no one of them perfect — is it necessary, I say, to wade through the vitriolic mire that surrounds the closing scenes of Mr. Paine's career? If all were true, a kindly and grateful people should draw a veil, and drop a tear — for, alas, how many heroes have had the heel of Achilles! But it is not true that we are compelled to hide from view the old man after his work days were over, and the lamp burned low. I shall leave to others to sweep up the slime of those who had courage only to surround his death bed with malig-

nity. History has to do with other people. I have not the talons to tear with delight the carcass from which has departed the loyal soul of wit, genius, bravery, self-denial, heroism, patriotism, philanthropy, and piety, even though that soul shall have left the enfeebled frame some few months before the last breath has been breathed. Fortunately for us, perhaps not so fortunately for Mr. Paine, we have outlived the time when it can be understood how bigotry can love falsehood, and with what shameless zeal it can invent lies and torture truths, in order to obliterate glory and smirch beauty that stands in the way of its power. Ah! had Paine but died before he wrote his "Age of Reason"! But had he died before that day, the twentieth century would have lost the pleasure of lifting his chaplets, resurrecting his fame, and doing him — what history at last will do — justice.

I am not given to tears, but I confess that I have stopped my pen more than once in the recital of this story of a man to whom we owe so vast a debt — sometimes with indignation, and again with grief. For what a shame rests on our history! It would have been less unkind had Robespierre's warrant of arrest haled him to the guillotine. That would have been a brief pain; but this has been to suffer shameless ingratitude from a country that he, more than any other man, caused to be free, and to be outlawed, hated, branded, in the house of his own kin. What a fate has been his — what a century-long grief! Washington was his friend, and loved him well; and it was one of the griefs of the first president, that he saw no way of compensating him for his eminent services during the war. But he could not. So bitter was the sentiment of the people for his writing the "Age of Reason" that they would tolerate no courtesies toward the author of "Common Sense." So had hatred extinguished love. But Monroe, when in Paris in 1794, wrote to Paine: "The crime of ingratitude, I trust, will never stain our national character. You are considered by all your countrymen as one who has not only rendered important service to them, but also as one who, on a more extended scale, has been the friend of human rights, a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare and worth of Thomas Paine the American people can never be indifferent." President Jefferson wrote to him:

"Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland, to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored with as much effect as any man living. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

Pennsylvania voted him five hundred pounds sterling, and New York conferred on him an estate of several hundred acres.

That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and to reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The kind hand of death forbade, and the laws of nature so arranged it, that Thomas Paine did not live to reap the "thankfulness" of his own nation, through the first century of its independence. When the Centennial Anniversary occurred at Philadelphia in 1876, the decree of the nation excluded his bust and all memorial of him from Independence Hall. One writer says: "Imagine him looking down, and seeing all over the United States public buildings and parks, adorned with statues of Washington, the Adamases, Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest of the glorious Revolutionary band; but no public statue or bust or portrait anywhere to keep alive popular gratitude to the man who was the first to write the proud words, 'The United States of America.'"

But are the days not nigh when the American people can act with courage, according to their knowledge? The "Age of Reason" grows mild and mellow in the light of controversies which now agitate theology. The higher criticism of professors in theological seminaries, and leading preachers in all sects, is an arrow's flight ahead of Thomas Paine, in its far-reaching consequences, and not inferior in its manly adhesion to the truth. We shall yet see his biography honorably listed in some future American statesman series, as constituting with Franklin and Washington a triumvirate that created the independence of the United States, and laid the foundations of a nation—a man of unsurpassed courage of convictions, of unwavering faith in the truth, and supremely possessed of that piety which consists in love for God and for his fellow-men. When

a monument to Paine was spoken of to Andrew Jackson, he answered: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hand; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. 'The Rights of Man' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

VERDICT No. IV.

[In the following pages Hon. William E. Russell, governor of Massachusetts, Andrew H. H. Dawson, A. B. Brown, and Henry Irving render verdicts in the Bacon-Shakespeare Case. It will be seen that three of these gentlemen vote for Shakespeare, while Mr. Brown inclines to the belief that Shakespeare wrote the works, but that he was aided by occult influences.]

I. HON. W. E. RUSSELL.

In the famous case of Bacon against Shakespeare, which has been so thoroughly and ably tried in *THE ARENA*, I render my verdict for the defendant. Without discussing in detail the evidence, or restating the arguments, the claim of the plaintiff, I believe, rests upon evidence wholly insufficient to shake the title of the defendant, universally admitted by his contemporaries and practically unquestioned for more than two hundred years since.

The works show their author to have been a genius whose ability and capacity were not subject to usual human limitations, and therefore not to be measured or tested by usual literary standards. Upon this assumption most of the arguments against Shakespeare's authorship fail; upon no other assumption can we account for the works at all.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

Verdict for the defendant.

II. A. H. H. DAWSON.

Having been engaged for several years in the official prosecution of criminals, I have a right to expect that any liberty I take with the technical terms in common use in criminal forums will be respected as an excusable result of habit.

Imprimis, then, were Shakespeare on trial under an indictment for the authorship of his dramas, I would deem it a very reckless risk to rely for his acquittal upon a reasonable doubt of his innocence. Were Bacon on trial, however, under an indictment for the same alleged crime, I should deem it a safe defense to rely upon a reasonable doubt of his guilt. At this distance of time from the date of the production of those plays, no direct proof can be produced for or against the plaintiff or the defendant.

Recourse must therefore be had to such presumptive proof, commonly called circumstantial evidence, as reaches us through the transmissions of tradition, corroborated by such revelations of history and of biography as derive the most force from their authenticity and can be best reconciled with the age, the customs, the habits, the tastes and conditions of society, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first prominent fact that points towards the Bard of Avon and away from Bacon as the author of the plays in question, is the familiar knowledge of the one and the profound ignorance of the other of the "business" of the stage. It is one thing to write a poem, and another thing to write a drama in blank verse. The name of poets in all ages of civilization has been legion, but the number of dramatists who have understood the "business" of the stage, from the days of Sophocles and Euripides down to this hour, can be counted on your fingers. Education has but little to do with poets, while it has everything to do with dramatists. The poet is born, the dramatist is not. The greatest poet that ever lived was Homer. Presumptively he could never have written a drama. The greatest dramatist that ever lived was Shakespeare, and the coincident of his marvellous endowments as a poet elevates him not only to the dizzy eminence occupied by Homer, but even to a still loftier altitude in fame, and utterly emasculates the frivolous assumption of his lack of capacity to have produced those plays, of all claim to serious notice.

Neither history, biography, nor tradition gives us one ray of light on the dramatic taste, associations, genius, or inclinations of Bacon. To have been the author of these plays, his love of the drama must have amounted to a passion, about which his intimate friends must have known enough to speak by the card. He must have been an *habitué* of theatres—the boon companion of managers, actors, and dramatists. Ben Jonson was his only dramatic associate. Their relations seem to have been of not only an intimate but a confidential character—entirely too much so to be reconciled, either with the presumption that Bacon could have kept from him the secret of his authorship of those plays, or that he would have incurred the risk of making such mistakes as the wisest ignorance of the "business" of the stage was bound to make in the construction of dramas in the age in which they lived. On the other hand Shakespeare was a professional expert—a practical artist—master of the "business" of the stage, and the author of many of its details that increased the facilities with which plays were then mounted, and about which Bacon knew nothing, not even enough to appreciate the importance of such knowledge in attempting dramatization.

Another circumstance which descends like an avalanche from

Alpine summits upon the claims of Bacon, is that in the style of the two authors there is not the faintest shadow of similitude. The accidental use of the same word or words, in sentences upon the same subject, the avowal of the same sentiments, the betrayal of the same prejudices, can never establish style. That is something that belongs to every individual, and has its origin in his intellectual idiosyncrasies, which will give an author away, sooner or later, in a production of any length, despite every effort he can make to deceive the expert reader; and in their respective styles Bacon and Shakespeare are as distinct and different as are Homer and John Stuart Mill. To grasp style we must read more than one or two sentences, aye, or one or two pages, and I am risking nothing to challenge the Baconians to produce any one page in the writings of Bacon in which they are for one instant reminded of the style of Shakespeare, or one page in Shakespeare that can remind any critic of the writings of Bacon. The learning of Bacon was accessible to all students, but the dramatic knowledge of Shakespeare was accessible only to a practical dramatist—a student of the stage and an actor on it.

I regard, however, the silence of Ben Jonson as more eloquent evidence in behalf of the defendant than all other contemporary testimony that has been adduced, *pro or con*, in this controversy. Rare old Ben was one of your world-wise observers that was deception-proof, and never could have been imposed upon by either Bacon or Shakespeare. His relations with both were intimate. He recognized Shakespeare as the author of his plays, which he could not have been, if they were written by Bacon—both of which facts must have been known to Jonson. It is moreover true that he did not only admire and respect but loved Shakespeare, something he never could have done had he known him to be a plagiarist, an impostor, and a fraud, capable of appropriating the wisdom and the wit that were the property of another man and a contemporary at that, and utilizing the same not only as capital in his business but also in the acquisition of fame. Bacon's friends must not only establish the fact that Shakespeare was a thief, but that Ben Jonson was his accomplice, and that Lord Bacon connived at their criminality and recognized as his friends the criminals. If circumstances can prove anything they must contradict categorically and eternally the Baconian theory, and confirm Shakespeare's guilt and Bacon's innocence of the authorship of these plays beyond a reasonable doubt.

The impudence of the presumption that now, at the distance of three hundred years, questions either the learning, the intellect, or the genius of Shakespeare as equal to the production of these

great dramas, when Ben Jonson, himself a great dramatist, and the bosom friend of Shakespeare, recognized his genius, intellect, and learning as equal to these same dramas, and the dramas as worthy of their author, would cost us more surprise, were modestly better appreciated among the friends of Bacon. Intellect is one thing and genius another. Intellect is susceptible of education and development. Its dignity inspires reverence and awe. It's the one great gift that above all others is most god-like. The reign of reason is absolute, from civilization's remotest bound to ocean's loneliest shore. Unfortunately as much may not be truthfully said of genius. The light of the one is always Promethean, while that of the other is often phosphorescent. They are rarely found united in the same degree. In Shakespeare they were, in Bacon they were not. The plays in question are as much indebted for their fame to genius as to intellect. Bacon's intellect was equal to their production, but his genius was not; whereas the intimate contemporaries of Shakespeare, who were competent to criticise character and capacity, never entertained, or certainly never expressed, a doubt of the capacity alike of the intellect and the genius of Shakespeare to produce those dramas, compared with which his poems are the merest twaddle. He was not at home in the closet; he was on the stage. His genius, like Job's war horse, snuffed the mimic battles of the stage from afar, and its bright blade was always found flashing in the thickest of the fight, hewing its way to fortune and to fame; whereas Bacon's intellect, knowing nothing about the *carte* and *tierce* of the stage, neither delivered nor accepted challenges to dramatic combats, the situations and exigencies of which he had neither the inclination nor education to appreciate. Bacon could never have been the author of those felicitous and constantly recurring harmonies that constitute the marvellous smoothness and incomparable practical perfection for stage use of each and every one of Shakespeare's dramas.

Another striking feature that distinguishes these plays, and points to Shakespeare and away from Bacon as their author, is the fact that their legal learning amounts to but a smattering, which was worthy of Shakespeare's ignorance of the law, but totally and utterly unworthy of Bacon's intimate and profound knowledge of that sublime science. The flippant use of occasional technicalities proves nothing, as it is claimed under such an assumption that Shakespeare was a sailor, an M. D., and an LL.D. On such superficial sophistry nothing can be proved. My verdict is for the defendant.

ANDREW H. H. DAWSON.

A. H. H. Dawson renders verdict for defendant.

III. A. B. BROWN.

It has been said that the writings under consideration bear inherent evidence of great knowledge and versatility in erudition of the writer. It would seem that a hand guided by more than an average intelligence penned the lines, and it may be asked if any superficial knowledge gained at Stratford-on-Avon, and supplemented by subsequent experience in London theatrical life, by Shakespeare, or classic erudition acquired at Oxford and Cambridge, by Sir Francis Bacon—alone and of itself—could qualify either of these men to write such verse? Is it not self evident that the writer dipped his pen within a fount of clearer thought than that which then characterized any known literary centre? It is true, the Shakespearean verses seem to be the flower of all literary productions up to that day, with large additions of newly-coined words which have since taken their permanent place in the English language. They seem the song of all nature's unfoldings.

In considering the claims of these two parties to the authorship, the defendant is most surely entitled to all testimony tending to show the true author as well as the claimant. Nay, if it can be shown that in the organism of Shakespeare, even though he may have been illiterate, there was concealed a latent force which when called into action enabled him to pen those lines, would it not be public justice to admit such a possibility to the candid consideration of the reading public? In such review of man's powers the subjective forces of the human soul, as well as the environment of external living of the ego, should be studied. Such only, it would seem, is the true method of ethical inquiry, and the only way the critic may reach a full and correct knowledge upon which to base his conclusions; for it is self evident that in human living no agnostic research or material analysis can measure the capabilities of the human soul. The ethics of thought and the science of external reasoning, as well as all material creations, are, as yet, but poorly understood by the most observant of scientific students.

The most advanced human intellect is often confounded at the voluntary flow of thought, and the open vision obtained by the mind under esoteric stimulant. Incidents of this kind are not unknown to the reader. Even Daniel Webster, the great American orator and statesman, has been reported as saying that, in his "Reply to Hayne," it seemed as if all nature opened her secret archives to him, and all he had to do was to use the thoughts which crowded themselves upon him. Without previous study or especial preparation, the infinite potencies of space often fill the human mind with thoughts of great beauty

and logical sequence. Many men when brought into great emergencies have been known to act and speak far beyond their average manifest abilities. Such incidents are not infrequent among writers, and it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have been such a man; and hence it would not seem unreasonable to claim him as one of those subjects whom the esoteric forces of the universe so often use to present great and marvellous truths to the external world.

There is also strong analogous evidence which the critic should consider, in addition to such evidence as has already been presented in the case, before it can be said that there has been a complete and full hearing upon the subject, and that all which would strengthen the defence has been considered. In view of nature's constant and marvellous revelations coming to the race daily, in the chain of phenomenal events, none, however astounding, need astonish man because it comes to the world upon an illiterate pen, or through lips untrained within college walls. Hence, to elucidate a problem of this importance, may it not be admissible to seek supporting testimony throwing light upon its solution, through hypothesis? — a hypothesis of inquiry rather than one of assertion.

Some of the writers upon this subject have, with Mr. Donnelly, declared that "Shakespeare could not have written the plays accredited to him." This is dogmatic assertion, not logical reasoning, and precludes all further research for evidence to substantiate Shakespeare's authorship. But to assume a supposition — to formulate a hypothesis of inquiry — leaving the reasoning faculties open to weigh every kind and shade of evidence found to bear, in any way or degree, upon the subject, would seem to be the way leading to a correct solution of the problem. Believing that hidden and unseen forces work external results in mental as in material unfoldings, the writer would ask if Shakespeare may not have been a medial subject in the hands or under the control of some hidden intelligence, force, or potent power, through which Shakespeare's organism afforded opportunity for such intelligence to work phenomena upon the external plane of life?

There is, perhaps, no better-established axiom than that a knowledge of man, his external being, and the environments pertaining to his universe, has not and does not come to the race through collegiate and scientific channels only. Varied are the sources through which such events and a knowledge of human life record themselves upon the disk of man's memory. Hence voluminous is the evidence corroborating the assumption of any particular form or method within the literary and scientific world as to man's educators.

Even if it be admitted that Shakespeare himself was incapable of writing the works in question, that assumption or admission is of itself only negative testimony, and does not in any sense prove that the Baconian claim is correct; and that Bacon wrote the works is not proved by any testimony yet presented. His capabilities, his profound learning, the newly-coined words of Shakespearean origin found in Bacon's diary, in no sense establish his claim to the authorship of the writings. Such evidence only shows that certain conditions and events may be construed as reasonable collateral evidence supporting the Baconian critical attitude, while in an analysis of the evidence of all that has yet been presented, we get only one residuum—to wit, the summing up of negative forces in an effort to prove a positive result. With this the mind, or the reason, is no more satisfied as to the Baconian claim to authorship, than with the Shakespearean reputation of two centuries' standing. As a man of letters and mental parts, perhaps Shakespeare was of himself deficient. It must take more than an average man to write with such excellency; and in reading Bacon's known works, the writer finds no proof that he was competent to produce the plays. It has been the opinion of some that no living man, unaided by esoteric inspiration, could claim the honors of their production, and the writer shares this opinion; and to assume that Bacon was the only qualified scholar of that day to warrant such writings—such profundity in verse and prose—is the height of illogical assumption.

Bacon's works, his known writings themselves, considered by the side of the Shakespearean productions, are as much inferior in style, research, and universal delineations of life and its unfoldment, as Shakespeare was considered below Bacon in literary acquirement and intellectual development. The Shakespearean writings, compared with recorded Baconian thought, bear evidence of a greater inspiration, deeper spirituality, and a much broader range of ideas. The research in literature, the draught upon human experience, with the utilization of prophetic utterance, are each largely manifest in the Shakespearean writings, while a notable absence of these qualities is prominent in Bacon's works; and especially may it be said that they are almost unobservable in his poetic writings. Instead of its being a "miracle" for Shakespeare to write thus, as Mr. Donnelly asserts it would have been, it would seem to be more than a miracle for Bacon to have entered that mental and inspirational condition which would have permitted him to conceive and record such thoughts as Shakespeare has given to the world.

The inquiry, "May it not have been Shakespeare, guided by occult forces giving his pen more than Shakespearean control,

who wrote the works under discussion?" is a hypothesis which can be considered with reasonable certainty of finding strong analogous and corroborating evidence to support the assumption. Surely nothing has been given, or could be adduced, to prove that William Shakespeare was not one of the medial instruments the infinite intelligences have chosen, to voice the revelations omnipotence has seen fit to give to mankind through hidden and unforeseen forces. Rather, is it not very probable that he possessed — to a very large extent — those medial powers which it is now well known are the inheritance of many men and women of to-day, and which distinguished both seers and sages who preceded Shakespeare? In all biblical and historic literature, such gifts enter largely into the inspirational manifestations of infinite force, through seership and prophetic revelation. The individual voicing the divine word has been said to be directly inspired in his utterance. To-day we see men and women write and speak, logically and fluently, while in an unconscious state. Many of the world's recorded thoughts have come to the race on these mysterious wings. No religion — no historic record — Egyptian, Chaldean, Brahmanic, or Buddhistic, has entered the external world except through gates turning upon like hinges. A similar claim for the origin of the world's records and their modes of transmission to man comes to us now, as in the past, apparently through channels of inspirational mediumistic gifts. In earlier times such revelations came through the seer and the prophet, and in this more modern day, through intuitive and inspirational sources, pervading the community and particularized in individual instances.

It is a well-established maxim that nature works through constant and like methods in all ages — not changing, except for present *result* to become new *cause*, in evolutionary sequence — may it not with propriety be claimed that the "ways and means" nature takes to educate mankind are ever through like channels, varying only in accordance with individual development and general human advancement, and that the divine afflatus is ever and constantly operating to this end? Thus in assuming that spirituality is the divine essence, and is next in kind to external man, standing between occult knowledge and deific effort to instruct man, how natural it seems to have the spirit of all knowledge speak to the race through medial powers of the individual, as a chosen channel of communication to the external world. Nature evidently has not exhausted her resources — she neither changes her methods nor limits her supply — in cosmical evolution. Her unfoldings go on as in olden times; and, in the absence of proof of any claim like this, in favor of the Baconian *versus* Shakespearean hypothesis, it is sound practice to demand

proof of a new assumptive claim to such honors, before yielding the time-conceded authorship of two hundred years. At the most, all that has been shown by the advocates of Bacon's claim is that "It may have been," and that "It is barely possible that Bacon could have written the plays." But this seems very weak in the face of that historic evidence which two centuries have brought to us showing that Shakespeare was the author.

All men may not view this question with the aid of that profundity of literary research which Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Reed bring to it; but there is a *consensus* in nature which fills man's environment, and brings to the average reasoning faculties intuitive conclusions, largely satisfying the critical powers, and harmonizing with man's reason and consciousness, as well as showing itself to be in unison with the methods of nature's revelations, and God's way of imparting knowledge to man. The world is evidently very old, and human development has ever come to the race on mysterious wings. The Homeric writings and much other rare and choice literature are purported to be of doubtful authorship, or to rest upon anonymous effort. The Shakespearean writings are no exception to this condition, and while it may be difficult to establish historic correctness in the claims for individual authorship, there is a maxim in nature which gauges all precedent—to wit, the subjective or occult forces have their place in natural law, and work certain evolutionary conditions, such being concomitants to man in every advanced step he makes in the evolution of his universe.

How much of man's thought, how much of the result of his effort, should be accredited to objective action, and how much is due to subjective adjuncts, operating conjointly with his thought and physical actions, in any phenomenal product, is a very nice question, and one which seems too occult for frail mortals to determine. Yet in considering questions such as form the base of this writing, learned and scientific men leave these conditions entirely out of their debate, and form their conclusions upon a purely material base, taking natural external results as the only evidence to be relied upon; while they at the same time live and hold their reasonings within an environment partaking largely of subjective forces and conditions, which affect every thought, through and in which they live and write. Can it not be reasonably certain that Shakespeare lived, wrote, and had his objective life within such an environment, where the two elementary forces of nature, the dominant in objective life and the controlling in subjective living, join their potent forces and give equal opportunity for the soul to reveal its thought, and to give through the *automatic pen* the writings which, some at least believe, neither Bacon nor Shakespeare, of himself, was capable of producing?

It would seem that nature should be accredited with the same powers when producing a Shakespeare as when instructing a Moses; that the same law which gave the commandments to Moses on Mt. Sinai could give writings to more modern mediums. If inspirational conditions were given to Elijah, why might not such come to Shakespeare? If the olden prophets were mediums for divine revelation, and Jesus was a medial teacher, instructing man in the deeper truths of his spirituality, from subjective promptings; if Swedenborg was a seer, through whom the hidden forces of nature could speak, why may not Shakespeare have been a chosen medium by spirit egos, through which the mighty intellects of the past ages could speak to the coming races, both in verse and prose? It would seem self evident that whoever or whatever force gave to the world the Shakespearean writings, they have been embellished and beautified with the acquisitions of all previous experiences. He who did leave man those works, songs, and plays, drew from a deeper fountain of experience than nature has before or since accorded to objective man.

Much could be said in favor of this inquiry to show the strong probability that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon, as men, of themselves, alone and unaided by the subjective forces of spirit power, wrote the works; but detail in either evidence or argument is not the object of this inquiry. The writer wishes to put the question in clear form, hence he asks: May not William Shakespeare have been a medium — *trance or inspirational* or both — through which some older spirit ego could have spoken, or written by automatic pen, to mankind, and left to the world the so-called Shakespearean writings, to remain forever, with the Homeric verse and Vedic hymns, as treasures from the highest and best thoughts of the human soul, within the domain of literature?

Surely it cannot be assumed that no tangible evidence accompanies a metaphysical proposition of such scope and importance; therefore in order to make the inquiry appear to be what the hypothesis assumes it to be — to wit, tangible fact, based upon subjective unfolding within the material world — it is well to call to one's mind the very many results which come as fixed phenomena from invisible causes, such *results* always proving the scientific maxim that it is a product from cosmical nature, and its development is strictly within evolutionary law, while its methods of presentation are always from cause to effect.

Objective man is so organized that he is compelled to view all objective things through his five physical senses. Beyond the tests which nerve action renders to his consciousness, there can be no material proof of any phenomenon in the physical world. Yet does he not find a *consensus* within himself, the origin, cause, and unfoldment of which his reasoning powers cannot account

for, nor trace back to its primitive infancy; and which carries the conviction to his consciousness that external things, within his objective universe, have a subjective cosmical origin, and grow to visible manifestation, the result being humanity and its environing universe — occult potency being cause, and objective phenomena the result?

Through *a priori* reasoning man finds subjective potency to be cause to many effects, and in his inability to find any material proof of such cause except the effect, he implicitly relies upon the *consensus* within the universal consciousness, and accepts the result. His existence here and now is a state of realization through objective sensation, and he assumes that his life and its environment is a fixed fact within space, controlled and maintained by invisible and inscrutable law; notwithstanding he can adduce no proof of this subjective assumption, nor of its hidden primitive workings, which have thus clothed his objective ego with form, thought, and consciousness. This maxim is irrevocably fixed in man's being; and the seeming changes of his environment do not obliterate it. In this respect his development has gone beyond objective evidence and nerve tests, and germinating within his organism and ego, is found the fullness of a conscious instinct which, to each individual, is proof of the fact of life and being, with internal or subjective vision of earlier growth, that has left results which add to his present attainments. Because he cannot see through the walls of objective sentient living, and observe clear outlines of every act or thought, cause or effect, which has aided his development into his present *status* — it does not in the least weaken the claim to a knowledge of his present life and its realizations in all of its potencies at the present moment.

Man's intuitive instinct, his *consensus*, although not presentable to the world as a material witness, is none the less conclusive to him, proving the fact of his existence, and making probable the future continuation of his being, through like conscious growth, which in its turn, with the change of environment which progression demands, creates and again infolds, and becomes a part of his realized *status*, although he may not be able to individualize his experience in such subjectivity when within objective life.

Such seems to be the life chain of human unfoldment; and when the *cause* of certain great and grand effects is sought, as in the Shakespearean writings, no adequate source can be found to which man can attribute it. In seeking potent cause for such excellency in result, it is most natural to call to our aid all visible and tangible conditions which may have contributed to or tended, in any way, to have left such result. And hence in assuming the incapability of the man Shakespeare to produce such results as the writings are found to be, it is natural to fall

back upon *any probable cause, or competent person who may be shown to be capable of such writing.*

In this case the critic calls Sir Francis Bacon to his aid. But with all of Bacon's known ability, there does not appear one fact in evidence, proving his claim to the authorship. This being the case, it turns the methods of investigation into such channels as may, perchance, lead to the discovery of the true author. Such new research after the author should take the investigator over all other fields which have any reasonable probability of containing a fact or presenting a truth, giving potency of force or possible powers of individualization, sufficient to establish the fact, either by itself or in union with the physical and mental powers of William Shakespeare. The well-established fact that the man Shakespeare was the one who first presented the writings in question to the world, seems reasonable proof that he was at least an agent in their production. The historic evidence of that fact seems to be deeply rooted within the folklore of the place of his nativity; and even his opponents cite such evidence to overthrow the claim to any considerable literary attainments on the part of Shakespeare, and argue that such illiteracy as his was incapable of giving the learned sequel.

Historic tradition, brought down through the forgotten ages, even, is found to be so vivid and potent in its imprint upon the human soul that it to-day furnishes much of the most reliable evidence upon which man builds the story of his development. Out of the songs, the hymns, the traditional prophecies and events of the past, there has been woven an indestructible web of evidence which neither time, experience, nor learned criticism has been able to annihilate; nor can it be erased from the literature of our time. Nature records her actual workings more fully in the unwritten than through the written literature of the race.

Man absorbs all and every excellency of nature's unfolding; so much so, that no known element or constituent within the universe which is visible by chemical test may not be traced in the constitution and makeup of man. Dissect him, physically, and you find the constituents of his universe as the base of his physical being. Analyze him, mentally, and you will find every potency of the divine creative and retentive forces in his thought and soul. These results, lodged in his present makeup, have come from *all* conditions of thought and act, throughout his sidereal and planetary living. True, it must seem to the anthropogenetic student examining man's body, brain, thought, or soul, that much of his force comes from a subjective potency, not transmissible in tangible material condition. How to certify these attainments, or account for their growth within the human consciousness, cannot be explained by any rules within

objective experience. Yet such *consensus* is a part of man's known inheritance, and comes to him from the unknown in nature; such being to him life, love, and conscious existence—the realization of which in sentient living is conclusive proof of the reality.

On what wings do such things come to men? Observably, by intelligence without objective form, as in the writing by an automatic pen, conveying intelligent fact, without conscious knowledge of events or what is being recorded upon the paper; and by grand thoughts and great wisdom coming through lips where there is an unconscious brain, as in the state of *entrancement*. These are facts, known and accepted by many; they are proven conditions in which man frequently finds himself—not new conditions, but old as well as new. Such are known to be the “ways and means” through which has come to man very much of his knowledge and a large portion of his choicest literature, the Scriptures not being an exception to this rule.

In the light of these facts, and the large experience of the human race in the acquisition of knowledge from subjective sources, through esoteric channels, is it unreasonable to ask that the universally accepted law of inspirational living—with automatic control of the hand, and entrancement of the individual—be considered capable of being utilized through and under Shakespeare's medial forces to produce the writings in question? Certainly there is as much in man's experience and unfolding to warrant such inquiry, as can be found in an attempt to prove that the Shakespearean writings came from Sir Francis Bacon's pen.

A. B. BROWN.

A. B. Brown believes that Shakespeare's pen, aided by occult forces, produced the plays.

IV. HENRY IRVING.

Frankly, I have never been able to take any serious interest in this controversy. The apex of the ludicrous was touched when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly wrote a stupendous work to prove that Bacon wove into Shakespeare's plays a narrative in cipher full of historical incidents which never happened. After this, there remains nothing for the Baconian party to achieve. They ought to weep like Alexander because there are no more trophies. Their condition moves me to such compassion that I will make them a present of a suggestion. Why not argue that the total lack of imagination, of the poetic faculty, and of the sense of humor, revealed in Bacon's published works, is a proof of his deliberate purpose to prevent any identification of his genius with Shakespeare's? This would be quite as convincing as the famous cipher.

The theory of “composite authorship” is a weak and waddling

compromise. It seems to be founded on the idea that while the "brilliant nobles" of Elizabeth's court contributed the scholarship, Shakespeare threw in the poetry. A committee of classical experts, with Bacon in the chair, would meet, I presume, of a morning, discuss the rough draught of "The Tempest" or "King Lear," and send it round to Blackfriars, where Shakesphere would make it shipshape with a touch or two of character and a little blank verse!

The testimony of competent witnesses in this matter is very simple and conclusive. Shakespeare was believed to have written his plays by his comrades and his rivals. Nobody in his day ventured to suggest that he was trading on another writer's brains. The man who knew him best and loved him best, "this side idolatry," throws no suspicion on his fame. When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention.

HENRY IRVING.

Henry Irving renders his verdict in favor of defendant.

THE VOTE.

The vote on the Bacon-Shakespeare case is now in, and the poll stands as follows:—

I. In favor of the plaintiff: G. Kruell—one vote.

II. In favor of the defendant: Alfred Russel Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Edmund C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Appleton Morgan, Franklin H. Head, Luther R. Marsh, A. A. Adee, Professor N. S. Shaler, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Marcus J. Wright, L. L. Lawrence, William E. Sheldon, George Makepeace Towle, Henry George, A. B. Brown, A. H. H. Dawson, Honorable William E. Russell, Henry Irving—twenty votes.

III. Believe in the claim of composite authorship: Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Frances E. Willard—two votes.

IV. Believe that defendant did not write the plays, but not convinced that the plaintiff was the author: Professor A. E. Dolbear, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore—two votes.

Total vote in favor of plaintiff	1
Total vote in favor of defendant	20
Votes not counted for plaintiff or defendant	4
Total vote	25

Of the twenty-five jurors, twenty are in favor of Shakespearean authorship.

"LA CORRIVEAU."

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE.

STANDING on Dufferin Terrace in Quebec, the spectator may descry, two or three miles down the river, on the opposite shore, the graceful, tin-covered steeple of the old parish church of St. Joseph; which parish, in olden days, included what is known to us as the town of Levis. The church was built on a projecting point facing the Falls of Montmorency, and just above the southern end of the Island of Orleans. The queen's highway, after passing the church, mounts gradually upward until it reaches an elevation on which, a few years ago, stood a Doric pillar surmounted by a gilded cross. And about this hill my story is centred.

One morning, during the spring of 1849, Bourassa, the parish digger, was at work on the eastern corner of the graveyard which surrounded the parish church of St. Joseph. Suddenly his spade grated against something which was neither stone nor wood. Whatever curiosity he may have felt, his day's work was before him, and he went on with his labor, until bit by bit he unearthed a curious framework of solid iron, the whole presenting the horrible suggestion of a human body. There were head, trunk, and limbs, all outlined in heavy iron bands riveted and held together by crosspieces, and surmounted by a hook turning in a socket; and within this cage were a few mouldering bones. The bones were examined and pronounced to be those of a woman. The cage was in a perfect state of preservation, and, though evidently embedded in the earth for many years, had but slightly suffered from rust or decay. Whence did this weird network come? What grewsome mystery was connected with the forging of these iron bands?

An oft-recounted story among the people of the place, and learned in their youth from their fathers by the oldest inhabitants, supplied the answer to these questions. The fell machine bore witness to the barbarous usages of the past. It was the remnant of a judicial drama converted into a legend added to the store of nursery and fireside tales, in which it held a gloomy part, filling hearts with dismay, and haunting the consciences of the guilty like a nightmare — an old relic reputed to have been

carried away long, long ago, with its horrible contents, by Satan himself, to the nethermost depths of the bottomless pit. Of this last fantastical feature the legend was, of course, shorn by the discovery of the gravedigger. On the other hand, the event could not fail to awaken the interest of amateurs of archaeological folklore. Their inquiries led them back to the previous century; and tradition, aided by documentary scraps found here and there, revealed the following facts in their thrilling and dramatic nakedness.

Just one hundred years before the date above referred to—in 1749—on a bright day in spring, the little village of St. Vallier, lying some twenty miles lower down than St. Joseph, was given up to festivity. A joyous crowd, in Sunday attire, flocked to the door of the parish church amid laughter, gossiping, and pleasantry, while the new bell, just imported from old France, rang out a merry wedding peal for the first time. All the people of the *Fort*—to use an expression of the time—were in high glee, quite ready to deck out the only street of the village, and to strew the stone steps of the church with flowers, over which her father led the beauty of ten parishes around, now blushing and timid—Marie-Josette Corriveau, the bride.

Not few were those who envied the soldierly-looking young farmer who came last in the procession, also arm in arm with his father, and who entered the little church, a happy victor of a tourney in which the richest and handsomest lads of the surrounding country had entered the lists. He was rich, handsome, and a favorite, the more so that he bore his triumph with so much modesty, and every one looked kindly on his happiness.

His happiness!—for eleven years, but one cloud seemed to hang over it. Unlike other Canadian couples, whose union to this day is always so fruitful, the young people lived alone, and no cluster of rosy cheeks gathered round their solitary hearth.

One morning, the neighbors were astounded to see the young woman rush in to them, dismayed, dishevelled, and apparently crazed with terror, telling them, amid choking sobs, that she had found her husband lying dead on his bed. As we have said, the deceased was universally beloved, and so was mourned for by all. All shared the grief of his family, and publicly marked their sympathy for the bereaved young widow.

The latter's sorrow seemed so natural, that no suspicion arose against her;—none at first, until, after the brief space of three months, to the astonishment of the whole parish, she married a youth known by the name of Louis Dodier. This occasioned some gossip, and the couple were thenceforward closely watched by the neighbors.

Three years passed away, however, without any further incident. All suspicions had been gradually laid, when, on the morning of Jan. 27, 1763, Louis Dodier's body was found in his stable, almost under his horse's hoofs, his skull apparently fractured by a kick from the animal. This time, the attention of the authorities was drawn to the matter, and a judicial investigation was held. It showed that the mortal wound had not been inflicted by a kick from a shod horse, but by a blow with a pitchfork, which was found close by, stained with blood. The body of the first husband was then exhumed, and a minute examination of it showed that, in this case, death had resulted from the pouring of molten lead into the ears of the unfortunate man, doubtless during his sleep. From the whole evidence, the guilt of Marie-Josette Corriveau—in so far at least as the murder of her second husband was concerned—remained no longer a question.

The trial took place before a court martial, the only tribunal then existing, as Canada had been ceded to England by France but a few days after the crime. A curious feature of the case was that the prisoner was tried in the name of the king of England, and—to use the technical phrase—"against the crown and dignity" of the king of France.

The evidence at the trial was crushing. It consisted principally in the declarations of a young girl named Isabelle Sylvain, which, though circumstantial, were conclusive, and sentence of death was about to be pronounced on the prisoner. Before this was done, there was a sudden stir in the room, and the father of the prisoner, a white-haired old man, overwhelmed with anguish, and despairing of any other means to save his daughter, arose suddenly before the court, confessed himself to be the murderer of Louis Dodier, and surrendered himself as such. His unnatural child consented to the sacrifice, and impassively allowed the supreme sentence to be pronounced against this martyr of paternal affection.

The following is the original text of the judgment. It is copied from the draft found among papers belonging to the Nairne family, at Murray Bay, and was reproduced by Mr. Aubert de Gaspé, in the explanatory notes appended to his very interesting book, "Les Anciens Canadiens":—

General Order.

QUEBEC, April 10, 1763.

The Court Martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was President, having tried Joseph Corriveau and Marie-Josette Corriveau, Canadians, for the murder of Louis Dodier, and also Isabelle Sylvain, a Canadian, for perjury on the same trial, the Governor doth ratify and confirm the following sentence:—

That Joseph Corriveau having been found guilty of the charge brought against him, he is therefore adjudged to be hanged for the same.

The Court is likewise of opinion that Marie-Josette Corriveau, his daughter, and widow of the late Dodier, is guilty of knowing of the said murder, and doth therefore adjudge her to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails on her bare back, at three different places, viz., under the gallows, upon the market place of Quebec, and in the parish of St. Vallier, twenty lashes at each place, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter M.

The Court doth also adjudge Isabelle Sylvain to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails on her bare back, in the same manner and at the same time and places as Marie-Josette Corriveau, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

The unexpected confession of the old man had of course destroyed this poor girl's evidence; her declarations had been ascribed to motives of hatred for the accused; she was convicted of perjury, and sentenced accordingly.

Old Corriveau, bearing the weight of threescore years and ten as well as the load of infamy he had voluntarily shouldered, walked off to jail beside his daughter, who, almost crazed with delight to have escaped the gallows, did not even turn a look of pity or gratitude on him.

The superior of the Quebec Jesuits at that time, the Reverend Father Clapion, was called to attend the self-convicted murderer. After hearing his confession, he impressed on him that, even had he the right to dispose of his own life, he could not, as a Christian, cause an unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime of which she was wholly innocent. The devoted father had generously given his life to save his daughter's, but he would not sacrifice his soul, and the real facts were communicated to the authorities.

A fresh trial took place; and the following sentence was substituted for the first. It is taken from the same source:—

QUEBEC, April 15, 1763.

General Order.

The Court Martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was President, dissolved.

The general Court Martial having tried Marie-Josette Corriveau for the murder of her husband Dodier, the Court finding her guilty, the Governor (Murray) doth ratify and confirm the following sentence: That Marie-Josette Corriveau do suffer death for the same, and her body to be hung in chains, wherever the Governor shall think fit.

(Signed)

THOMAS MILLS, T. Major.

La Corriveau—to use the name handed down to us by the legend—was for many years supposed to have been locked up alive in the famous iron cage, and there starved to death; but this was not the case. She was hanged on the Plains of Abraham. After the execution, the body was encased in the cage, which was hung upon a tall gibbet on the heights of Levis, at cross-roads half way between the villages of Bienville and Lauzon.

The terror inspired by this frightful sight, in those days of superstition, can readily be imagined. The body confined in this horrible cage turned and swung with outstretched arms, a lure to birds of prey, and soon became the subject of a thousand awful tales. According to popular rumor, *La Corriveau* used to come down from her gibbet to track the benighted *habitants* on their way home. When darkness was thickest, she would steal into the churchyard, and, tearing open some fresh-made grave with her iron arms, would glut her horrible appetite. The bodies of impenitent souls were declared to be her property by right. At sunset, doors were solidly barred for miles around. Wherever the spectre halted in its wanderings, the spot was cursed and was sure to be the scene of dreadful mishap, until the priest had by exorcism removed the bane.

Under the gibbet the grass was scorched to the root. Here goblins, evil spirits, and *loups-garous* met for the celebration of their diabolical mysteries. Many trustworthy persons had seen gigantic black brutes of hideous shape stand there on their hind legs, and grow and grow in height until their snouts reached the suspended skeleton, and whispered fearful unknown secrets in its ear.

At other times, 'twas said, specially on Saturdays, when midnight tolled from the belfry tower of the lofty citadel of Quebec, the gibbet became silent, and, gliding slowly through the inky darkness, a strange and formidable phantom might be seen to make its way to the riverside, adding at each heavy step the clinking of chains and fetters to the horrors of the night. Those who still happened to be awake in the neighborhood fell on their knees, crossed themselves tremblingly, and prayed. It was *La Corriveau* going to keep vigil and dance a saraband with the sorcerers and witches of the Island of Orleans—*les sorciers de l'Île*, as they were called.

Imagine the cyclops of infernal aspect, with a mouth split from ear to ear, with a solitary rhinoceros tooth, movable at will from one jaw to the other; monster heads, each with a single eye blazing like a forge fire under a blood-oozing eyelid; toad-like pustulous abdomens, long and filmy frog's feet, arms like immense spider legs provided with lobster claws; add to all this the horns of a bull, forked tails twisting and wriggling like a bundle of snakes, and a breath rolling in sulphurous vapor from their nostrils, polluting all the atmosphere for acres around.

At stated hours of the night, these ghastly beings congregated on the south beach of the island, in the hollow of a dark cove called St. Patrick's Hole—*Trou de Saint-Patrice*. There they built large fires, and, by the red glare, screeching, yelping, howling, and distorting themselves in all manner of shapes, they

clattered, rattled, and made an infernal hubbub, while a still-born infant roasted on a spit to be served up at their abominable banquet. And then, leaping, waddling, tramping, and stamping, they would squeal out some dreadful strain, to which the people on the opposite shore listened with terror in their hearts.

We find, in Mr. de Gaspé's works, the text of one of these satanic compositions. I give it here in the original form — for the *Sorciers de l'Île* were French, of course : —

C'est notre terre d'Orléans (*bis*)
 Qu'est le pays des beaux enfans.
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

Venez-y tous en survenants (*bis*),
 Sorciers, lézards, crapauds, serpents,
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

Venez-y tous en survenants (*bis*),
 Impies, athées, et mécréants.
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

The following is an attempt at the translation of this wonderful specimen of phantasmagoric poetry : —

The Isle of Orleans is the place
 Where handsome gallants grow apace;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Come one, come all, nor wait a call,
 Serpents, efts, tods, warlocks all!
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Come one, come all, nor wait a call,
 Rake-hells, pagans, outcasts all!
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Such were the *Sorciers de l'Île*, renowned far and wide. It was in this company that *La Corriveau* was said to spend an

hour or two, every Saturday night, as a reprieve from her lonely and terrible confinement. Before the break of dawn, she stole back to her dread station.

This could not last forever. One Sunday morning the parishioners, on their way to mass, no longer saw the skeleton swinging from its hook. Rumor said the monster had been carried off by the devil. The truth is that the barbarous exhibition was not only a loathsome sight and an object of terror to the inhabitants of the place, but the alarm had spread to the surrounding localities, so that people ceased, as far as possible, to use the Levis road; farmers of the lower parishes took their produce to market by the river, and none travelled that way who could help it—all of which was very harmful to the locality thus threatened with desolation and ruin.

At last the interest of the ferrymen and tavernkeepers had got the better of their fears, and one night a few bold and hardy youths, less superstitious than the rest of the population—with great secrecy of course, for fear of the authorities—had climbed the gibbet, unhooked the cage, and buried it beside the churchyard wall, within the space allotted to criminals and unidentified drowned bodies.

When the parish church was rebuilt, in 1830, the cemetery was extended in that direction, and this accounts for the finding of the strange relic within the sacred precincts.

As there were no newspapers printed in the country in those days, no report of the memorable trial was published, and the accounts of it handed down by grandmothers to little ones greatly exaggerated the particulars. In course of time, the celebrated murderess was said to have killed not two but several husbands; and in 1849, when the cage was found, the number reached was seven or eight at least. Of course descriptions of the unfortunate individuals, including age, appearance, size, color of hair, etc., were given in full detail, together with all the circumstances attending their assassination.

The rush of visitors attracted by the unexpected discovery lasted a couple of weeks. But suddenly, though safely locked up under the vestryroom of the church, the cage vanished once more.

The devil this time was called P. T. Barnum. The celebrated showman had secured it, in perfect good faith, no doubt, at the hands of some unscrupulous speculator; and it soon became known that the old cage was to be seen in his museum at New York, the duty of explaining its legend being entrusted, some people said, to Washington's nurse, on exhibition there at the time. When this noted establishment was burned, twenty-five years ago, the famous cage was once more lost to sight; but if

you should happen, gentle reader, to visit the Boston Museum you may discover, in a corner often passed over by the general public, a glass case standing upright, and within it a mass of iron, broken up, twisted, tangled, and half eaten by rust and fire. A simple ticket bears the laconic inscription : —

FROM QUEBEC.

At first sight, the mysterious object looks somewhat like a strange suit of armor, reduced by time to a shapeless heap ; but on close examination, it gradually assumes the form of a black and ghastly skeleton, half disjointed and crumbling to pieces — all that is left of the famous *Cage de la Corriveau*.

AN OMEN.

BY E. E. E. MCJIMSEY.

I CANNOT ope the volume of the years,
To sing prophetic of what lies before,
Nor with divining eyes foreread the lore
Of hidden purpose, which time only clears;
But yet, methinks, these are presageful fears,
Which mark the distance widen, more and more,
Between the rich and the oppressed poor,
Who plead to them unanswered through salt tears.

Then shall Hate's daggers hurtle through the air,
And, swift as light, red Terror sway our lands,
When those in bondage shall put off their chains.
For, not in patience will souls always bear
The burthens sore heaped on by unkind hands;—
Oh! not forever will men hush their pains.

THREE GENTLEWOMEN AND A LADY.

BY MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

ONE winter afternoon three friends sat together sewing. It was the week before Christmas, and they were busy preparing for that season. Some packages, be-ribboned and addressed, lay on the table in the middle of the drawing-room in the shadow of a cluster of long-stemmed red roses. Other parcels, almost ready to be put with them, filled a chair near one of the ladies.

As they pursued their pretty work, they talked together with the playful candor of bright women who are fond of each other. But although their conversation was intelligent and free, there was a sort of repression about it which stands among American women as a sign of high breeding; and the same thing was to be noticed in the composure of their attitudes and even in the simple elegance of their attire. It was an easy guess that any of them would regard a manifestation of mental or moral vehemence as evidence of a lack of culture.

They had been speaking of a woman whom they all knew. Then, as the sun went low behind the snow-capped turrets of the house opposite, they dropped their work and talked, not of one woman, but of womankind.

"I wonder if it is true that all women are at heart pretty much alike?" asked Theodora.

"For my part," said Daphne, "I see no more reason for believing that women's hearts are alike than that their minds are, which is absurd."

"I think we are alike," said Amy. "There are the same depths and shallows in every woman's nature. What fills a depth—love or religion or jealousy—is of course decided by circumstances or education."

Daphne objected: "It is easy to say that, but you cannot prove it. There are a very few instinctive passions, such, for instance, as maternal affection (which even Theodora must admit she has in common with lower animals), that we all may feel; but I think it probable that the highly developed sensitiveness which alone can engender complex and delicate emotion is the result of culture, either personal or inherited."

"I don't like to agree with you," said Theodora. "For one thing, such an idea seems irreligious."

"Yes; that's your only reason," laughed Daphne under her breath.

"I have known many women intimately," said Amy, "and I am sure that no class monopolizes the capacity for high and intense feeling."

"I like the way you two talk!" exclaimed Daphne. "Whom did either of you ever know outside of your relatives and visiting lists?"

Theodora ventured to respond that she had gone among the poor a great deal.

"No doubt," commented Daphne with scorn; "the *worthy* poor! that is to say, the poor made in your own image."

"And I," asserted Amy, "may have learned something from books. You know I read *anything* that tells of humanity."

"Yes, I know," said Daphne, "you pride yourself on your love for your kind, and you lie on the sofa all day reading stories about French and Russian women. I don't say the stories are not true, but how do you know they are?"

"How does one know anything?" asked Theodora. "One sees by one's imagination; one tests what is seen by one's reason."

"That sounds very grand; it's a pity there's no sense in it!" said Daphne. "For my part, I wish I could know for myself." She paused, laughed, and then, with a look of defiance on her pretty face, began to speak more earnestly than before. "The truth is, I just long to know something outside of myself. I am lonely on our little desert island of culture. If there *is* any Humanity in the howling savages on shore, I want to shake hands with It. Maybe I wouldn't like it, but I'm sick for a chance to try. But there's no use hoping for such a chance — none of us will ever get it."

Amy began to speak, and then hesitated. "I do not know that it would interest you — Last summer I met — But perhaps it's too long a story."

"Pray tell it," said Theodora politely.

"Yes," said Daphne, "pray tell it. But I don't believe you ever met anybody who was not introduced to you by your mother or your sister-in-law." She smiled lovingly at her as she spoke.

Amy blushed a little as she began. "A year ago last September I had to go to Chicago alone. It was necessary that I should change from one train to another on the way, and I was to wait in Plymouth from noon until six in the afternoon. There was nothing alarming about this, for Plymouth is as quiet an old place as one could wish to find."

"I know it," interrupted Daphne. "The cleanest little town! There are sandy streets densely shaded by beautiful maple trees,

and here and there a mountain-ash bright with clusters of scarlet berries."

"My husband had told me just what to do," continued Amy. "I was to go from the station to the La Fayette House, and stay there until time for the next train. This house is an old place which is highly thought of by the few travellers—mostly lawyers—who have occasion to stop in the little town. It is more like an English inn than one would think possible, with not one modern improvement, and yet much homely comfort.

"I walked from the station to the hotel. The day was beautiful. At the door the landlord met me with hospitable warmth. I was late for their regular dinner; but his daughter, a comely old maid, took me into the dining-room, seated me by a vine-shaded window, and served me with simple dainties—red raspberries fresh from the tiny garden just outside, a pitcher of yellow cream, and later a little cake hot from the oven—the 'try-cake,' she said, 'of one sister was making for tea.'

"When my luncheon was finished, I went across the hall and looked about before I should settle myself for the afternoon with a novel. I delighted in the room; the striped paper on the walls; the pictures high-hung and tilted forward; the clean Nottingham curtains that shook in the sweet air."

"You don't say anything about the tin plaque with a one-legged stork on it," said Daphne.

"No; because I didn't see it. But there was an old glass fruit dish full of mignonette on the centre table. The room seemed like the rest of the house—sweet and restful, as if it were the index of simple, undisturbed lives.

"In a far corner, with her back to me, sat a lady busy with some needlework. She had the appearance of being at home. Her work-basket was beside her. I did not look at her twice, but opened my book and read for awhile, forgetting there was any one there but myself. A half-hour, perhaps, had passed. I had put aside the book, and was resting in the sweet quiet of the place. The lady rose and walked across the room. As she moved, I looked at her, at first listlessly, then astounded. I could not see her face; but her dress, her figure, above all, her carriage, fairly took my breath away! Never have I seen anything like the grace of her moving. I know now that the most beautiful dancing in the world is not so beautiful as—is not to be compared with—the rhythmical grace possible in the human walk. I felt an actual pang, as at the silencing of sweet music, when she seated herself. Then I noticed her costume. You may smile, Daphne, but I have seldom seen a woman so charmingly dressed. My own little bravery seemed tawdry and common beside the fashion of her attire. I almost thought I was dreaming."

"And were you not?" said Daphne. "You know I've been in Plymouth myself!"

"Who was she?" inquired Theodora.

"That was what I exercised myself to think. I concluded that she must belong to one of the wealthy Sevier County families, and was perhaps waiting here after a summer's absence for her house to be opened. But I wondered that in that case I had not heard of her. She was sewing on some fancy work, a strip of pink velvet cut in deep points along one edge, which she embroidered with silver thread and jewel-like beads. She dropped her thimble and rose to look for it. I saw it in a corner. Then we fell into conversation. Soon I was seated at her side counting the beads for her as she used them. I know I can *never* make you understand the simple elegance of that woman's manner — her grace, her dignity."

"First," said Daphne, "I'd like to understand something about *your* manner and its dignity. Are you in the habit of sitting down to sew with every woman you meet in a hotel parlor?"

"You know very well that I am not. It was her fineness which made it possible. It seemed just the natural thing to do. There was no making one's self common possible in her society."

"Oh, well," said Daphne, "I suppose it was not so very bad for you to get suddenly intimate with her. I know who she was — that young Mrs. Ridley whose husband is minister to China."

"No, my dear," answered Amy with a tantalizing smile, "she was not Mrs. Ridley. Of course I myself was wondering who she was, though the instant charm of her presence kept me from thinking definitely about it as we talked. By and by I carelessly asked her what her work (the strip of velvet) was for. What do you think she said? — you, Daphne, who know everything?"

"For the mantel-piece in her own little sitting-room, of course," said Daphne.

"Not at all! Without haste or hesitation, as simply as possible, she said, 'For my husband's costume.'"

"Well," said Daphne, "I suppose they were going to have some private theatricals."

"I said something implying that. She looked at me with mild surprise. 'Ah,' said she, 'I fancy Raymond would find them very tiresome.' Then we went back to what we had been talking about. She told me of a winter journey in Russia; how her husband piled furs over her till she thought she would smother; of the palaces and their conservatories; of a certain princess's gowns; of market scenes, and *fêtes* on the ice, — all this, and more, with such gayety and wit, such pretty accompaniment of gesture and changing color and airy mimicry, that nothing could have been more charming."

Daphne mused, "The Reed Dudleys live somewhere up there; they are often abroad."

"She was *not* one of the Reed Dudleys," answered Amy.

"Well, then," said Daphne, "you deserved no such luck; and how it ever happened in Plymouth, and in September, is past me — but she was an actress or a singer."

"She was neither; a thought of that sort did occur to me for a minute, but I rejected it even before I found out positively that it was not true. One look at her face would have convinced you that never since she was born had that rose-petal skin been touched by paint or powder. Have I told you what she was like?"

"No," said Daphne, "I thought you spared us purposely."

"I suppose she was very pretty?" said Theodora.

"I do not think she was; but she was a revelation of what a woman may be at the high mark of physical perfection. She did not need to be pretty. She had in her appearance a quality that transcends any beauty of feature."

"Oh, yes," said Daphne; "goodness — I used to hear that sort of talk when I was a little girl. I thought it was out of date now."

"I do not mean goodness; though, for that matter, her face did show that. I am trying to describe a quality that is as much a material attribute as beauty is. She was the incarnation of physical well being, the climax of perfect health. She fairly glowed with it; an atmosphere of it seemed to surround her. Even to be near her was to feel a health-giving influence. Looking at her one would say that from head to foot, there was not a muscle, not a nerve, not a drop of blood, but was working in absolute order as God meant it to work. I never thought till I saw her what physical perfection might be — not physical beauty, which beside it is a poor, scrappy affair, but strong, flawless vitality. I tell you this fair creature made other women show beside her as deformities — cripples."

"How you must admire Mr. Corbett!" said Daphne pensively.

"Nonsense," answered Amy. "He has nothing to do with it. A man of that kind is the owner of certain abnormally developed muscles — to a degree the result of special training. This young woman seemed to have blossomed into perfection as a flower does."

"But I was telling you of our talk. She mentioned her husband again, and said he had gone to some small towns near by on professional business. She had stayed in Plymouth awhile the year before when he was on a similar journey; he felt it safe to leave her there because the people in the house were such good, kindly folks."

"And *then*," said Daphne, "I suppose you asked this United States senator's wife what her husband's line of trade was!"

"Not quite that, but something like it, I'm afraid. She answered me at once."

"She answered you as you deserved, I hope," said Daphne.

"Daphne, are you not ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Theodora. "You know *you* would have asked her flatly in the first five minutes!"

"She looked up at me with a smile," continued Amy, "and she said, 'Will it seem vain for me to say, what our agent has printed on all his letterheads, that my husband, Raymond Mersac, and I are the leading cannon-ball artists in the world?'"

"And what," said Theodora calmly, "is a cannon-ball artist?"

"I'll tell you," cried Daphne. "A cannon-ball artist — oh, why was I not in Plymouth that day? — a cannon-ball artist is a lady, clad in tights, who is shot out of an imitation cannon — Amy, you never deserved this; *you* could not appreciate it — shot out of an imitation cannon with a spring high into the air, where she catches the hands of a gentleman who is at the moment suspended by the knees, head down, from a trapeze — that is a little swing fastened on a tight rope! Amy, it has been the dream of my life to meet, to actually know, one of these circus people! And now it has happened to *you*! It is too much!"

"I can understand," said Theodora, "that one might be curious, not about the individuals, but about their habits. I confess that I cannot see how a person living such a life as that from childhood (and I believe that only long training makes such feats possible) could have any of the womanly charm that Amy says belonged to her Madame Mersac."

"I do not ask you to understand it," said Amy, "and I do not know that her life had anything to do with her personality, though probably it had preserved for her the transcendent physical endowment with which she must have been born."

"Well, I hope you asked her a thousand questions!" exclaimed Daphne.

"No doubt I would have expected myself to, had I anticipated such a meeting; but in her presence one was not tempted to the impertinence of questioning. That would have been impossible. However, I was with her for several hours. I saw that she was drawn to me as I was to her. It seemed just the natural thing to talk freely, and by and by we gave ourselves to confidences as children do, or as young girls will in the first abandonments of intimacy."

"What she told me of herself was in substance this: Her parents died when she was three years old. They had been

professional acrobats. Her father was English, her mother French. They had no relatives. At their death the little Leonie was taken in charge by an old Frenchman and his wife, who had some little employment at a zoölogical garden near London, and who kept a sort of training school for acrobats. They must have been a very gentle, kind old pair. They gave her the best training their knowledge could secure. Her exercise, her food, her hours of rest, were carefully (and, she said, lovingly) arranged for her from her earliest recollection. Except the hours when she was being taught the details of her profession, she spent almost all her time out of doors. She had no play-mates; she said she never wanted any. The other students at the training school were all older than she while she was a child; and after she was ten, she was so much more proficient in the feats of her profession than the others, that she had her lessons alone.

"I asked her if masters were not at times cruel, and if, when she was a child, she was not frightened at the danger of the exercises. She said she supposed trainers were unkind sometimes, but she fancied not often, even if they were by nature bad-tempered. 'A master,' said she, 'wants, more than anything else, that his pupils should do him credit. Every one knows that nothing is done well under compulsion. When there is one trace of fear in the heart, one can't think; one can't act; one can do nothing really very good. For my own part,' said she, 'I was never set to do a special feat for which I was not already so well prepared that it was easy. It was a delightful pastime, the reward often of months of work. This routine work was never hard, and only tiresome because it lasted so long; but one came to do it as one might dance — without thinking much about it.'"

"I suppose," said Theodora, "that those nets that are hung under the performers give them confidence when they are poised high in the air."

"I said that. She was very engaging and sweet in her desire that I should not guess what a primary sort of question that was; but her answer was clear. The nets gave no confidence, because one never could walk on a tight rope at all until one had forgotten all about the elevation of the rope. The first thing to learn was to feel that the rope was not a rope stretched in mid-air, but a line drawn flat on the surface of the earth. Consequently, the net made no difference one way or the other. With it she merely exercised on a line that rested on a surface covered with netting. As she was saying this, she stopped suddenly with a radiant smile. Then she said, 'I should tell you that Raymond does not agree with me about this.'

"He prefers a netting under him?" said I.

"Oh, no," she laughingly answered; "but he not only prefers, he insists on one under me. He sees to it himself at every performance. The canvas men I am sure hate him. The whole company laughs. Sometimes, when the netting has been mislaid, he will not let me appear, and has in consequence stormy interviews with the manager. I thought it a little babyish of him at first—he is so brave for himself, and he knows so well my strength and confidence. I said so to him"—Here she stopped.

"And what did he say, my dear?" I asked, with courage born of our intimacy.

"She spoke gravely: 'He said, "Should I see you in great danger, Leonie, it might not kill me, but I think it would."'"

"She had lived so quietly with the old French couple," said Theodora, "where did she get her husband?"

"This is what she told me," continued Amy: "I have been married four years, and I can hardly remember when I did not know that I was to marry Raymond. This always made me very happy when I thought of it, and I tried hard to be good so that he might be pleased with me. He is ten years older than I, and was a relative of my dear master. When he had a vacation he came to see us. Sometimes, not often, he brought me a gift; and he always talked to me so sensibly, and yet so entertainingly, that it seemed to me no company could be so delightful as his. And then he makes one feel when he is gone that one must try to be kinder and more unselfish so as to be like him. I thought there was no wiser or wittier man in the world, and no finer gentleman. I think so still," she added simply."

"What did she know about gentlemen?" asked Daphne.

"Nothing except what she had learned from books. She had met a good many men of the world, she said, but she had the idea that they were rude and silly. She suggested an ingenious explanation—that people of wealth, not being forced to be constantly together, as working people are, are not obliged to learn to control themselves and be polite for their mutual comfort; so they should be excused for little rudenesses."

"This is important, if true," said Daphne; "I must think of it!"

Amy continued: "As we talked, I came to see that between Madame Mersac and her husband there was a most tender union. It was a rare chance that had united two people so sweet, so refined in feeling, and so untouched by what we call the realities of life. They seemed to dwell in the calm centre that is in the midst of a whirlpool, and they were as alone as Adam and Eve in Paradise. She told me that they had never had an intimate friend; their whole life was in each other. This was not a tri-

umph of love over other feelings; it was a love that left no room for other feelings. No doubt there are many people who are capable of such a passion, but I don't think they often marry each other."

"Well, it is saddening," said Daphne, "to think that wedded love in its highest, purest form can only exist between a gentleman and a lady who are shot out of a cannon at each other, and who enjoy hanging by their toes from tight ropes."

Amy continued: "I do not say anything so absurd as that the calling of these two made them what they were. I do think that a healthful existence, away from the keen intellectual strife that most of us are a part of, might nourish a simple and faithful spirit; but I cannot think of Madame Mersac as belonging to one order or another. She was nature's own."

"You said she was witty and vivacious," said Theodora; "but had she any education?"

"As we count education she probably had almost none; and yet, as results go, she was not behind some highly educated women. She knew French perfectly — beautiful French, too. I suppose she had a natural aptitude for language, for her English was very pleasing. Apparently her words were chosen with regard to their finest meaning, and not, as ours sometimes are, in conformity to a passing fashion. She had read a great many books, but she knew nothing of magazines or newspapers; and she had a very bright and active mind. Apart from what she said, her manner of speaking was that of a highly cultivated person. Her master had a friend, an old dramatic teacher, who had instructed some of the greatest of English and French actors. This man had given her lessons in pronouncing and enunciation. Every sentence came from her lips with a high-bred accuracy that gave it a charm quite independent of its meaning. But everything about her was fine and delicate; her accent was only part of it!"

"Did she have any curiosity about your life, such as you felt about hers?" asked Theodora.

"Yes; but I do not think her interest was as — morbid, shall I say? She did ask me many questions, but I fancy they were prompted more by her liking for me than by any curiosity. It was a startling experience. You do not know what an embarrassing thing it is to hold such a life as ours up to the inspection of a sensible person from another world. She wanted to know something of the pursuits of a person who had no special avocation. She had thought it might be very pleasant, she said, but that one would have to decide on ways in which to spend the time profitably. She asked me what I did.

"‘Oh, I keep house,’ I said.

"'Surely,' she answered, 'I might have known that; and it must take thought and much time. Raymond is a very good cook; he has taught me how to prepare several dainties. When we have a chance I cook something and we have a *fête*. It must be very pleasant to have one's husband and children come to the table every day to compliment one's successes.'

"'No — I don't cook,' said I.

"She looked a little surprised for an instant. 'I see I was thinking of a simpler life, probably, than yours. Of course there is no reason why a woman should cook when she can afford to hire the services of some one who can do it equally well. I can fancy there are many things one might better save one's time for — sewing, teaching the children, visiting the poor, and the like.'

"I was getting desperate. 'My dear,' I said, 'I neither sew, nor teach the children, nor visit the poor, and yet I think I am always busy.'

"'What *do* you do?' she had to ask.

"'Well, I make visits and receive them' — 'Ah, but you have many friends, no doubt,' she smilingly interrupted — 'and,' continued I, 'I go out and buy things.'

"'Did you tell her that you improved your mind?' asked Daphne dryly; 'because, if you did, she might have thought you were chaffing her.'

Amy gave her an indulgent smile as she continued: 'We talked all that long, quiet afternoon of more subjects than I can recount. We talked as women do who feel perfectly at ease and happy with each other; of large questions, and of the merest trifles; and with every sentence I felt that this was the friend I had dreamed of — a woman who was utterly congenial and yet inspiringly different.

"The time came for me to go to the station. She put on her hat and walked with me. I shall never forget how she looked in the low afternoon sunlight. Her flesh seemed of half crystalline texture, like a perfect fruit or flower. Other women give you the impression of being clothes all the way through, like a rag doll. Leonie moved like a living, glowing statue draped in soft fabrics that covered her, but were no more a part of her than are the clouds part of the moon that they veil. Once I slipped on the board walk. She put her arm around me for an instant. Her touch was magnetic — life giving.

"The train came in; we stood in silence; she held my hands tightly; she looked straight into my eyes, and with a word we parted. Oh, how sweet she was!"

"Have you ever heard from her since?" asked Theodora.

"That is what I want to tell you. I knew she had gone West

with her husband. I meant to write to her. I meant surely to see her"—

Here she paused. Daphne, looking keenly at her, evidently saw something unusual in her manner, for her own face assumed an expression of tender anxiety. Theodora's eyes were fixed on the fire. In a moment Amy continued:—

"Last Christmas morning, in the telegraphic news, in the morning paper, I read an item. It was about this:—

DENVER, December 24:—Raymond Mersac, an acrobat who has lately been performing at the Grand Opera House, committed suicide at his hotel at eight o'clock this evening. He had been in Leadville on business for the past week, and, returning at six to spend Christmas with his wife, to whom he is said to have been passionately devoted, found that she had taken poison and had died a few minutes before his arrival. In a moment of temporary insanity, he shot himself through the heart, dying instantly.

"I found in a Chicago paper some fuller details. Leonie had been in a hotel with other members of the company during her husband's absence. The devotion of the two to each other was a subject of jesting among their associates. The morning of the day Mersac was expected to return, a practical joker suggested a scheme that was acted out with spirit by all of them. They brought to her, first, insinuations of her husband's infidelity; then flat statements attested by all of them; then every sort of forged evidence. They said at the inquest they would never have gone so far but that Madame Mersac received it all with such smiling incredulity—oh, my brave Leonie!—that they were tempted to say more and more. They had no idea she believed them; they thought their joke a failure until they found her dying.

"It was stated that when Mersac arrived, and comprehended the meaning of their wild apologies and noisy grief, he sprang at them like a madman. Then, catching sight of Leonie, white and still, he seized a pistol, placed it at his breast, and fell lifeless over the corner of the bed."

The three were silent for a moment. Daphne rose and, passing by her friend, touched lightly, first her shoulder, then her cheek, with the back of her hand. Then she stood by the window. Outside the early winter sunset grew each moment more brilliant. The snow-covered lawn shone with a pinkish glow, and on the white-capped stone pillars of the gates gleamed a faint copper lustre. Nature was deep in winter.

GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

FIRST PAPER, THE MAN AND THE POET.

I.

THERE are in our midst many poets who attract small attention from conventional critics, as they have studiously avoided the praise of conservatism, choosing the byways of duty to the highway of popularity, and always living up to their highest conviction of right. The poor, the oppressed, and the sorrowing have been their special charge. Their lives have been characterized by simplicity, and their words and deeds have inspired unnumbered struggling souls with lofty ideals and nobler conceptions of life. While the wreath of fame has been placed by conservatism on the brows of many whose empty rhymes have conformed to the *dilettante* standard of "art for art's sake," these poets have quietly sung courage, hope, and love into the hearts of the people, luring them unconsciously to higher altitudes of spirituality. They have at all times proclaimed the noble altruism of living for others — the song of the to-morrow of civilization. Amid the ambitions and jealousies of life, the strife for fame and gold, they are not found; but where hearts are bowed or the poor cry for justice, their words ring clear and strong. They are the people's saviours, for they help the multitudes into the light of truth and up the path of noble endeavor.

Among this *coterie* of chosen sons of God, whose unpurchasable love of justice and holy candor of soul have rendered it impossible for them to yield to the siren voices of conventionalism, no name is entitled to a more honored place than that of Gerald Massey — the poet-prophet of our day, who, like the true seers of olden times, has stood for truth and right, while less royal souls have sold their heaven-given birthright for earth's pottage. Had Mr. Massey chosen to devote his rare talent to the enjoyment of the conventional world, instead of offending the *dilettanti* by boldly pleading the cause of the oppressed; had he devoted his gifts to the creation of popular lyrics, instead of

compelling his readers to think upon the wrongs of those who suffer through man's inhumanity to man, he would not have remained comparatively obscure and been compelled to eat the bread of poverty. For few men of our century have received higher praise from leading literary critics than this poet of the people. And had wealth been able to flatter him into a fawning sycophant he would have become the idol of a gay, frivolous, and amusement-loving class who imagine they are cultured.

But Gerald Massey was a man before he was a poet. His love for justice was greater than his desire for the eider down of luxury or the chaplet of fame. He was the son of a poor man. He himself had tasted the bitterness of want. He possessed the courage of an Elijah and the spirit of an Isaiah. He preferred to reflect the best in his soul and devote his divine gift to the service of justice, rather than conform to the vicious standards which conventionalism demands as the price of popularity and preferment. He championed the cause of the weak, the poor, and those whose lives are made bitter by having to bear heavier burdens than rightfully belong to them.

Now because of this magnificent loyalty to justice and human rights, because he dared to assail the injustice of entrenched plutocracy and the hypocrisy of creedal religion, he has been denied the justice due to his fine poetic talent and his superb manhood. But though ignored, in the main, by conservatism, he has won the hearts of millions who love, suffer, and wait. And I believe the future will place him high in the pantheon of England's poets, because he has voiced the real spirit of the on-coming civilization in a truer and braver way than many contemporaries who are basking in popular favor. The following extracts from his writings reflect the dream ever present in the poet's mind. They may be said to contain the keynote of his creed:—

The first duty of men who have to die is to learn how to live, so as to leave the world, or something in it, a little better than they found it. Our future life must be the natural outcome of this; the root of the whole matter is in *this* life.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around;
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned.
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away!

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me—

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
Up through the eye's tear-blindness, how the sudden soul should start!
The dreary, dim and desolate should wear a sunny bloom,
And love should spring from buried hate, like flowers from winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Were truth our uttered language, spirits might talk with men,
And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden Age again;
The burdened heart should soar in mirth like morn's young prophet-lark,

And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark!

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

II.

Gerald Massey was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1828. His father was extremely poor, and Gerald was compelled at an early age to enter a factory, and thus help support a family which knew all the bitterness of biting poverty. He received no instruction save that obtained in a penny school, but his passionate longing for knowledge led him to many fountains of truth which duller minds would never have discerned. The book of nature attracted his eye, her smile wooed him, her voice charmed his ear; his mind unconsciously drank deeply of her truths. Like many another poor boy, Mr. Massey learned the value of knowledge. His mind became a storehouse for truth, rather than a sieve, and his passion for the acquisition of facts, which was awakened before necessity compelled him to enter the rank of the child slaves of factory life, grew stronger as he advanced in years. At a later period he became a deep student along several lines of thought. An overmastering determination to possess the truth and an unflinching loyalty to what he conceived to be right, have ever been marked characteristics of the poet's life. In him we have a curious combination. He is one of the most graceful and charming lyric poets England has given the world. He is also a seer and philosopher, a mystic and scientific student, a prophet and reformer, while all his work reflects simplicity and purity of life inspired by his high ethical code and lofty faith. For years he has experienced remarkable psychic phenomena within his own home circle. To him have been given tests and evidences which have convinced him beyond all peradventure of doubt that his loved ones who have passed from view are neither in the ground nor in some far-off Heavenly City of the Christian, nor yet in the state of Devachan of the Buddhist, but are around about him, in his daily life. He has had proof palpable and of such a reason-compelling character as to leave no doubt in his mind that his dear ones live, love, and move onward. On

this point Mr. Massey thus clearly and forcibly expresses his convictions:—

My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature, and realities of my own personal experience; not upon any falsification of natural fact. These facts have been more or less known to me personally during forty years of familiar face-to-face acquaintanceship, therefore my certitude is not premature; they have given me the proof palpable that our very own human identity and intelligence do persist after the blind of darkness has been drawn down in death. He who has plumbed the void of death as I have, and touched this solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can never be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair, the sighs of unavailing regret, and all the passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. *He cannot be bereaved in soul!* And I have had ample testimony that my poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death, which has made so many mental slaves afraid to live.

The false faiths are fading; but it is in the light of a truer knowledge. The half Gods are going in order that the whole Gods may come. There is finer fish in the unfathomed sea of the future than any we have yet landed. It is only in our time that the data have been collected for rightly interpreting the past of man, and for portraying the long and vast procession of his slow but never-ceasing progress through the sandy wilderness of an uncultivated earth into the world of work, with the ever-quickenings consciousness of a higher, worthier life to come. And without this measure of the human past, we could have no true gauge of the growth that is possible in the future!

Indeed it seems to me that we are only just beginning to lay hold of this life in earnest; only just standing on the very threshold of true thought; only just now attaining a right mental method of thinking, through a knowledge of evolution; only just getting in line with natural law, and seeking earnestly to stand level-footed on that ground of reality which must ever and everywhere be the one lasting foundation of all that is permanently true.

On the vital social problems which intimately affect the progress of the race, Mr. Massey evinces the clear perceptions of a broad-visioned philosopher. He observes:—

It is only of late that the tree of Knowledge has begun to lose its evil character, to be planted anew, and spread its roots in the fresh ground of every board-school, with its fruits no longer accursed, but made free to all.

We are beginning to see that the worst of the evils now afflicting the human race are man made, and do not come into the world by decree of fate or fiat of God; and that which is man made is also remediable by man. Not by man alone! For woman is about to take her place by his side as true helpmate and ally in carrying on the work of the world, so that we may look upon the fall of man as being gradually superseded by the ascent of woman. And here let me say, parenthetically, that I consider it to be the first necessity for women to obtain the parliamentary franchise before they can hope to stand upon a business footing of practical equality with men; and therefore I have no sympathy with these would-be abortionists, who have been somewhat too "previously" trying to take the life of woman suffrage in embryo before it should have the chance of being brought to birth.

With the keen penetration of a highly intuitive mind, Mr. Massey long ago perceived that wisdom as well as justice demands that woman be accorded a far more exalted place than she has been permitted to occupy in the past, and he has been an untiring advocate of absolute justice and the same wholesome freedom for her as is good for man. I know of no writer of any age who has taken higher grounds for true morality, both within and without the marriage relation, than Mr. Massey. He is one of the few men of our time who have evinced superb courage in demanding that women be protected from involuntary prostitution within the marriage relation. On this important theme he observes:—

The truth is, that woman at her best and noblest must be monarch of the marriage-bed. We must begin in the creatory if we are to benefit the race, and the woman has got to rescue and take possession of herself, and consciously assume all the responsibilities of maternity, on behalf of the children. No woman has any right to part with the absolute ownership of her own body, but she has the right to be protected against all forms of brute force. No woman has any business to marry anything that is less than a man. No woman has any right to marry any man who will sow the seeds of hereditary disease in her darlings. Not for all the money in the world! No woman has any right, according to the highest law, to bear a child to a man she does not love.

Our poet's high ideal of woman and her true position is beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

My fellow-men, as yet we have but seen
Wife, sister, mother, and daughter — not the queen
Upon her throne, with all her jewels crowned!

Unknowing how to seek, we have not found
Our goddess, waiting her Pygmalion
To woo her into woman from the stone!

Our husbandry hath lacked essential power
To fructify the promise of the flower;
We have not known her nature ripe all round.

We have but seen her beauty on one side
That leaned in love to us with blush of bride:
The pure white lily of all womanhood,
With heart all golden, still is in the bud.

We have but glimpsed a moment in her face
The glory she will give the future race;
The strong, heroic spirit knit beyond
All induration of the diamond.

She is the natural bringer from above,
The earthly mirror of immortal love;
The chosen mouthpiece for the mystic word
Of life divine to speak through, and be heard
With human voice, that makes its heavenward call
Not in one virgin motherhood, but all.

Unworthy of the gift, how have men trod
 Her pearls of pureness, swine-like, in the sod!
 How often have they offered her the dust
 And ashes of the fanned-out fires of lust,
 Or, devilishly inflamed with the divine,
 Waxed drunken with the sacramental wine!

How have men captured her with savage grips,
 To stamp the kiss of conquest on her lips;
 As feather in their crest have worn her grace,
 Or brush of fox that crowns the hunter's chase;
 Wooed her with passions that but wed to fire
 With Hymen's torch their own funereal pyre;
 Stripped her as slave and temptress of desire;
 Embraced the body when her soul was far
 Beyond possession as the loftiest star!

Her whiteness hath been tarnished by their touch;
 Her promise hath been broken in their clutch;
 The woman hath reflected man too much,
 And made the bread of life with earthiest leaven.

Our coming queen must be the bride of heaven—
 The wife who will not wear her bonds with pride
 As adult doll with fripperies glorified;
 The mother fashioned on a nobler plan
 Than woman who was merely made *from* man.

On the proper rearing of children he has words to say which
 should appeal to every loving parent:—

The life we live with them every day is the teaching that tells, and not the precepts uttered weekly that are continually belied by our own daily practices. Give the children a knowledge of natural law, especially in that domain of physical nature which has hitherto been tabooed. If we break a natural law we suffer pain in consequence, no matter whether we know the law or not. This result is not an accident, because it always happens, and is obviously intended to happen. Punishments are not to be avoided by ignorance of effects; they can only be warded off by a knowledge of causes. Therefore nothing but knowledge can help them. Teach the children to become the soldiers of duty instead of the slaves of selfish desire. Show them how the sins against self reappear in the lives of others. Teach them to think of those others as the means of getting out of self. Teach them how the laws of nature work by heredity. . . . Children have ears like the very spies of nature herself; eyes that penetrate all subterfuge and pretence. . . . Let them be well grounded in the doctrine of development, without which we cannot begin to think coherently. Give them the best material, the soundest method; let the spirit world have a chance as a living influence on them, and then let them do the rest. Never forget that the faculty for seeing is worth all that is to be seen. It is good to set before them the loftiest ideals—not those that are mythical and non-natural, but those that have been lived in human reality. The best ideal of all has to be portrayed by the parents in the realities of life at home. The teaching that goes deepest will be indirect, and the truth will tell most on them when it is overheard. When you are not watching, and the children are—that is when the lessons are learned for life.

These are twentieth-century thoughts, and they are pregnant with the truth which will yet make the world glad. One thing which impresses the reader, in all Mr. Massey's works, is his sincerity and his abhorrence of hypocrisy or shams of any kind. This thought, which is present in all his writings, is emphasized in the following passage from his "Devil of Darkness":—

The devil and hell of my creed consist in that natural Nemesis which follows on broken laws, and dogs the law breaker, in spite of any belief of his that his sins and their inevitable results can be so cheaply sponged out, as he has been misled to think, through the shedding of innocent blood. Nature knows nothing of the forgiveness for sin. She has no rewards or punishments—nothing but causes and consequences. For example, if you should contract a certain disease and pass it on to your children and their children, all the alleged forgiveness of God will be of no avail if you cannot forgive yourself. Ours is the devil of heredity, working in two worlds at once. Ours is a far more terrible way of realizing the hereafter, when it is brought home to us in concrete fact, whether in this life or the life to come, than any abstract idea of hell or devil can afford. We have to face the facts beforehand—no use to whine over them impotently afterwards, when it is too late. For example:—

In the olden days when immortals
To earth came visibly down,
There went a youth with an angel
Through the gate of an Eastern town.
They passed a dog by the roadside,
Where dead and rotting it lay,
And the youth, at the ghastly odor,
Sickened and turned away.
He gathered his robes about him,
And hastily hurried thence:
But nought annoyed the angel's
Clear, pure, immortal sense.

By came a lady, lip-luscious,
On delicate, mincing feet;
All the place grew glad with her presence,
All the air about her sweet,
For she came in fragrance floating,
And her voice most silvery rang;
And the youth, to embrace her beauty,
With all his being sprang.
A sweet, delightful lady:
And yet, the legend saith,
The angel, while he passed her,
Shuddered and held his breath!

Only think of a fine lady who, in this life, had been wooed and flattered, sumptuously clad and delicately fed; for whom the pure, sweet air of heaven had to be perfumed as incense, and the red rose of health had to fade from many young human faces to blossom in the robes she wore, whose every sense had been most daintily feasted, and her whole life summed up in one long thought of self,—think of her finding herself in the next life a spiritual leper, a walking pestilence, a personified disease, a sloughing sore of this life which the spirit has to get rid of, an excrement of this life's selfishness at which all good spirits stop their noses

and shudder when she comes near! Don't you think if she realized that as a fact in time, it would work more effectually than much preaching? The hell of the drunkard, the libidinous, the blood-thirsty, or gold-greedy soul, they tell us, is the burning of the old, devouring passion which was *not* quenched by the chills of death. The crossing of the cold, dark river, even, was only as the untasted water to the consuming thirst of Tantalus! In support of this, evolution shows the continuity of ourselves, our desires, passions, and characters. As the Egyptians said, "Whoso is intelligent here will be intelligent there!" And if we haven't mastered and disciplined our lower passions here, they will be masters of us, for the time being, hereafter.

III.

In lyric verse Gerald Massey ranks among the first English poets. His descriptions of humble life, portrayal of profoundly human sentiments, and exquisitely delicate reflections of those subtle emotions which are the common heritage of every true man and woman, have rarely been equalled. They reveal the power of the true poet. Take, for example, the following stanzas selected from "Babe Christabel," and note the purity, wealth of feeling, and beauty of expression which clothe the simple story of dawn and night in the human heart:—

Babe Christabel was royally born!
For when the earth was flushed with flowers,
And drenched with beauty in sun-showers,
She came through golden gates of morn.

No chamber arras-pictured round,
Where sunbeams make a gorgeous gloom,
And touch its glories into bloom,
And footsteps fall withouten sound,

Was her birth-place that merry May morn;
No gifts were heaped, no bells were rung,
No healths were drunk, no songs were sung,
When dear Babe Christabel was born:

But nature on the darling smiled,
And with her beauty's blessings crowned:
Love brooded o'er the hallowed ground,
And there were angels with the child.

* * * * *
The father, down in toil's mirk mine,
Turns to his wealthier world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread:
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white
A pillow for the baby-head!

* * * * *
She grew, a sweet and sinless child,
In shine and shower, calm and strife;

A rainbow on our dark of life,
From love's own radiant heaven down-smiled!

In lonely loveliness she grew, —
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit whitening into view.

And still her cheek grew pale as pearl, —
It took no tint of summer's wealth
Of color, warmth, and wine of health:
Death's hand so whitely pressed the girl!

No blush grew ripe to sun or kiss
Where violet veins ran purple light,
So tenderly through Parian white,
Touching you into tenderness.

She came — as comes the light of smiles
O'er earth, and every budding thing
Makes quick with beauty, alive with spring;
Then goeth to the golden isles.

She came — like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a flower her life did close.
Angels uncurtained that repose,
And the next waking dawned in heaven.

They snatched our little tenderling,
So shyly opening into view,
Delighted, as the children do
The primrose that is first in spring.

The lines quoted above are taken from various parts of the poem, and therefore do not present the unity of thought which characterizes the exquisite creation as a whole. "My Cousin Winnie" is another very charming poem, in which the author describes the child love which throbbed in his heart, when, as a boy, he basked in the smiles of "Cousin Winnie." I have space for only a few stanzas. They will be sufficient, however, to call up many long-vanished images to the mind of the reader. For the chambers of the human brain are stored with springtime treasures, which are forgotten until some magic word is spoken, some picture flashed upon the mental retina, or a sound of long ago is heard, and straightway the sealed door flies open, and forth come trooping, as children from a country school, the dreams and hopes which gilded life's young day: —

The glad spring green grows luminous
With coming summer's golden glow;

Merry birds sing as they sang to us
 In far-off seasons, long ago;
 The old place brings the young dawn back,
 That moist eyes mirror in their dew;
 My heart goes forth along the track
 Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.
 A world of time, a sea of change,
 Have rolled between the paths we tread,
 Since you were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * *

My being in your presence basked,
 And kitten-like for pleasure purred;
 A higher heaven I never asked
 Than watching, wistful as a bird,
 To hear that voice so rich and low;
 Or sun me in the rosy rise
 Of some soul-ripening smile, and know
 The thrill of opening paradise.
 The boy might look too tenderly —
 All lightly 'twas interpreted:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * *

And then that other voice came in!
 There my life's music suddenly stopped.
 Silence and darkness fell between
 Us, and my star from heaven dropped.
 I led him by the hand to you —
 He was my friend — whose name you bear:
 I had prayed for some great task to do,
 To prove my love. I did it, dear!
 He was not jealous of poor me;
 Nor saw my life bleed under his tread:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

I smiled, dear, at your happiness —
 So martyrs smile upon the spears —
 The smile of your reflected bliss
 Flashed from my heart's dark tarn of tears!
 In love that made the suffering sweet,
 My blessing with the rest was given —
 "God's softest flowers kiss her feet
 On earth, and crown her head in heaven!"
 And lest the heart should leap to tell
 Its tale i' the eyes, I bowed the head:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * *

Alone, unwearying, year by year,
 I go on laying up my love.
 I think God makes no promise here
 But it shall be fulfilled above;
 I think my wild weed of the waste
 Will one day prove a flower most sweet;

My love shall bear its fruit at last —
 'Twill all be righted when we meet;
 And I shall find them gathered up
 In pearls for you — the tears I've shed
 Since you were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

Here again in "The Mother's Idol Broken" — which in my judgment is the finest work of this character written by Mr. Massey — we find a depth of emotion, a beauty of imagery, and a wealth of pure poetic power which would have done honor to Tennyson in the best moods of the late poet laureate.

After describing the mother's joy over the advent of the babe in the household, our poet continues: —

And proud were her eyes as she rose with the prize,
 A pearl in her palms, my peerless!

Oh, found you a little sea siren,
 In some perilous palace left?
 Or is it a little child angel,
 Of her high-born kin bereft?
 Or came she out of the elfin land,
 By earthly love beguiled?
 Or hath the sweet spirit of beauty
 Taken shape as our starry child?

With mystical faint fragrance,
 Our house of life she filled —
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
 Where wingèd hopes might build.
 We saw — though none like us might see —
 Such precious promise pearled
 Upon the petals of our wee
 White Rose of all the world!

* * * *

Our Rose was but in blossom;
 Our life was but in spring;
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the spirits sing:
*"Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dew impearled,"*
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

She came like April, who with tender grace
 Smiles in earth's face, and sets upon her breast
 The bud of all her glory yet to come,
 Then bursts in tears, and takes her sorrowful leave.
 She brought heaven to us just within the space
 Of the dear depths of her large, dream-like eyes,
 Then o'er the vista fell the death veil dark.
 She only caught three words of human speech:
 One for her mother, one for me, and one
 She crowed with, for the fields and open air.

That last she sighed with a sharp farewell pathos
A minute ere she left the house of life,
To come for kisses never any more.

Pale Blossom! how she leaned in love to us!
And how we feared a hand might reach from heaven
To pluck our sweetest flower, our loveliest flower
Of life, that sprang from lowliest root of love!
Some tender trouble in her eyes complained
Of life's rude stream, as meek forget-me-nots
Make sweet appeal when winds and waters fret.
And oft she looked upon us with sad eyes,
As for the coming of the Unseen Hand.
We saw but feared to speak of her strange beauty,
As some hushed bird that dares not sing i' the night,
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,
And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's strength
All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
We fenced her round, exchanging silent looks.
We went about the house with listening hearts,
That kept the watch for danger's stealthiest step.
Our spirits felt the shadow ere it fell.

* * * *

The mornings came, with all their glory on;
Birds, brooks, and bees were singing in the sun,
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
The flowers all crowding up like memories
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
The soft south breezes rocked the baby buds
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast;
And all was gay as universal life
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

* * * *

This is a curl of little Marian's hair!
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!

Poetic genius of a high order is displayed in this remarkable production, and though the extracts given above carry with them the spirit of the poem, they are only threads in what, when taken as a whole, is a cloth of many tints, rich in color and fine in texture.

Seldom do we find anything so pure and sweet as the following lines taken from "Wedded Love," in which the poet gives us a page from his own heart and home life:—

My life ran like a river in rocky ways,
And seaward-dashed, a sounding cataract!
But thine was like a quiet lake of beauty,
Soft-shadowed round by gracious influences,
That gathers silently its wealth of earth,
And woos heaven till it melts down into it.

They mingled: and the glory and the calm
 Closed round me, brooding into perfect rest.
 Oh, blessings on thy true and tender heart!
 How it hath gone forth like the dove of old,
 To bring some leaf of promise in life's deluge!
 Thou hast a strong up-soaring tendency,
 That bears me Godward, as the stalwart oak
 Uplifts the clinging vine, and gives it growth.
 Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take
 Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,
 And trusteth where it may not understand.
 We have had sorrows, love! and wept the tears
 That run the rose-hue from the cheeks of life;
 But grief hath jewels as night hath her stars,
 And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,
 With joy's wreath tumbled o'er our blinded eyes.
 The heart is like an instrument whose strings
 Steal nobler music from life's many frets;
 The golden threads are spun through suffering's fire,
 Wherewith the marriage robes for heaven are woven;
 And all the rarest hues of human life
 Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.

Thou'rt little changed, dear love! since we were wed.
 Thy beauty hath climaxed like a crescent moon,
 With glory greating to the golden full.
 Thy flowers of spring are crowned with summer fruits,
 And thou hast put a queenlier presence on
 With thy regality of womanhood!
 Yet time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades
 That set thy graces in a wealthier light.
 Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of love,
 From the gate beautiful of its palace home,
 Fair as the spirit of the evening star,
 That lights its glory as a radiant porch
 To beacon earth with brighter glimpse of heaven.
 We are poor in this world's wealth, but rich in love;
 And they who love feel rich in everything.

* * * *

Oh, let us walk the world, so that our love
 Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful
 Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark.
 Ah! what a world 'twould be if love like ours
 Made heaven in human hearts, and clothed with smiles
 The sweet sad face of our humanity!

Many of Europe's most competent and conscientious critics have expressed their appreciation of the high order of much of Mr. Massey's poetical work. "I rejoice," wrote John Ruskin to the poet, "in acknowledging my own debt of gratitude to you for many an encouraging and noble thought, and expression of thought. Few national services can be greater than that you have rendered." Thomas Aird, in a critical review, observed: "Gerald Massey belongs to the new choir. Pathos and love and a purple flush of beauty steep the color of all his songs."

The eminent essayist, Walter Bagehot, in criticising Mr. Massey's work, said: "His descriptions of nature show a close observer of her ways, and a delicate appreciation of her beauties. His images, however subtle and delicately woven, are never false."

As I have before said, there is little doubt but that Gerald Massey would have become one of England's most famous lyric poets, had he chosen to confine his gifts to subjects pleasing to wealth and conventionalism; but like other royal souls, who throughout the past have persistently held to the path of duty, he chose to be loyal to truth and faithful to earth's oppressed, ever preferring the bread of poverty with the approval of his highest self, to the applause of the *dilettanti* with a life of comparative ease. Such spirits are rarely appreciated until they have passed from earth. They belong to the Royalty of Nature; they are in truth the Sons of God.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PLATO AND PLATONISM.*

It is with the art movement in England that Mr. Walter Pater is most strongly identified, and though his first appearance as critic and expounder brought consternation to the Philistine, and speculation and wonder to the conventional critic who saw here a quality as unique in its own way as that of Ruskin, his place was made at once. "The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry," struck a new note, and the owner of that first edition with its dark green cover, broad margins, and rivulet of most delightful prose wandering down the page, will never be reconciled to the later editions, however they may testify to the growing liking for the brilliant author.

His style is his own—subtle, minutely wrought, each word fastidiously chosen, the phrases massed with something like recklessness, but with a charm like that of Swinburne's complicated yet flowing rhythms. Often a single phrase is in itself the illumination of the chosen subject, and remains in the mind like a strain of music; and agreeing with his conclusions or not, it is certain he has always something to say.

Other books have followed, each one holding much of the same charm, but the present one on "Plato and Platonism" is an unexpected addition to the list. Written originally for some young students in philosophy, the book abounds in technicalities, which, however, need not deter the average reader, who, in the growing love for philosophical speculation discoverable in the literature of to-day, has had a certain preparatory education for its more abstruse forms.

Platonism in Mr. Pater's hands is not any school of thought founded upon his teaching, as, for instance, Neo-Platonism, but the essential Platonic doctrines as seen at their source; and thus the first three chapters are given to a full analysis of Plato's theories of motion, rest, and number. The author's steady aim is to "replace the doctrine or system we are busy with . . . as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, moral, social, material, amid which it was actually produced."

To accomplish this, the first need is a study of the influences that moulded Plato's own thought, and thus Parmenides and Heraclitus divide the honors, the one positively, the other negatively. Plato's own mind chose instinctively the Eleatic doctrine of rest or a Oneness of Being filling all space, and thus the contention of Heraclitus, "All things pass and nothing abides," stirred his opposition and confirmed him in his own belief of an unchanging Actual behind the changeful Appearance. The rhythm and harmony taught by Pythagoras appealed

* "Plato and Platonism: A series of Lectures." By Walter Pater. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 256; price, \$1.75. Macmillan & Co., New York.

no less strongly to his sense of order and beauty. The world in which he found himself was already one of disputation and speculation, sects and rival schools rising on every side, with all of which he had to deal before his own mind could determine their value or the want of it. Heraclitus himself, distracted by the same causes, had formulated his theory of the perpetual flux of all things as the best solution of existing difficulties, regarding disintegration as the only certainty, and youth as merely a synonym for revolt and insolence. That an unchanging Force might lie behind this perpetual movement, and the two at last show themselves as one, was, for this first among pessimists—the weeping philosopher—an impossible conception; yet in his own words such possibility to-day shows itself, and it is plain that Plato, even when most strenuously opposing him, had some apprehension of the truth. A habit of thought that could follow this eternal mobility of things meant, as it means to-day, “susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity,” and Plato, an advocate of the immutable, in spite of himself accepted the best in this theory, and became its unconscious expounder even when in his Republic he demanded a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made, ill-regulated world.

Through these chapters Mr. Pater passes to a consideration of the Platonic Socrates and the Socrates who had actual existence, since to really comprehend the man there must be subtraction of the latter from the former. But though the Platonic Socrates is in part Plato’s conception of him, the wonderful personality of the man loses little from this fact. The quality of Plato’s mind, under the overmastering influence of those last hours described with a beauty and power that make the record of the “Apology,” the “Phædo,” and the “Memorabilia” imperishable, changed in every fibre, and was from thenceforward saturated with the spirit of this master of men. Only twenty-eight years of age, rich in all intellectual gifts, as well as in those of this world, he turned once for all from the actual to the ideal, identifying what was best in himself with his master, till now, when we speak of Plato, generally, “What we are really thinking of is the Platonic Socrates.”

The chapter on Plato’s relation to the Sophists records another phase in his intellectual life, and leads naturally to the fine one on “The Genius of Plato,” brilliant both in description and analysis. The remainder of the book is given to a consideration of the most important of the dialogues, the “Republic” naturally claiming largest space, and the volume closes with Plato’s “Æsthetics.” The lesson of both life and work is emphasized at every turn, and it is one of vital bearing even more for to-day than in any generation since his actual work ended. More and more we are a writing people, and more and more, therefore, must we learn the value of words, finding constant incentive to closer, keener judgment, in the old but ever new pages of the master whose own fluent and luxuriant genius was curbed at every turn. The prose of Plato, writes Mr. Pater in his closing paragraphs, “is a practical illus-

tration of the value of that capacity for correction, of the effort, the intellectual astringency, which he demands also of the poet, the musician, of all true citizens of the ideal Republic, enhancing the sense of power in one's self and its effect upon others, by a certain crafty reserve in its exercise, after the manner of a true expert." Patience, infinite patience, was the secret of his finish, no less than of his present power, and he who would have new light on the old pages will find no better guide or interpreter than the delightful book which ends too quickly for the pleasure of the reader.

TWO OF BALZAC'S NOVELS.*

Two more volumes are added to the noteworthy edition of Balzac, twenty-five having now been given to the public. Miss Wormeley's always fluent and sympathetic rendering of Balzac's difficult French is now taken for granted, her place among translators being of the highest, and her power so perfect that one forgets that the work has known any other tongue than that in which we find it.

"A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris," is in many points Balzac's own experience, Miss Wormeley's careful "Memoir" having already given in condensed form his close connection with the press, his ambition to become a publisher, and his final passage into the career of superb and successful novelist. To reach this goal he passed through every phase of bitter experience—constant rejection of earlier work, repeated failures, and writing and rewriting till the right vein had been struck, to pour out thenceforward an unfailling and steady stream.

It is the hero of "Lost Illusions" who reappears in the "Great Man of the Provinces," and who is carried through all the bewildering complications of Parisian journalism. He has eloped with a married flirt who becomes as weary of him as he of her, both discovering how unequal they are to coping with the *élegantes* of Paris. Handsome as a Greek god, poetic, charming, and gifted, the qualities of Lucien Chardon include shiftiness as well, but his beauty and wit bring him finally into an environment of gorgeous vice impossible outside of Paris, and depicted with the power of merciless analysis of which Balzac is master, moving through this mephitic atmosphere as naturally as if it were free air, and apparently unconscious that it carries certain poison. Through these mists and vapors shines out the face of the poor fallen Coralie, true to the last; the "Brotherhood," one of the noblest groups painted by Balzac, and the myriad types included in the panorama unrolled before the reader, who turns from them all with a wonder at the patience which seems to have studied each exhaustively, with equal interest for all.

* "A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris." By Honoré de Balzac, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo; pp. 426; price, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"The Brotherhood of Consolation." By Honoré de Balzac, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo; pp. 329; price, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

In "The Brotherhood of Consolation," one comes upon a different atmosphere, and finds one of Balzac's most sympathetic studies of pure human goodness, facing evil with a certainty that it can be conquered and annihilated; and losing in work for humanity all sense of personal loss or pain. That pain should be there is inevitable. A tragedy of some sort is the necessary pivot on which future action for good or evil must turn, and thus each man and woman in the singular group has a story, told with the picturesque and minute attention to detail that characterizes every phase of life depicted by this student of human nature. The strange house, silent as a cloister, near the gray old cathedral of Notre Dame, the stranger life of the father whose chief virtue is his passionate devotion to the paralyzed daughter to whom he sacrifices himself, and the gradual conversion of the nominal hero, Godefroid, to the faith of the Brotherhood, make the volume one of the most notable of the series, and one of the best exponents of Balzac's religious side—a side not always suspected by the general reader.

TOOLS AND THE MAN.*

Mr. Gladden has for many years been identified with the earnest workers in the ministerial profession who fearlessly warn the holders of riches of the danger and responsibility that accompany their possession, and who seek constantly to bridge the breach between labor and capital. It is something to admit that such a breach exists, and that it is not the complaint of the unsuccessful alone that is the sum of the social discontent which makes part of the problem of to-day.

This book is made up of a course of lectures on "Practical Christian Sociology," delivered at Meadville, Penn., before the students of the Meadville Theological Seminary, and opens with the premise that to rechristianize society will inevitably make all wrongs right. The old political economy took egoism as the ruling force among mankind. To balance this by a due proportion of altruism is the key to successful working out of the present situation, and to this end Mr. Gladden takes up in turn the questions of "property in land," "labor," "competition" and its fruits, and the necessity for the reorganization of industry on a new basis. He believes "that the great realm of natural powers can be christianized, that its worst abuses can be corrected . . . that industry and trade can be so transformed by human motives that they shall be serviceable to all the higher interests of men," and in this faith, he demands that all that stands in the way of such accomplishment shall be removed. Accepting Christian socialism up to the point of placing most public needs in the hands of government, abolishing monopolies and trusts of every order, he believes that beyond this point the individual must be solely responsible.

* "Tools and the Man: Property and Industry under the Christian Law." By Washington Gladden. 16mo; pp. 308; price, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The chief value of the book lies in its demonstration of the inadequacy of the present social system, but the prescriptions given, admirable as they often are, carry with them limitations that would defeat their effectual working. More altruism will accomplish much, but altruism at best is rarefied, not natural air. It is more happiness that humanity needs, and if altruism includes certain possibilities in this direction, it also shuts off much that is the rightful inheritance of each and all. The church has thus far failed to secure this or even to point the unerring way to its attainment, and Christianity in any present acceptance of the world must add to itself much that is now rejected before its prescriptions can prove absolutely and finally efficacious.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

ANOTHER VOICE FOR FREEDOM.*

"Poems for To-day" is another clarion voice in the chorus of the new day, another protest against injustice and bondage which reminds us of the bold, brave utterances which preceded the Boston Tea Party, and which are, indeed, the precursors of every great reform or revolution which marks the ascent of man. Progress is the law of life, and man's onward movement, when not by evolutionary unfoldment, is through the shock of bloody revolution. It is idle to imagine that the great unrest of the present time will be cured by palliative measures or by further dissimulation and betrayal on the part of demagogues and politicians. The people are thoroughly aroused. *The age of special privilege is doomed.* The industrial millions have beheld the light of a new day; henceforth, it will be folly for politicians to attempt to thwart the people's wishes by longer raising bogey men or by offering make-shifts and compromise measures. When once a people catch a glimpse of justice and freedom from a higher altitude than their fathers beheld them, an era of discontent ensues, in which every lash and blow dealt them through the old system or by classes who have long arrogated rights not based on justice, is keenly felt, and in time determinedly resented. Our people during the past two decades have been reading and thinking for themselves. They have moved rapidly from the old camping grounds. They have slowly come to see that until all special privileges and class laws are abolished, the wealth producers will run the risk of being slaves to the wealth acquirers. The clock is striking twelve. The advance couriers are in the field; another Reformation is being ushered in; the bugle is sounding. There may be Bunker Hills in the early stage of the conflict, but Yorktown is ahead.

"Poems for To-day" is one of the many inspiring voices of the hour. It comes from the pen of a woman keenly alive to the injustice of our present social and economic system. It glows with the enthusiasm for liberty and justice which marks the true reformer. Here are some lines

* "Poems for To-day." By Frances Margaret Milne. Cloth; pp. 138; price, \$1.25, Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

which breathe the spirit present on every page. They are taken from the poem entitled "Freedom's Ahead":—

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her couriers have foretold her,
Through the night and through the day.
East and west they flash the warning,
North and south the message flies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming
With its issues grand and vast;
Let the dead, the dead entombing,
Idly wail the vanished past.
Not for us lament or scorning,
Triumph fleet of base emprise:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Freedom! let our touch but linger
On thy spotless garment's hem;
Let thy pure anointing finger
Blindness, self-imposed, condemn;
Not in vain, the east adorning,
Shall the sun of healing rise;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
Long the ages have foretold her—
Haste! prepare her place to-day!
Heed no longer taunt or scorning;
Higher charge upon thee lies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

The following thought-provoking lines ought to set our easy-going pewholders in fashionable churches thinking, if they should be fortunate enough to read them. It might save them a bitter experience after earth-life, for as surely as there is a heaven beyond, so surely will no man enter it until he has learned those lessons which Jesus taught by His life—unselfishness and love for all his fellow-men:—

I cannot image Him, as preachers tell us—
The tender Friend who wept with Mary's tear—
Enthroned on height supernal, and beholding,
Afar, the issue of our conflict here.

Not where, from arch to arch, cathedrals echo
The repetitions vain He scorned of old;
Not where the wealthy and the titled worship,
And dare to name Him Shepherd of their fold;

Not where the gilded throng of fashion gathers,
Heedless of brother's or of sister's moan;
Shining in robes of labor's patient weaving—
Spurning the hand of toil that fills their own.

Not where proud Dives from his blazoned portal,
 Regards the wretches shivering at his door,
 And gives — to feed the hungry, clothe the naked —
 The crumbs of wastefulness from lavish store; —

But where in sordid garrets women shrivel,
 And weary feet the tireless treadle speed;
 Where even childhood's hours must render tribute
 To never ceasing, ever desperate need.

Where, in his cheerless home, the miner cowers
 (O God! that we should call such shelter *home*),
 And where the factory wheels, incessant turning,
 Are tended by each silent human gnome;

Wherever love, more strong than death, endureth;
 Where man for men can doom unfaltering meet;
 Wherever purity disdains dishonor,
 And want and woe their piteous tale repeat;

Walks He not there — the Man of Sorrows — marking
 Each bitter tear, each dumb, unspoken grief?
 Oh, from of old, acquainted with earth's anguish,
 Doth He not yearn to minister relief?

Think you that eye of tenderest compassion
 Flashes not with the woe denounced of yore!
 Are *these* not, then, *His* brethren? — whom, despising,
 Despoiling, ye pass by and heed no more.

The author is an ardent disciple of Mr. Henry George. Many of the best poems in the work have been called forth in connection with notable passages in the conflict of recent years upon the land question, in which the great apostle of the single tax figured prominently. Here are some stanzas from a poem entitled "Under the Wheel" which is inscribed to Hamlin Garland: —

The wheel of fate hath a measureless round —
 A measureless round, and it turneth slow;
 And few on the topmost curve are found
 Who care for the lives crushed out below.
 But silent and sure it circuit keeps;
 And still the shadows beneath it steal;
 For, sooner or later, all it sweeps
 Under the wheel.

There are some in the mire of want who fell,
 As the great wheel slackened their straining hold;
 Yet kept their souls, as, the legends tell,
 The spotless martyrs kept theirs of old.
 And some in the furnace of greed are lost
 (Nor ever the angel beside them feel),
 And outer the darkness where some are tossed
 Under the wheel.

O terrible wheel! must thou still go round,
 While suns and while stars their orbits keep?
 Hast thou place, like theirs, in the fathomless bound
 Of nature's mystery dread and deep?

Nay! man's injustice, not God's decree,
 Marked thy fell pathway; the skies reveal
 A day that cometh, when none shall be
 Under the wheel.

Many of the poems thrill with an enthusiasm which marks a soul aflame with a redemptive thought that becomes contagious, infecting all true men and women who come under the spell of the enthusiasts. Here are some examples taken from different minor poems:—

The voice of many waters —
 Deep and dread!
 The trump of resurrection
 To the dead!
 Hide thy bold front, oppression!
 Freedom calls;
 And lo! the thronging thousands
 Crowd her halls.

The bugle is blown, is blown!
 Up, comrades! it calls to the fray;
 The tremulous dark is all sown
 With gleams of the swift-coming day.
 What matter the bivouac dreary?
 Like a dream of the night it is sped.
 What matter limbs stiffened and weary?
 They thrill to new life as we tread.

Hear it ring!
 Loud and clear its warnings fling
 O'er the dull, unheeding crowd!
 Even now the heavens are black;
 Even now the lightning's track
 Cleaves the cloud!

Hark! they call—
 Brothers, sisters, as they fall,
 Crushed and vanished in the fray!
 Are we guiltless of their blood?
 Has our voice the wrong withstood,
 While we may?

God of right!
 Let Thy arm's resistless might
 Sweep aside man's puny will!
 Ere blind passion vengeance wreak,
 Let the voice of justice speak:
 "Peace! be still!"

This volume is an important addition to the *vital* literature of our times. It should be found in the libraries of those who are in sympathy with the broader thought and higher justice of the coming day.

B. O. FLOWER.

THOUGHTS ON INSTITUTIONS OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION.*

Dr. Levenson is never fainthearted in his attacks on public evils. He is nothing if not a Radical with a big R. Having in other pamphlets

* "Thoughts on Institutions of the Higher Education, with a chapter on Classical Studies." By Montague R. Levenson, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. Pamphlet; pp. 114; price, 50 cents. New York, 1893.

assailed various abuses in legal procedure, and preached against the prevailing ignorance of social economy and legislative science, he now breaks a lance with those veteran foes of progress—classical studies. His present work is at the same time constructive, and lays down the lines upon which rational educational methods must proceed.

The dedication to Henry George is a characteristic bit. "Dear friend," writes the author, "not very long ago you were inclined to feel regret that you had not 'had the benefits of a classical education.' I told you then that you had nothing to regret on that score, and that had you received it, you would most probably never have acquired the power, or would have lacked the will, to render to humanity the noble services you have done."

Dr. Levenson proceeds to show that the development of our system of education goes hand in hand with increasing crime. The statistics of Census Commissioner Porter prove that Massachusetts, with least illiterates, has a criminal population equalled only by California, Colorado, and Nevada.

Instead of instructing the young in what they ought to know, their time is wasted on useless and false rules of grammar and in learning to spell words which they will forget long before they have any opportunity to use them; they are diligently trained in *not thinking*, and their teachers know nothing better than word-grinding and machine rote work, because in the normal schools, academies, and colleges they have been taught no better.

The introduction of manual training schools is a step in the right direction, but as long as the colleges set a false standard in insisting upon the classics, the preparatory schools are obliged to follow.

It was natural enough at the time of the revival of learning that Latin and Greek should be studied, because practically all the best literature and science of the day were contained in the classics. But to-day the philologist and antiquarian alone really need an accurate knowledge of the dead languages.

To learn to play upon an instrument which can never utter a sound would be regarded as so palpable an absurdity that only hereditary conventionalism furnishes the slightest color for the practice.

It is in fact the influence of early surroundings or an inherent aptitude for the intricacies of grammarian research which prompt men like Mr. Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, and Dr. Howard Crosby of New York to defend the classics. Even Professor Blackie, who once declared, "I believe in Greek as I believe in the Bible," was obliged to acknowledge, "Greek, as it is generally taught to-day, is simply bones without life." The famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby said: "For the most boys who do Greek at public school, it is not merely useless but pernicious. Greek is for them a lesson in slipshod. They never get the ideal, nor even the idea, of doing their work perfectly. They give up the attempt, and nothing can be more demoralizing to the intellect than this."

Nay, further than this, the classics teach false views of life. They are permeated with contempt for labor and praise of war. They instil into

youthful minds the fallacies from which spring jingoism, socialism, and communism. They breed an extravagant worship for military and naval heroes, and prepossess the mind in favor of oligarchies and aristocracies.

And the joke of it is that, while the flower of our youth toil hopelessly in the meshes of Greek and Roman literature, we have failed to profit from the ancients in certain things wherein they were really our masters.

The graceful, comfortable, and healthful style of Grecian and Roman clothing for both sexes has given away to one uncomfortable, disease-inducing, and grotesque in its ugliness beyond the imagination of all whose sense of beauty has not been dulled by its use. . . .

But even in educating the young we are in certain respects far behind the best of the Greeks and Romans, whom we plagiarize without imitating. They never committed the folly of cramming the minds of their youth with a dead tongue, useless even when acquired.

In the last chapter Dr. Levenson gives a comprehensive plan for a university, preceded by primary and secondary schools. We leave the reader to examine it for himself.

Writing of diplomas, he expresses this following just sentiment:—

The limiting the practice of the law and of medicine to special classes of persons is a monopoly as bad as would be that of a trades union whose members were by law the only persons permitted to exercise a particular trade.

We specially commend the author's statement that a complete university ought to include schools of poetry, music, painting, and sculpture. The idea of a sort of peripatetic university Dr. Levenson ascribes to Dr. J. R. Buchanan, but his international exchange of professors and students between our peripatetic university and seats of learning abroad is novel and full of great possibilities.

One thing is certain, the classics must cease to be taught in the present happy-go-lucky, demoralizing way, or they will soon slip from the school curriculum altogether. On the whole they stand a very good chance of doing this before the century is finished.

W. D. McCrackan.

THE BOOK "ZENIA" AND ITS AUTHOR.

It is not too much to say that the advent of this book marks an important event in our literature.

Every one who is cognizant of the progress of the times knows that in the domain of philosophy and metaphysics we are in the midst of a remarkable reascency. The past is coming to us again with *redivivus* engraven on its brow. That which we thought dead we find to have been only sleeping. Men have not always sought so much for the truth as for something new. We look backward to the "golden age of Pericles" and realize the fact that by the immortal men of those times the possibilities of the human mind in the field of philosophy were well-nigh exhausted. In that particular domain not much has been added to Plato or Aristotle or Socrates. How the writings and teachings of these

men have been buried by inferior but dominating thoughts of ages subsequent to their times is very well known. How our modern thinkers have been taken by surprise and overwhelmed with chagrin at finding that their cherished ideas have been ages ago anticipated, has been often illustrated. If this be true of Grecian philosophy, how much more is it true of a philosophy that is many centuries older than Greece itself.

With the termination of the Dark Ages every form of human activity rushed hastily westward. Since then Europe has been rehabilitated, America has been created, and modern civilization, crossing the intervening seas, has found her limitations, in that there are no more worlds to conquer. A few years hence and modern civilization will find herself absolutely banked against the ancient civilization upon the borders of Western Asia. So far do they already touch that there begins to be a substantial intermingling.

With the recoil from the first contact there came to us marvellous accounts of much lost wisdom in the fastnesses of India. Much of it had perished, but there remained a remnant of no inconsiderable amount stored in the hands of an unapproachable caste and a peculiarly impenetrable social organization. The writer hereof is not an old man, but within his recollections China, India, Japan, and Africa have been rediscovered. What we are to gain from Africa remains to be seen; what we have gained from China and Japan is well known, but what we have gained from India cannot be well estimated. Once rich in gold, and now thoroughly despoiled of her material wealth, India remains, as she ever will remain, inexhaustibly rich in philosophy.

If it can be proven that the human race did not have its origin in that wonderful country, it must remain indisputable that India was the cradle of human thought. The transition of that thought to Egypt and Greece resulted in breaking its continuity, so that civilization forgot its origin. Brahminism and Buddhism, which in the main were but forms of philosophy, were for a long time fairly lost to the world. The reaction from mysticism to realism caused the world to discard the former or supplant it with a cruder mysticism which bore little relation to its predecessor. After the lapse of centuries the West has invaded the East, and by the rediscovery of the Indian religions has added immensely to the philosophical wealth of the present age. These religions are full of idealism as opposed to the materialism of the religions of the West. It is, in fact, their chief feature. The incorporation of their writings into our modern literature is coincident with a tendency in modern philosophy to return to its first estate.

It is not many years since Chunder Sen first came to London, bearing to the West the gospel of Buddhism in the special form and doctrines of the Bramo Somaj. His mission, no doubt, served to kindle the latent esotericism that was already deeply set in the heart of western philosophy. Theosophy, in its distinct character as a religio-philosophical system, has wrought a marvellous mission since it has entered the

domain of Christianity and attempted to return with interest the labors of Christian missionaries. In comparison it has accomplished a thousand times more than its rival. It has met with almost unparalleled success, considering that it has used neither the sword nor fire.

The fact is that the West was ripe for the invasion. Christianity, with all its excellences, did not quite satisfy. The speculations of Paul and James were a bit threadbare. They did not reach deep enough. Writers and thinkers were constantly coming to the front who seemed to be searching for a higher way. They knew little or nothing of eastern philosophy, but they plainly felt the need of something better than that which they possessed. For more than fifty years, in various forms and under diverse names, the West has shown a strong trend toward a development of the so-called supernatural. The chaos which naturally resulted from this genetic state has been somewhat lessened by grouping these various systems — if we may call them so — under the comprehensive title, *occultism*.

The author of "Zenith" is a born occultist. When she was but a child, with strong practical instinct, she was yet a dreamer. Generously endowed with the best of mental qualities, she has always possessed a highly developed imagination. This she has shown in her varied writings extending over many years. While engaged in the constant and exacting duties of the wife of a clergyman, quite unknown to others she dwelt apart from the world. One cannot imagine the thrill of joy given her when first she touched hands with theosophy. From that moment her knowledge of the world of thought so broadened and intensified that she found she was not alone in the world. When her eyes were truly opened she found the world, both seen and unseen, full of kindred souls. Out of the depth of her experience, much of which death has made bitter indeed, she has wrought that which is of inestimable value to the world.

Two years ago she gave as the product of her heart and pen the beautiful story, "Born of Flame." It may be the multitude have not read it. Thousands have, with great delight. The present book is somewhat larger and more pretentious in matter. In form it is a romance cast in the purest literary style, but in substance it is the embodiment of some of the profoundest philosophy of all the ages.

It would not be an easy task to classify Mrs. Peeke as a thinker. She is not a theosophist, much less a Buddhist, nor can she by any means be placed in the category of spiritualist. She is an occultist without any special qualification to the word. She believes in palmistry as devoutly as does any gypsy, in astrology as implicitly as ever did Paracelsus, and in communication with after-death existences as firmly as does any spiritist.

These beliefs are woven into a remarkably well-written romance. The story has no plot; there are no startling episodes or climaxes. With a modicum of realism it superabounds in that which to the

ordinary mind must seem wonderful. Ancient mysteries, occult forces, and supernatural agencies are unfolded and exhibited with a freedom that charms the reader if it does not convince him.

As may be surmised, science has very little place in Mrs. Peeke's system of thought. She does not cast it aside — she simply ignores it. She has, however, borrowed a very vital fact of science and made it the groundwork of her philosophy. That fact is *vibration*; and she is entitled to much praise for the skilful method by which she has woven it into her occultism. Everything in the mental, moral, and spiritual spheres finds in the laws of vibration a perfect solution. With her is no more mystery. The profoundest questions of all time are happily settled by the law of vibration, and all mysteries are unlocked by this key. Life, death, the human soul, time, eternity, God, and immortality are looked at with undazzled eyes from the high vantage ground of vibratory law.

The author teaches the existence of certain adepts or masters, who by a process of evolution have reached a degree so that "They project themselves to any distance, read and interchange thoughts across mountains, send solid substances through ether, heal diseases by a thought wave, or step into a world of disembodied spirits as easily as we step into the next room. Yet there is nothing supernatural about it, and if we would follow the law we could reach the same height of power and true life." This disclaimer, that "There is nothing supernatural about it," will hardly suffice to eradicate the line the reader will draw between ordinary phenomena and the marvellous accounts given in this book.

The writer is a Christian but not orthodox, a pagan but not unlettered, a philosopher without logic, a beholder of visions without dreaming, and an evolutionist without the aid of science. No one can read "Zenia, the Vestal" without profit.

T. P. WILSON, M. D.,

Professor in Cleveland Medical College.

EL NUEVO MUNDO.*

"*El Nuevo Mundo*" — The New World — is a wonderful poem, the writing of which marks the author, Louis James Block, as belonging preëminently to this new age, when truth is retold, relived, and *known* as never before. Sublime ideals, tender fancy, keen spiritual insight, strong, sturdy adherence to purpose, glowing hope, and a magnificent faith characterize this work of a true poet.

The book opens with an eloquent dedication to the women of America who, in the large spiritual sense which the author intends, represent the universal womanly, the womanly element in mankind, which ever looks forward, leaps onward, and loves divinely.

* "El Nuevo Mundo." By Louis James Block. Pp. 95; cloth. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Nay, we are not deceived; no lampless night
Glooms round the world and hope with its despair.

Thought, winged, rises into regions fair
Where is the dominant, all-transfiguring light.
Faith has revealed the heart of love aright.

* * * *

Unshattered on the heavenward looking hill
The marble splendor fronts the sunrise still.
The blue-eyed goddess smiles, and turns her unveiled shield
Upon the invading bands who strew the smoking field.

So is told the story of humanity, and the birth and growth of human liberty, from creation's morning to the present. Parallel with the darker side of earth's evolving, runs the story of the dawn and progress of soul light, and like a gleaming thread of gold, it throws into bright relief the woven figures on the varied pattern of human history. This spiritual vein, with its luminous revealings and unfaltering hope, makes Mr. Block a prophet as well as a poet, a sage as well as a prophet. He discerns the need, the remedy, and the triumph of every epoch. His song is full of majesty and truth.

Firm in the heart of men an impulse strong
Was need to grasp the earth and to prolong
Their nobler life about its curving sides, absorb
Its spheréd secret, and command the obedient orb.

* * * *

Then freedom might forever build its home
Upon that conquest, and the very stars
Rising from out the infinite dark, thrust bars
Away from their best knowing, and the dome
Of heaven hold no more mystery, and to roam
From light to light, the gradual truth become
The joy of search, feeling on the brow the foam
And wind of thought's great ocean, where the dumb
Forth-reachings of the past
Fruition find at last.

One orb being solved, the distant maze and hum
Of worlds whose multitude had dared to numb
The earlier gropings, rise in ordered song,
Repeating the one story. From the strong
Desire of the great ages leaps, divine and mild,
The longed-for, mild-eyed goddess, fate's fate-slaying child.

As a work of art, the book might be compared to a stately temple, the epitome and culmination of a superb mental architecture. Its marble pillars, façades and arches, its lofty domes and turrets, its windows many-hued and jewel-like, its grand proportions, rise before the mind's eye sun-kissed and glorious with the light of the new *Renaissance*. One more glance at this grand Parthenon so grandly reared, and we are done. The reader must enter the edifice himself, and further study its marvellous beauty.

And supreme thought, who calls the world her own,
And passes things and life in full review,
And gains the old truth that is ever new,
Freedom's best guide and counsellor hath grown;

There are no fields which her seed hath not sown,
 There are no heights which her feet may not climb,
 There are no dreams which must not hers be known,
 There are no glooms for her in any time;
 Arranger of all life
 And mistress over strife,
 She sets the stars in melody and rhyme,
 And makes the periods with each other chime;
 Pouring her hopes into the dark recesses
 Threading her way through the vague wildernesses,
 She fashions, rules, designs, and dwells within the light
 Which is the heart of hearts and very sight of sight.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING.*

This book is in substance a plan for the extension of private credit by means of mutual banking concerns, and is designed to furnish a supplemental currency at time of need which will prevent panic. The author evidently believes it could entirely supplant not only national banknotes, but also all other currency, and reduce interest to a very low point. A careful reading of the book leads us to believe that it is a practicable scheme, provided the natural conservatism of business men can be overcome. There is no good reason why the principle of mutual aid should not be carried out in banking as well as in building loan associations, insurance, and the like. The certificates of these banks would only be completely good among members of the associations, but these associations could be indefinitely extended, till by their weight and influence the certificates of any association would pass in every trade, because there would be a desire to secure the trade of its members. To all those who are studying the question of banks and money this little book will be worth while.

MONEY FOUND.†

"Money Found," by Thomas E. Hill, also published by Charles H. Kerr, Chicago, is the opposite of Mr. Van Ornum's plan. It is the extreme of nationalism. It is government banking, and meets the usual objection in my mind, that it infers something supernaturally honest in "government." I don't quite know what to do about those government bankers, and those three thousand postmasters handling all that money. There are grave objections to be urged against this plan, as against the sub-treasury plan. It is presented in a superficial way, but is suggestive, and like all such schemes will appeal to those who have large faith in "government."

It is to be observed that Mr. Hill at any rate has no conception of the underlying cause of inequality—unequal ownership of the earth. Granting the success of his plan, supposing it would reduce interest, *it would*

* "Co-operative Banking." By W. H. Van Ornum. Paper; pp. 58; price, 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

† "Money Found." By Thomas E. Hill. Paper; pp. 106; price, 25 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

raise rent, just as any other invention of wide utility does. It must be insisted, as General Weaver so well said, speaking before the World's Fair congress of single tax men: "The land question is, after all, the fundamental reform. These other reforms in money and railroads are necessary. They seem to me the ones to be most immediate, but without reform in our land system they are only patchwork. The man who owns the land holds the key to the situation."

Our nationalistic friends cannot be told too often that ground rent must be taken by the community, before any other reforms will fall to the benefit of the entire people; and our money reformers should consider General Weaver's wise and candid words, and look deeper if they would find the basic cause of inequality of condition.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH.*

In "Joseph Zalmonah," Mr. King has given us one of the best books of the season, a work which interests the serious reader from its opening chapter, and which awakens the best in man. If our civilization is to mount on the wings of progress, the careless indifference to the welfare and happiness of others which has characterized so many public acts, as well as marked the lives of so large a proportion of the money acquirers of our time, must give way to that magnificent love and sympathy for all living things which is the crown of the highest manhood. "Joseph Zalmonah" awakens our sympathies for the most friendless and, in a way, cruelly persecuted slaves in the world—the Russian-Jewish refugee slaves of the sweater. Our nation has been brutal in its treatment of the Indian, callous in its conscience when justice cried for the black man, unjust to the yellow man; and now while our gates are open to the refugees of Europe, our social system fosters slavery infinitely more cruel than were Southern slave drivers in the palmiest days of African slavery. It is difficult to conceive of a bondage more frightful than that pictured in this remarkable book; and the picture is doubtless an uncolored one of conditions as they actually exist in New York to-day, and not in New York alone, but in all great cities of the New World.

That the author can so deeply interest the reader in the fate of a class which has been regarded with cruel contempt, even by our civilization, and which heretofore has been far oftener misrepresented and caricatured than treated in a serious manner, is a tribute to his power as a truthful delineator of human life, and also shows anew that in manhood is something divine, something more powerful than prejudice or selfishness in its influence. It is to awaken and call into active life this divine spark in the human heart that the great reform agencies at the present time are working. This book will assist materially in this important work.

B. O. FLOWER.

* "Joseph Zalmonah: A novel." By Edward King. Pp. 365; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

DEAREST.*

This novel will please the lovers of the old-fashioned, conventional love stories. "Cinderella" and "Jane Eyre" serve for the skeleton around which Mrs. Forrester builds her story; and if the reader will resurrect these tales from the dusty corners of memory's chamber he will have a fair conception of the story of "Dearest." The interest is carried along two lines — Ralph and the governess, and poor little Eve, tormented by her mother and her proud and pretty sister, but finally securing the love of a nobleman. In the end all parties are made happy, as is the wont with stories of this character. The novel is thoroughly conventional — a love story pure and simple. Its atmosphere is pure; it is not so exciting as to be unhealthy, and yet for those who enjoy the conventional love story the interest is well sustained.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.†

A unique little book, written by Ota Masayoshi, has recently appeared, entitled "Japanese Proverbs." It is a charming work and exceedingly interesting, showing as it does how near to us in thought are the dwellers in this wonderful little empire across the Pacific. Here are two of the maxims or proverbs: "Repay malice with kindness." "Trouble proceeds from the mouth." The book will well repay reading.

FURTHER CRITICISMS OF "IT IS POSSIBLE."‡

I.

While every literary or didactic work should in a certain sense conceal the author's personality, yet its influence upon the reading (and thinking) world is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the author and book are one. Especially is this true of the "novel with a purpose" — and because of the unfortunate fact that the gift of expression does not always go hand in hand with deep conviction or true knowledge. The writer of these few words is in a position to whisper into the ears of those who have not been blessed by personal intercourse or the friendship of the author of "It Is Possible," that the story is such only in the mere garb and action of her brain children. While healthfully and sweetly and truly flesh and blood, yet are the characters but the rehabilitation of spiritual facts lived and observed by a true woman. It is this that gives her the right to say "*It Is Possible*." And it is this which gives the book a power far beyond its indirect purpose as a mere story.

But what is it that is possible which the story reveals? That the kingdom of heaven is within, and that *its recognition is the kingdom*,

* "Dearest." A novel. By Mrs. Forrester. Cloth; pp. 376; price, \$1.25. Published by Tait & Co., Union Square, New York.

† "Japanese Proverbs." By Ota Masayoshi. Cloth; price, 75 cents. Address the author, P. O. Box 1956, San Francisco, Cal.

‡ "It Is Possible." By Helen Van-Anderson. Arena Publishing Company, 1893.

and that with this conscious knowledge comes power—the power over self and over the outer world—and that love is the key to it all. “But we have known this before.” No! Even now we are but grasping that tremendous knowledge with uncertain hand. It was this theme which burned in her soul which demanded utterance. And it is the variations of this mighty theme which are at the bottom of so much splendid and promising restlessness of our day.

Mrs. Van-Anderson is a natural story teller, with fine literary discrimination in her art. The dramatic interest of the story is not allowed to flag, nor is it ever preserved at the expense of spontaneity of development. The verbal dress well suits its actors and events. The final page leaves us in a spiritual exaltation similar to that which is so peculiarly and admittedly a result of the author's personal ministrations.

“It Is Possible” is a literary flower out of the field of the new thought. The worthy peer of “Edward Burton” and “Amore,” like them it insists upon the evanescence of error and does not make it the centre of interest nor the essential foundation of the art structure. The story is *real*, but not in the abominable sense of the word *realistic*. The real is the eternally true and good and beautiful, and to prove their reality is the wholesome mission of “It Is Possible.”

It was night! The world was dreaming in its troubled sleep.

It is morning. A glad new day breaks on the weary sleepers. A little child, with sparkling eyes and refreshing vigor, comes upon the scene.

“Awake!” she cries. “It is morning. The sun is high and bright. Wake! Come and see!”

The morning song of the child is the jubilee of the world, for the world is awake.

JOSEPH SINGER

II.

At-one-ment with the divine image within one's self can alone bring the “peace which passeth all understanding.” All the energies of our being, directed toward the development of that image, will make of each of us his own saviour, and thus the Christ within becomes the atonement for sin.

Here is the whole scheme of salvation in a few words, the truth which all the religious teachings of all the ages have hinged upon; yet mortal minds and human intellects have so distorted and misrepresented it, zealous bigots and half-mad ascetics have so hedged it about with misconceptions, that the world has groped in darkness for ages without grasping it. Now and then an illuminated soul, with a childlike trust and angelic intuition, has found and preached it, to be hooted at and condemned for heterodoxy. But in these latter days many are venturing to “speak that they do know and testify to that they have seen,” and their words begin to command respect.

The author of “It Is Possible” has set forth this doctrine in a clear and attractive form. To the average reader, even, it is a pleasant story of not-at-all-impossible people, while to one who is searching for light

on Christian science, mental healing, or, best of all, healing by and through the power of spirit, the book is a revelation.

The first step toward the attainment of knowledge of the truth that makes one free, is a broad conception of the Great Over-Soul; the second, a true idea of boundless spirit. No matter how these conceptions are framed into words; no matter, indeed, if they are never orally expressed, the moment one has grasped them, and made them his own, the work of cultivation of spiritual gifts and the use of spiritual activities will begin.

In this book of Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson's, the child, Mary, seems to have been born with the intuitive knowledge which Carol reaches only by patient study and perseverance, and by becoming a willing instrument to be used for universal good, instead of leaning on any individual for love, comfort, or satisfaction. The story of the two girls, their struggles, loves, and triumphs, their work and influence on all who are connected with them, is well and simply told, and the meaning of religion made so plain that he who runs may read. JULIA A. DAWLEY.

SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD.*

Positive and undeniable evidence demonstrates the realm of spirit or mind to be a real and attractive world, a sphere long thought to exist by many to whom its truths have been intangible. Those who dwell within its borders have found a great and abiding peace, likened only to that depth of ocean whose calm no storms disturb. Many have reached this haven, and others are desirous of mastering the laws which govern entrance. To the latter class, this unpretentious but helpful little book may appeal.

Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, an acknowledged leader among the Christian scientists of the West, observes in the introduction:—

Lionel Beale told Joseph Cook that what is now wanted is something to upset natural law. By "natural law" he meant the procession of undesirable phenomena to which our race seems to be subjected. What shall upset disease, starvation, hatred, pain, old age, death, save the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, that maketh free from the law of sin and death"? We speak what our world has long felt, viz., that we hunger and thirst for peace and safety, for health and sweet life, and realize that the methods so long in practice have signally failed to bring them. I can set to my seal that "Spiritual Law in the Natural World" contains the stepping stones to every attainment the heart aspires to. It is sure to heal you if you read it—heal you of pain, of physical disease, of feebleness, of indeterminate will, of faltering by the wayside of your human walk. It will uplift, and cheer, and inspire you, and this is the mission of a good book. H. C. F.

THE RED MAN'S GREETING.†

This tiny booklet, called forth by our Columbian anniversary, is seasonable, and in its rusticity characteristic of the child of the forest.

* "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." By H. M. Stowe (Eleve). Pp. 192; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Purdy Publishing Company, 169-170 Madison Street, Chicago.

† "The Red Man's Greeting." By Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawattamie Indians. Published by C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

Printed upon white birch bark, in its natural state, is an account of the cruel betrayal of this hunted race, dating from the advent of the white man to these shores up to the present time.

The author is sixty-three years of age, of pure Indian descent, has profited by a fair English education, and is the acknowledged chief, by the United States, of the "Pokagon Pottawattamie Band." His father was chief of the band forty-two years, and signed a number of important treaties with the United States.

The son has journeyed many times to Washington to insist on the fulfilment of the promise of one million dollars of compensation, made to his father. After laborious years of weary waiting, fraught with wearing anxiety, and ever battling with heartless antagonism, he has succeeded at different times in obtaining payments in part, but the entire debt is not nearly cancelled. One reads with unutterable sadness this voicing of the outraged spirit of a race, eloquent in its pathos, yet entirely free from wild vindictiveness. He says:—

In behalf of my people, the American Indians, I hereby declare to you, the pale-faced race that has usurped our lands and homes, that we have no spirit to celebrate with you the great Columbian Fair now being held in this Chicago city, the wonder of the world. No; sooner would we hold high joy-day over the graves of our departed fathers than to celebrate our own funeral, the discovery of America. And while you who are strangers, and you who live here, bring the offerings of the handiwork of your own lands, and your hearts in admiration rejoice over the beauty and grandeur of this young republic, and you say, "Behold the wonders wrought by our children in this foreign land," do not forget that this success has been at the sacrifice of *our* homes, and a once happy race. . . .

But alas! the pale-faces came by chance to our shores, many times very needy and hungry. We nursed and fed them,—fed the ravens that were soon to pluck out our eyes, and the eyes of our children. . . . Turkey-like they gobbled in our ears, "Give us gold, give us gold. Where find you gold?" We gave for promises and gewgaws all the gold we had, and showed them where to dig for more. To repay us, they robbed our homes of our fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters; some were forced across the sea for slaves in Spain, while multitudes were dragged into the mines to dig for gold, and held in slavery there until all who escaped not, died under the lash of the cruel task-master. It finally passed into their history that "The red man of the West, unlike the black man of the East, will die before he'll be a slave." Our hearts were crushed by such base ingratitude and, as the United States has now decreed, "No Chinaman shall land upon our shores," so we then felt that no such barbarians as they should land on *ours*. . . .

Nor was this all. They brought among us fatal diseases our fathers knew not of. Our medicine-men tried in vain to check the deadly plague; but they themselves died, and our people fell as fall the leaves before the autumn's blast. To be just we must acknowledge there were some good men with these strangers, who gave their lives for ours, and in great kindness taught us the revealed will of the Great Spirit through his Son Jesus. . . .

You say of us that we are treacherous, vindictive, and cruel. In answer to the charge, we declare to all the world with our hands uplifted before high heaven that before the white man came among us, we were kind, outspoken, and forgiving. Our real character has been misunderstood, because we have resented the breaking of treaties made with the United States, as we honestly understood them. Our sad history has been told by weeping parents to their children from generation to generation, and as the fear of the fox in the duckling is hatched, so the wrongs we have suffered are transmitted to our children, and they look upon the white man with distrust as

soon as they are born. Hence our worst acts of cruelty should be viewed by all the world with Christian charity as being but the echo of bad treatment dealt out to us.

This wail of anguish from a fast vanishing people is a justifiable complaint. It seems that our nation's record of shame, inflicted torture, bloodshed, and sweeping despoliation, can only as a natural sequence be followed by such a cataclism of horrors as will draw our people into its dark vortex and for a period overwhelm us. The aborigines have ever been notable for their inborn poetic and oratorical powers. A bit of literature so clearly indicative of this phase of their natures, is worthy of careful preservation.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

BOOK CHAT.

Among the interesting and valuable works recently issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company of New York are the following:—

SLEEP AND DREAMS.*

This is a book easy to read and not difficult to digest. It is written for popular use. While it makes no large demands upon the knowledge of the laity, it will not be an unwelcome contribution to the science of the mind. Sleep, its Cause and its Phenomena, Dreams, Sleeplessness and its Prevention, and the Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams, are the subjects treated. It is indeed easy to follow the author, as he tells us in the introduction:—

You need not fear that I shall conduct you along the dizzy heights of speculation or into the abyss of metaphysics. No, we will remain on the well-made road, and the ascent will not be difficult. And we will not confine ourselves to enjoying the beautiful view, but like the energetic collector who fills his box with useful fruits, we will bring home some things from our excursion—some good lessons which shall have the merit, so highly esteemed nowadays, of being "practical," good, sensible receipts for household use!

HUMANICS.†

This new book is full of ideas, written in plain language, "to bring out the likeness of man and the substance of things." In some of his remarks the author will undoubtedly be found open to unfavorable criticism, while many of his contributions to moral and social ethics will be found calculated to convince as well as to instruct, are of high merit, and provide hundreds of apt quotations. These contributions will be found of especial use as an incentive to thought, and inspiring

* "Sleep and Dreams; A Scientific Popular Dissertation." From the German of Dr. Friedrich Scholz, Director of the Bremen Insane Asylum. By H. M. Jewett. Also "The Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams." By Milo A. Jewett, M. D., Assistant Superintendent of Danvers (Mass.) Lunatic Hospital. Bound in one volume. Cloth; pp. 148; price, 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

† "Humanics, Comments, Aphorisms, and Essays. Touches of Shadow and Light, to Bring out the Likeness of Man and Substance of Things." By John Staples White. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 250; price, \$1. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

for those whose profession calls for constant exercise or study in sociology, moral philosophy, etc. The following partial list will serve to indicate the range of subjects treated: Animal, Civilization, Consciousness, Death, Evolution, Faith, Genius, God, Heaven, Happiness, Human Nature, Humanity, Humbug, Immorality, Knowledge, Language, Law, Love, Man, Mind, Money, Nature, People, Politics, Reputation, Sensation, Sentiment, Self-conceit, Sin, Skepticism, Slander, Society, Soul, Speculation, Spirit, Style, Trade, Whiskey, Will, Woman, Work, etc.

The price of the book will be well invested in a copy by any interested, thinking reader, and especially is it suitable for use on the centre-table, where an occasional glance at its contents by one and another will be apt to secure interest, excite comment, and do good service.

INDEPENDENCE: A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.*

This story covers a period of forty years, from the real inception of the struggle for independence to its triumph—a thrilling narrative. Pen pictures of the great struggles of our forefathers are given with painstaking fidelity to truth. During these struggles the great majority of the common people in England were undoubtedly in sympathy with the Americans, and the author has done well in this lively narrative to give prominence to the parts taken in behalf of American independence by many noble foreigners, among whom were Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb, De Barre, Duplesses, De Fleury, and other Frenchmen; and Pitt, Fox, Burke, Barre, and other Englishmen.

The following titles of chapters from the table of contents in the book are supplemented at the end of the volume by a historical index occupying twelve pages: Rugby Tavern; Stamps, Tea, and Chains; First Blood of the Revolution; Flora McDonald; Royalty Repulsed; The Doctrine of Freedom; The Hessian; Washington and Lafayette; Burgoyne's Campaign; Brandywine; The Horrors of Valley Forge; Monmouth; Wyoming and Cherry Valley; Sir Arthur at Camden; The Traitor; Hope and Despair; The Sword of Cornwallis, etc.

No American home should be without a copy of this book, which is certainly one of the most absorbing of this admirable series of historical novels, full of action, and as truthful as its recital is startling.

The illustrations are all beautiful and the letter-press is exceedingly good.

As in the preceding volumes, this book contains a romance interwoven with the history, which, while not objectionable to the student, will charm its readers, young and old.

*The Columbian Historical Novels, Vol. IX., "Independence: A Story of the American Revolution." By John R. Musick. Illustrated with eight full-page half-tone engravings and fourteen other illustrations, by F. A. Carter. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 480; gold stamps, etc.; price, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

OUT OF THE SUNSET SEA.*

A dozen years ago, on the publication of "A Fool's Errand," the literary world awoke to the fact that an author of unique and exceptional power had appeared. At a time when literary art demanded the utmost detail of figure with an absolute neglect of background or relief, he has persisted in the view that a life separated from its background of cause and environment is essentially false and often unreal because of its distorted realism. For this reason, the books which bear his name have a flavor of verity which none can resist. Not only are his characters living human essences, but the very time in which they live, lives with them in his pages. They have been called "novels for men" and are, indeed, the lives of men, colored and shaped by the general life or prevailing sentiment of the time. Whether as an artistic principle his literary method is correct or not, it furnished an admirable preparation for the writing of an historical novel of the highest character, the life of the Columbian epoch as seen and told by a young Englishman of that day, writing fifty years afterward.

The illustrations show a pencil as true to nature and character as the author's pen. The conjunction of author and artist in the persons of father and daughter, gives a peculiar interest to a work which is unquestionably destined to universal favor.

POEMS BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball of Cambridge and Chicago have in press Hamlin Garland's first book of verse, entitled "Prairie Songs." The appearance of the volume is impatiently awaited, for it is sure to be a novelty. Mr. Garland has a felicity in the description of western scenes which is truly exceptional. He pictures the prairie landscape as no one else has ever done, and he takes a place in our literary history as the first realistic novelist who has taken his whole inspiration from the West. The verses soon to be published have—many of them—appeared in the magazines, and they are always striking from their peculiarly strong combination of realism and poetry. They are sure to be largely read and widely circulated.

A NEW WORK BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball also announce a new work by Joaquin Miller, "The City Beautiful." It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our time, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature. We speak from knowledge, having had the privilege of reading the manuscript now in press. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

"Out of the Sunset Sea." By Albion W. Tourgee, with illustrations by his daughter. Cloth; pp. 462; price, \$1.75. Published by Merrill & Baker, 74 Fifth Avenue, New York.

D. Lothrop Company's new works merit the attention of our readers. They have issued several books of special value, among which we mention the following:—

OSCAR PETERSON.

One of the best and most absorbing books of the year for boys, is "Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger," by Henry Willard French. The author's previous book, "The Lance of Kanana," was an evidence of his fine style and good English, with a descriptive and adventurous quality in the makeup of the story that at once made him take front rank as a writer for boys, who are nothing if not voracious in this direction.

"Oscar Peterson" is the best book for boys issued for years. It is more than that; it is the pioneer in the great field of American literature of this kind, with the far West as the scene.

HELPS BY THE WAY.

An exquisite edition of that favorite year book, "Helps by the Way," is prepared as a memorial to Bishop Brooks, and contains his portrait and autograph in a beautiful photogravure frontispiece. There are many of the best utterances from the sermons of Phillips Brooks, also selections from other famous writers. These all received the sanction of the bishop, who wrote the introduction. An *edition de luxe* is printed on parchment paper, antique style, and bound in full parchment with antique decorations in gold, also in heavy white or black corded silk, antique style, and with antique decorations.

WHITTIER WITH THE CHILDREN.

Margaret Sidney has contributed a new and very valuable addition to literature in the study of Whittier in connection with childhood. The book is written with the simplicity of a child in its directness; personal, with that delicate aroma that yields the living atmosphere, meanwhile keeping the writer in the background. "Whittier with the Children" was all written from intimate personal friendship, and from choice family reminiscences.

LITTLE PAUL AND THE FRISBIE SCHOOL.

Boys who were entertained by the story of the Frisbie school and "Rob" will be glad to be made further acquainted with the institution by Margaret Sidney's latest story, "Little Paul and the Frisbie School." Little Paul, the hero, is one of the most winsome of the many boy creations of the author.

FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN.

A most fascinating little book is a thin square volume, bound very artistically in sage green and pale blue, on "Figure Drawing for Children" by Caroline Hunt Rimmer.

BRENTANO'S INVITING LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Brentano's list of new books for the fall season includes: "How to Keep Young" by Dr. James E. Kelly, a popular treatise on the preservation of youth and vigor by the constant exercise of all the faculties, mental and physical, and the harmonizing of surroundings; "Love in Letters," a collection of love letters of famous men and women, compiled by Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, and illustrated by Frank M. Gregory with etched portraits of the Countess Guiccioli, Lady Hamilton, Abigail Adams, Abélard and Heloise, Sophie Monnier, and the Empress Joséphine. Among the men represented in the series are Napoleon, Franklin, Mirabeau, Byron, and Lincoln; five new volumes in the dainty "Petite Library" — Wagner, Weber, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn; a new book on whist, "Modern Scientific Whist," by Mr. C. D. P. Hamilton, an acknowledged authority on the game, whom "Cavendish" has declared one of the best players now living; Foster's "Duplicate Whist," an exhaustive treatise on the methods and strategy of the game; "The Third Alarm," by James L. Ford, a book for boys dealing with the New York Fire Department, its workings and organization. This story, which has been illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory, it is expected, will make for itself an enduring place in the hearts of the young; reprints of "The Doll and her Friends" and "The Memoirs of a London Doll," by Mrs. Fairstar, two old favorites that reigned supreme fifty years ago as standard juveniles in England and America, and which have been illustrated by Mr. Gregory; "How to Buy a Horse, with Hints on Shoeing and Stable Management," by Pelagius, an eminently practical short treatise on the noblest of all animals; a new volume in their series of translations from foreign authors, to contain the stories from the German that won the first prize in Brentano's Competition for Translations from Foreign Languages, and new editions of the "Baby's Biography;" "A Nihilist Princess," by M. L. Gagneur; "Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims," by Henri Pène du Bois; and several new, inexpensive editions of Heitman's postage stamp albums.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"OUT OF THE SUNSET SEA," by Albion W. Tourgee. Cloth; pp. 462; price, \$1.75. Published by Merrill & Baker, 74 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"MASSES AND CLASSES: A Study of Industrial Conditions in England," by Henry Tuckley. Cloth; pp. 179; price, 90 cents. Published by Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati, O.

"I, MYSELF," by James Logan Gordon. Cloth; pp. 85; price, \$1. Published by the Little-Book Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

"EL NUEVO MUNDO," by Louis James Block. Cloth, pp. 95. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"NOT ANGELS QUITE," by Nathan Haskell Dole. Cloth; pp. 327; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"LARRY," by Amanda M. Douglas. Cloth; pp. 242; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PAULA PERRIS," by Mary Farley Sanborn. Cloth; pp. 276; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PLEASURE AND PROGRESS," by Albert M. Lorentz, LL. B. Paper; pp. 398; price, 50 cents. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"BIRCH-ROD DAYS AND OTHER POEMS," by William C. Jones. Cloth; pp. 266. Published by American Publishers' Association, Chicago, Ill.

"FOR FIFTY YEARS," by Edward E. Hale. Cloth; pp. 133; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"TASKS BY TWILIGHT," by Abbot Kinney. Cloth; pp. 211. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"THE NEW THOUGHT," "A Journal of Spiritualism in its Higher Aspects." Published by Moses Hull & Company, 29 Chicago Terrace, Corner Crawford-Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"THIRD HAND HIGH," by W. N. Murdock. Paper; pp. 254; price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"POPULAR PERILS," Cabin Home Papers, by Leonard Brown. Paper; pp. 200; price, 50 cents. Published by George A. Miller, Printer and Binder, Des Moines, Iowa.

"PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS: THE SATISFACTION OF HUMAN WANT," by Grover Pease Osburne. Cloth; pp. 447; price, \$2. Published by Robert Clarke & Company, Cincinnati, O.

"OSCAR PETERSON," by Henry Willard French. Cloth; pp. 380; price, \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS," by Frederick A. Ober. Cloth; pp. 515; price, \$2.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"MEDICO-LEGAL STUDIES," by Clark Bell, Esq. Cloth; pp. 204. Published by the Medico-Legal Journal, 57 Broadway, New York.

"SPARKING IN THE DARK," by Dr. J. A. Houser. Paper; pp. 63; price, 15 cents. Published by Vincent Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"MRS. CURGENVEN OF CURGENVEN," by S. Baring-Gould. Cloth; pp. 368; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"GEOFFREY HAMSTEAD," by Thomas Stinson Jarvis. Paper; pp. 378; price, 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE KE WHONKUS PEOPLE," by John O. Greene. Cloth; pp. 426. Published by Vincent Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

"JOSEPH ZALMONAH," A Novel, by Edward King. Cloth; pp. 365. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"EVERYBODY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER," by Dorothy Q. Cloth, pp. 58. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

"ELEMENTS OF LIFE INSURANCE," by Miles Menander Dawson. Cloth, pp. 153. Published by the Independent Printing and Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

"DR. PERDUE," by Stinson Jarvis. Paper; pp. 397; price, 50 cents. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

"FIVE DOZEN FANCIES," by Charles B. Morrell. Cloth, pp. 150. Published by Earhart & Richardson, Printers, Cincinnati, O.

"BIBLICAL ESCHATOLOGY," by Henry Theodore Cheever, D. D. Cloth, pp. 241; price, paper, \$1; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"BROTHERS AND STRANGERS," by Agnes Blake Poor. Cloth; pp. 321; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"THE EASIEST WAY IN HOUSEKEEPING AND COOKING," by Helen Campbell. Cloth, pp. 293; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1894.

OUR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Chat about Some of the Good Things in Store for the Readers of Our Review.

The Ascent of Life: or, Psychological Laws and Forces in Nature.

THE above work will prove so unique and valuable a contribution to the philosophical and scientific discussion of *man in search of his soul*, that we have felt it due to our readers to give a somewhat elaborate description of the work.

In issuing this work to the world, we are aware that it is the most peculiar one within our knowledge. Even if some of the author's deductions may afterwards be found to be partially incorrect, the work will still stand as a monumental contribution to modern thought. But allowing, as the author himself does, the chance of its containing some partial inaccuracies, we are of opinion that the educated public will endorse the work from beginning to end. It is altogether an appeal to the reason. With the exception of the facts given in reference to the experiments, the whole book is intended to be put interrogatively—even when, as the author says, his own conviction leads him to speak with certainty; so that, even if some deductions be found to be in part erroneous, the author's judgment is protected by his avoidance of all dogmatizing and by his friendly request that the reader shall come with him, both as companion and critic, to join in this search for knowledge in a hitherto trackless region.



STINSON JARVIS.

Yet the modesty with which his views are issued only increases the reader's appreciation of the boldness that was required to promulgate them in any shape. We remember no work in which a writer has more completely disregarded prejudice in order to win or give truth. It is true that it is only the prejudice of the uninformed which he has to face, but yet this is and has always been the greatest boggy that has stood in the way of original thought. The announcements which his own scientific experiments in the region of psychic laws and forces enable him to make, and the deductions necessarily arising therefrom, combine to produce a work in which extreme originality and convincing continuity of thought appear in almost every line.

Somewhere in the work is this sentence: "What is opinion, or any centuries of opinion, worth—what is any man's thought worth, unless it leaps into the heart as a truth?" and it is evident that not only in this but in his previous works this text has been before the author. It must have been with him throughout his life, for otherwise he could never have been able to produce this work and sufficiently pare down, skim off, discard, or gather up the world's best findings in regard to science, religions, and social life. The reader feels that the writer expects him to have all the latest findings on these subjects at his finger-ends, and yet the expressed desire for extreme simplicity has culminated in a wording such as any schoolboy may understand. Indeed, in this short and very condensed treatise, the writer is too much occupied in bringing extraordinarily mysterious facts of nature within the comprehension of readers to risk any obscurity in his own words. His aim is to banish mystery, as far as may be—not create it. In a letter to us he says he has "none of the evident purpose of some great writers, to suggest literary godhead by mysterious hiding in clouds of verbiage."

The work, therefore, may be termed a first chart of an untravelled region—vague, it may be, in some localities, with the shores but dimly outlined—but with many hitherto unproved realities surely and certainly defined, and thus, as a whole, making us far richer than when we possessed no chart at all.

It commences in a conversational way with a simple description of a series of experiments in psychic phenomena which prove beyond any doubt the existence of the human soul, and also many of its almost incredible powers. As a barrister who has practised for many years in the courts of law, and largely in the criminal courts, the author is well aware of the values, or lack of values, attached to human testimony; and he therefore asks for no further credence beyond that which will be sufficient to put others in the same channels of scientific inquiry. Several times in the text he assures us that almost any man, with suitable media, can find out exactly the same things for himself.

There is a total absence of mystery about the work—in fact it is clear in several places that the author even dreads the idea that a desire for mystery or peculiarity may be imputed to him. And it is partly in the convincing frankness with which he endeavors to remove all idea of the supernatural, and to explain every necessary item, that he wins the reader. For the sake of publishing discoveries which will undoubtedly advance to an enormous extent the cause of truth and the knowledge of the world, he is obliged, with strangers, to partly place reputation at stake. On this point his boldness for truth's sake is much to be commended.

After explaining how in human beings there are media by which thought transference can without words be made complete, he proceeds to show how similar abilities obtain in a lesser degree throughout the animal kingdom, and how this capacity for receiving wordless enlightenment is one method by which all life is assisted towards its progress into ascending grades. It shows how, wherever there is a mind, a sensorium, even down to the most primitive ganglion, there is the ability through its immaterial correspondences of gaining such intuitive impressions as are necessary for its welfare or advance. He shows how it is through these necessary demands of the sensorium in its immaterial correspondences that such enormous delays have occurred in the development of high grades of life and intellect upon this globe; and also that all advances are owing to the workings of the same processes, thus also explaining the rapid separation of man's

grade from the lower planes of life after thought and invention commenced to multiply through the conscious and determined effort of brain and soul.

Throughout the work, Stinson Jarvis confines his methods to the limits which strict science requires. When a conjecture is made, he openly states it to be conjecture. The reader follows in a charmed way—not asked to believe anything, but only to reason, and led on from one acceptable and totally new thought to another, until he is gradually brought into comprehension of a scheme of life such as never before has been published—so vast, so magnificent, so simple, that one's thanks are felt to be due for its portrayal.

Mr. Jarvis insists that the strictest science must extend its own methods into immaterial regions. He does this himself. He gives an aid to the science of evolution such as it has not enjoyed since Darwin died. In fact, while carrying it on, he satisfactorily explains the ascent of life on the great point where Darwin was entirely in the dark—or, in other words, he takes up the thread where the great naturalist dropped it, and carries it further. He quotes Huxley to prove that he is justified by science itself in advancing scientific methods in the way he does towards the discovery of the soul attributes and the proper study and acceptance of religion. A number of simple facts are marshalled to show in a cogent way that life (soul) is in part vibration, and thus is governed by vibratory laws; and the most beautiful portion of the work is the exposition of the part that music plays in nature—music being the language of the soul's phases, any one of which is producible by the music that is the language of such phase.

It would be impossible to give here a synopsis of the work, because it is itself a synopsis—of everything—condensed far too much for the reader, who is made hungry on one thought and then rushed on to the next. While scientific in its proofs of realities, the book is deeply religious. It does not collide with any religion; neither does it in any way offend the high priests of science. It takes a new and further ground for both.

While showing that life (soul) is in part vibration, the psychic phenomena as exhibited in the experiments are followed in the examination of their effects throughout all human intercourse, and that of the sexes, including the extraordinary results in nature's sacrament of marriage. Every living thing in nature is subject to and controlled by vibratory laws. Thus every living thing must conform to these. "Acquiescence is a song; prohibition produces a dirge; refusal means discord, despair, madness." The evolution into the spiritual life by natural means is beautifully traced through the teaching of love through marriage; and the spiritual life (the latest and highest known grade of life), is shown to be just as much a part of nature as the life of a worm.

In this work nature is shown to be all one huge symmetrical whole, with no jumps or chasms anywhere; and the work culminates in tracing the natural evolution of the animal man into the spiritual one. We do not think that any book ever published has gone so far towards *actual proof* of a life after human death; and yet the writer confines himself strictly to existing facts. It is the gladdest, most hope-giving production that we know of. After its perusal there can be no more necessity for agnosticism. It might be a fairly good subtitle for the work to add, "Or the Agnostic in Heaven." Not that the writing approves of agnosticism—on the contrary, it shows that this must mean continued suffering. It merely indicates the path of true happiness—that which has brought joy to every living thing when in its own grade it has lived in accordance with the laws which were at that time the appropriate ones.

It claims that the spiritual man discards those things, whether allowable or disallowed by society, which check the advance of the spiritual life — not always because the impediment is sin, but perhaps because it partakes of that which was once idealized, sought, acquired, enjoyed, found tiring, discarded, and therefore now an absurdity. The doctrine here advanced for the first time of the continual seeking, acquiring, and discarding of continually ascending ideals contains a wide observation of human life. The individuality knows happiness in the seeking and conquest of an ideal. But we are intended to move continually on; and after satiation that which at one time seemed so much a real fact is nothing but a *mirage* of the past. In our passage through life there are, strictly speaking, no facts — that is to say, an ideal ahead seems like a fact, but after it has been fully utilized, one sees that it was only a useful *mirage*. The ascent of the ideals is, therefore, the natural upward path to the Ultimate Ideal. Since this work went to press we find that in the latest of the celebrated Hibbert Lectures, delivered in England, some very similar ideas were put forward — the subject of the lecture being “God, the Source of the Ideals.”

Where ideas are condensed to a line which ought to take a chapter, where the paragraphs bristle with new thoughts, and where the sketch of a stupendous system is compressed to the confines of one hundred and fifty pages, it is difficult to give any account which would be satisfactory either to the public or to the author. But in conclusion it may be said that this work supplies the proof (or rather puts people in the way of supplying themselves with proof) of that which a great number of educated people of to-day believe without demonstrable evidence. Stinson Jarvis has for himself evidently avoided with care any alliance with any sect or cult. He holds that these things are to be discovered by each one in himself, such information being acquired from others as may be possible.

We pass now from the above work to its author, feeling sure that some details concerning his life will be found interesting.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly produced an account of his life when it published his portrait after his winning the thousand-dollar prize awarded last year in Chicago for the best novel submitted; and we use our contemporary's account, together with notes collected by ourselves.

Stinson Jarvis belongs to a family that has been American for two hundred and thirty-seven years — since Stephen Jarvis, an English lawyer, settled at Huntingdon, L. I., in 1656. Prior to the last ten American generations, the family was English, and in the older country can be traced back to a distant period, the name having passed, as shown in the *Patronymica Britannica*, through different spellings to the Norman French, Gervaise, and through this to the original Latin, Gervasius. In the “Jarvis Family Book,” which has been forwarded to us for inspection, are found many eminent men, and also the steel engravings made from their extant pictures. We here find reprinted many interesting records and wills of the family which are more than two centuries old, stretching back as far as 1668. We find them conveying their slaves and other properties in the quaintest way. On July 29, 1682, a person was fined twenty shillings for having brought a bag of meal from Oyster Bay on the Sabbath, and on June 3, 1683, a written confession of shame and repentance was required from three men who had travelled on a Sunday from Hempstead. Coming down five generations we find the Right Reverend Abram Jarvis, bishop of Connecticut, who was a historical man in the church, and was the first bishop ever consecrated in America. He was the present author's great-great-grand-uncle, and was also great grand-uncle of Caldwell Colt, the present commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The bishop's son, the Reverend Samuel Farmar Jarvis, was

one of the ripest scholars this country has produced, his literary works making him as well known in England as in America.

At the time of the Revolution, this author's great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis, of the English Dragoons, fought all through the war on the wrong side. His life, as it still appears in his own manuscript, was a romantic one, and will be published in the form of a historical novel. He remained, of course, loyal to the English flag, and afterwards became adjutant-general of the British forces in Canada. He, together with two brothers, abandoned properties in the United States after the independence, and settled in Canada. The energy exhibited by these people in accepting the trials of a new country for the sake of an ideal was transmitted to their descendants, who have since been chief justices, judges, barristers, and clergy in Canada. William Jarvis, one of the above-mentioned brothers, was subsequently Secretary of State in Canada for many years.

This family has therefore been historical in two countries, and the alliances formed by the marriages of its daughters are almost endless. They pass into the lines of William Dummer, the Powells, Seymours, Bleekers, Bernards, Sherwoods, Hamiltons, Irvings, Wetmores, Murrays, Waterburys, and many others; while in England the connection is large, through the lines of General Budgeon and Sir Samuel Raymond Jarvis, the Beaumonts, and others.

The Boston branch descended from Nathaniel, who was the brother of the original Stephen Jarvis of 1656. The number of men in the Boston branch who have held eminent positions in the navy, the state, and the learned professions could only be dealt with, as it has been, in a book devoted to the purpose. Notable, however, among these is Mr. Consul Jarvis, as he was known, whose life was published by his daughter, Mary Pepperell Sparhawk Jarvis, who married the Honorable Hampden Cutts, and was a writer well known in Boston society. It is through these memoirs, and in others of similar kind, that we learn of the claims made by Sir John Jarvis at various times to his cousinship with the American branches. Sir John was then admiral of the hostile British fleet during the Revolution, and afterwards (then Lord St. Vincent) met Mr. William Jarvis when he was American consul at Lisbon, and again brought forward his claim. Whatever Lord St. Vincent's proofs were, they have been lost, and as he was the most celebrated naval commander of his day, the fact of the loss may reasonably be regretted.

As the present author has come back from Canada and made New York his home, his family's temporary indiscretion of one hundred and seven years may readily be forgiven.

In his idea, a college education is merely the preparation for the real education which continues throughout one's life. The college course being passed, he left at the age of eighteen on an unmapped course of travel. After a winter spent in the European cities and a two months' study of Rome, he went east and lived in various oriental countries. It was at this time and through accidentally meeting a man who was well known throughout Europe and Egypt for his odd knowledge, that Mr. Jarvis first gained some insight into those usually unobserved powers of nature which subsequently attracted him towards experiments. After a year's travel, and before he was twenty years old, he published a book on oriental travel. For several years after this, in the latter part of the seventies, he divided his time between law, general reading, and yachting, with occasional experiments in regard to the phenomena of which we are now publishing the account.

In the practice of his profession as a barrister, his successes were chiefly

in the criminal courts, where his knowledge of men and his power for discerning human character assisted him. Before three years had expired he had made some name for himself in regard to certain important extradition cases in which he was counsel, and then received a commission from the Canadian government to act judicially in extradition matters.

Stinson Jarvis has put more into his thirty-nine years than most men. Two subsequent visits to England and Europe assisted his chief study, namely, that of men and life. The odd ways of odd people have for him a scientific value; and there are few really odd corners of the world with which he is unacquainted. Always travelling alone, he knows Jerusalem and Damascus better than New York, and has lived for months in the tents with the Arabs, riding daily through foreign lands.

"The Ascent of Life" will be seen to be the outcome of the serious studies of a lifetime. His favorite authors have been Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Hæckel, A. R. Wallace, Max Müller, and many others. In prose fiction George Eliot holds supreme place with him. Then comes Balzac, then Thackeray. Among religious writers he deems Sir Edwin Arnold entitled to first place, but for one poem only, namely, "The Light of Asia." When the amount of reading matter is now so great, and when our time is so limited, he holds that we must not lose grasp of general views by absorption in any one groove of study, but feed on the published results of all the specialists, and thus seek the dovetailing of the whole. Whatever doubts which he, in common with all readers of science, has had to cope with, his early experiments with psychic forces and his actual proof of the existence of soul and its powers continually advised him that the full extent of man's possible knowledge is not to be found within the confines or through the material methods of material science.

It is natural to desire that a lifetime of study and generalization should not be lost as to its results. We are not surprised that Stinson Jarvis abandoned the more lucrative practice of the law for the life of letters. We believe it was his duty to make this venture, and that to hold secreted in his own brain such a sequence of ideas as appears in "The Ascent of Life" would be a wrong to others as well as to himself. What particularly strikes the reader of this work is the amount of profound study of all religions and science, which is not mentioned, but makes itself felt; and while it is our intention to review Mr. Jarvis' novels in an early issue of THE ARENA, we cannot avoid adding here that even if he never writes another line after the publication of "The Ascent of Life," his name will be already made in the realm of lasting and invaluable literature.

The New Bible; or, The Higher Criticism. What it Aims to Accomplish.

A series of papers by leading orthodox clergymen and scholars of Europe and America who advocate the broader view of the Scriptures.

We are in the midst of a religious revolution, deeper and broader in influence, if less belligerent and demonstrative in character, than the Reformation. The latter great protest was an appeal to the consciences of men and women who, while profoundly religious, had not had the opportunity to view life or its great problems broadly; for the centuries which preceded it had narrowed rather than widened man's vision, and the era of material, scientific, and intellectual progress for Western Europe was only then beginning to dawn. Since that period the world has become knit together as one huge commonwealth, through invention and the discovery of methods whereby steam and electricity may be utilized. Since then the

printing press and popular education have changed a world of unreading ignorance to a world well informed, even if as yet there is far too little independent thinking; while astronomy, physical science, and psychical research have revolutionized the conceptions of other worlds.



REV. F. B. VROOMAN.

That this broadening of thought and increase of knowledge should affect in a very real way the religious views of Christendom is perfectly natural; while a deeper study of the Bible, and profounder research into the mental attitude, the religious conceptions, the influence of scholarship, and the inherited ideas entertained by the Greek, Jewish, and Roman worlds at the time when Christianity became moulded into a great dogmatic system of thought, together with the important facts revealed by ancient manuscripts, not known to exist at the time of the Reformation, have flooded the intellectual world with new light, and to a certain extent compelled leading thinkers among the expert scholars of the religious world to take an advanced position on questions relating to the Bible and Christianity.

Then again, the keener sense of justice, the higher respect for right, the finer conception of what any God must be who is worthy of love and respect, have obliged the religious world to discard views and opinions long ago cherished by Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth. That the brutal doctrines long taught by the church have driven a large number of earth's noblest, most humane and thoughtful children into materialism is unquestionably true. And this important fact has been recognized and appreciated by the leaders of the great religious reformation, now in progress within the confines of the church, which is known as *Higher Criticism*.

It is perfectly natural that the leaders of this great movement should be persecuted and charged with heresy by that class which in the time of Jesus were loyal to the sanhedrim, and in consequence persecuted the great Nazarene; that class which in later years raised the cry in the city of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" that class which sought to destroy the leaders of the Reformation; and in a word, the class which at all times have believed they possess the only saving truth, and that those who fail to see it as they did ought to be dealt with as mercilessly as public opinion in the age and land would permit. The enemies of the higher criticism have been heard on every side. Abuse and bitter invective have been hurled at men who are among the most reverent and deeply religious, and also among the most profound scholars in the biblical world, simply because they have found that in the light of modern research old positions were untenable to those who placed truth above prejudice.

Now it is our determination to give the thoughtful American, during the next year, a series of papers which will show precisely where these great men stand; why they have been forced to take issue with old-time popular conceptions; what the new thought involves, the nobler view of religion it gives, and the aims of the movement. The ablest scholars in the orthodox churches, who represent the new movement in Europe and America, will contribute to this series.

Among the early papers will be contributions by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Professor of Exegesis, Oxford, Eng., Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., ROBERT F. HORTON, M. A., whose "Revela-

tion and the Bible" created such a profound impression on thoughtful Christians, and who was called from England to deliver a series of lectures to the students of Yale College last winter, now published under the title of "Verbum Dei," and Rev. F. B. VROOMAN, pastor of the Salem Street Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass.

Of interest as belonging in a general way to this topic, we have a very noteworthy paper, to appear in an early issue of THE ARENA, on "The Roman Catholic Church and Higher Criticism," by Merwin-Marie Snell, who for the past decade has been the private secretary of Bishop Keane of the Washington University.

Our series on the higher criticism will be the most authoritative and brilliant contributions setting forth the claims and objects of this great movement ever published in a review.



MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

Indian Occultism; or, A Scientist in Eastern Wonderland.

By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.

This series of papers embraces the following discussions: I. *The Marvellous of Hindoo Magic.* II. *The Remains of an Ancient Civilization: or The Ruined Cities of Ceylon and Their Story.* III. *Occult Science in Thibet.* IV. *Among the Adepts of Serinagur.* V. *Glimpses of Eastern Wonderland: or Five Weeks with a Hermit in the Neilygherry Mountains.* VI. *The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins.*

These papers are certain to awaken widespread interest, and to call forth much discussion. They are carefully prepared and are distinctly able.

The author, a German scientist, was, at the time of going to India, a pronounced materialist. He has carried into his researches the careful, critical methods of modern scientific scholarship, and he is perfectly candid. Nothing is glossed over or covered up. He has aimed to narrate events which have transpired under his personal observation exactly as they occurred. Some of the statements are astounding to the Western mind, but, as he suggests, the profoundest minds of India have spent centuries upon centuries in introspective contemplation, or the mastery of the human brain.



DR. HEINRICH HENSOLDT.

Dr. Hensoldt's career in India is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, if he chose to devote his facile pen to a narration of his wanderings in the Island of Ceylon, up the rivers and through the forests of India, over the mountains of Thibet and through Burmah, the work would read like a powerful romance, while proving rich in information. For the author has the critical spirit which is the strong characteristic of modern scientific research. He has given special study to natural history and

geology, and is an interested student of archæology. Thus the story of his travels, aside from the strong interest attending his researches in occultism and Eastern metaphysical conceptions, would render such a work at once valuable and absorbingly interesting.

He left Germany with a fellow scientist, who was some years his senior, to assist in archæological researches. His friend desired to spend some years in studying the ruined cities of Ceylon in order to give to the Western world as much knowledge as it is possible for research to unfold of a wonderful civilization, about which even the ancient civilization of the Orient to-day knows little. Unfortunately for the enterprise the senior student was stricken with fever, and died shortly after reaching Ceylon. Dr. Hensoldt remained two years in Ceylon; thence he went to India, Thibet, and Burmah, spending ten years among the scholarly adepts and learned men of the East. He has carefully and critically investigated the remarkable phenomena witnessed in the presence of the mystics, and also has made their philosophy the subject of years of careful study. In his papers, prepared for *THE ARENA*, he discusses these problems in a masterly and scientific manner, and describes scenes which will awaken widespread interest. He also elucidates the philosophy of the East as he received it from the ablest students of the Orient. Those who have read his charming paper on "Atomic Worlds and Their Motion," published some time since in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and those who enjoyed his "Naturalist's Rambles in Ceylon," and other delightful contributions to scientific literature which have appeared in leading journals of opinion, will be aware of the easy grace and charming frankness which mark this brilliant author's style. He possesses the rare power of making dry scientific subjects fascinating to the general reader, and in these papers our subscribers will find an unusual treat. Whether one desires the truth for truth's sake, appreciating knowledge wherever it may be found for its own priceless sake; whether he merely desires to be entertained with glimpses of a strange world, which, while it was old when Homer sang, and when the children of Israel were making bricks without straw, is new to us; or whether one studies the facts merely to controvert them, as some persons who assume that we have all truth, and that whatever cometh not through certain channels must be error, will be eager to do — in either case these papers will be invaluable, especially to all who think for themselves and who enjoy new truths fascinatingly presented.

The first paper of this series will appear in the December *ARENA*, and is entitled "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic." Dr. Hensoldt's papers will rank among the most important contributions to magazine literature in recent years, and, coming from a critical scholar and a man trained in scientific methods, will be of special value to thoughtful people.

Important Political and Economic Papers Dealing with the Present Crisis in our Political History.

The year 1894 will unquestionably be one of the most memorable in the political history of the republic, because we are now in the midst of one of those great educational agitations which immediately precede radical and fundamental changes. Or, in other words, the people are preparing to take another upward step toward ideal republicanism. The conflict of the present hour strongly suggests the tremendous agitation which convulsed the colonies before Britain sent her armed force to Concord. In the early stages of the Revolutionary conflicts our fathers protested and fought against injustice; but their views soon broadened, and they came to see that nothing save freedom could satisfy the high demands of the hour.

So the discontent which has been smouldering for the past twenty years, owing to injustice caused by special privileges and class legislation, at first expressed itself in demands looking toward temporary relief for those who were being pressed downward to the precipice of want. Later, the people began to read and think for themselves; the West, and to a certain extent the South, became a great economic school, and it is doubtful if ever before so many people, at the same time, have been engaged in the study of political economy and important social problems as there have been in the United States during the past decade. This independent study soon led the people to see the fundamental evils of present conditions. They began to understand why, in a nation of untold wealth, honest, hard-working, and sober men, women, and children were being driven to starvation and servitude or crime, while a few hundred gamblers, landlords, and monopolists, who were feeding off special privileges, were able to luxuriate on palatial yachts, dazzle English society by lavish entertainments, squander fortunes in continental Europe, buy coronets for their shallow-brained daughters by wedding them to ruined *roués* in the Old World, and in various ways to fling away in dissipation and wanton waste millions upon millions of dollars—money enough to have made thousands of homes joyous had their occupants received their just earnings instead of being robbed through the aristocracies of finance, transportation, landlordism, and other monopolistic combinations which through special privileges have acquired millions of money legitimately earned by the despoiled wealth producers.

Appreciating the fact that only vital issues and real reformatory measures now appeal to men of independent thought and the wealth-producing millions, who are day by day coming to think for themselves, we have arranged for our readers a series of political papers, which we confidently believe will prove the most thoughtful and brilliant contribution to the political and economic literature of recent years. Under the general caption, "A REPUBLIC OR AN OLIGARCHY," will appear the following papers, which will show why (1) special privileges must ultimately transform a republican form of government into an oligarchy; (2) the real underlying or basic causes which have led to the present deplorable social conditions; (3) how the dream of civilization may be realized, and a republic in reality established through wise and just legislation.

This great symposium will be divided into the following series:—

- I. *THE LAND QUESTION.*
- II. *IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*
- III. *THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEM OF THE STATE.*
- IV. *THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN HISTORY.*
- V. *THE SLUMS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.*

I. The Land Question.

Embracing short and able papers on "First Principles of the Land Question," "Free Trade and the Land Question," "The Rights of Eminent Domain," "The Land Question and Social Experiments," "The Single Tax and the Farmer," "The Land Question and Mining," "The Land and the Woman Question," "Relation of the Land Question to the Natural Development of the States," "The Land Question and Socialism," etc.



HAMLIN GARLAND.

presentation of the problem ever made in a review.

II. Ideal Republican Measures.

THE ARENA was the first American review to give prominence to the successful social experiments in Switzerland known as the Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportionate Representation. The interest awakened by these papers and through such admirable works as Mr. J. W. Sullivan's "Direct Legislation," Mr. W. D. McCrackan's "Rise of the Swiss Republic," and other scholarly volumes, has gradually grown until the industrial millions of our land are everywhere demanding the introduction of these measures, in order that the republic may be saved from the absolute control of a soulless plutocracy.

That these great reforms will become leading issues, in the near future, no thoughtful student of political affairs can doubt; and that their introduction will be favored by all who love free government, and opposed by those who favor an oligarchy under the name of a republic, is equally certain.

After having contributed so largely to awakening an interest in this vital question, THE ARENA proposes to further the great educational agitation by a series of thoughtful papers, which will appear in 1894, under the general caption, "IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES." Those wishing to be informed upon one of the great political issues of the next presidential campaign should not fail to read these papers.

III. The Nervous and Arterial System of the State.

No question has grown more steadily in popular favor, unless it be the demand for an increased volume of currency, than that which looks toward the government taking to itself what have been aptly termed the circulatory and nervous systems of the State. The people are beginning to feel that as long as the great highways over which they and their products must pass remain in the hands of corrupt, lawless, and soulless corporations, the producer and the consumer will be robbed to support profligate wealth, to enrich Wall Street gamblers, to pay interest on watered stock, and to enable the plunderers of the millions to continue to debauch legislators. On the other hand, it is claimed that with such measures as the Initiative and Referendum in active operation, all possible objections which have heretofore been urged against governmental ownership would lose their force. Certain

it is this will be a great issue of the future, as well as the government ownership of the telegraph and telephone, and the ownership by municipalities of street railways, lighting, and other things in which all citizens are necessarily interested and which are popularly denominated "natural monopolies." We have arranged for a series of important papers along these lines. Among the early contributors to this series will be Rabbi SOLOMON SCHINDLER and Honorable IGNATIUS DONNELLY.



RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

IV. Present Aspects of the Money Question.

During the ensuing year the financial problem will be discussed from various points of view. THE ARENA will not, however, follow in the wake of conventional reviews by going to those *who make money by changing money, or to the great gamblers of Wall Street who style themselves "financiers,"* for its contributions on this question; neither will it wait upon Lombard Street for wisdom. The papers which will appear in THE ARENA series on finance will be prepared by statesmen rather than demagogues, patriots rather than pirates on the financial seas. They will all be from men who have made the money question a profound study, and who are actuated solely by a desire to bring about a condition of national prosperity in which the industrial millions will share.

A very important series of papers on the money question, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894, will be from the pen of Honorable John Davis, M. C. Mr. Davis has made the money question a subject of careful study for many years. He is far more conversant with the history of finance than most of the eminent financiers of Wall Street, who so frequently manage to get into print, in order to bolster up legislation which enriches the few and impoverishes the millions. These papers should be read by every patriot in America. They will be clear, logical, and convincing. Mr. Davis will notice: (1) Some Important Passages in the Financial Legislation of Europe; (2) The Financial Legislation of the United States from 1860 to 1890; (3) The Financial Problem of the Present Hour in the Light of Past History. Other papers will deal with: (4) The South and the Money Problem; (5) The West and the Money Problem; (6) The East and the Money Problem.

THE ARENA is the only great magazine in the English-speaking world which has given a full and fair hearing to the side of the financial problem which represents the opinion of the wealth-producers. The papers on the money question for 1894 will be invaluable for all who would keep abreast with the views of disinterested statesmanship on this great problem.

Many other papers on live political questions will appear from month to month. The problems which will be the issues of the next few years will be fully discussed, while no space will be given to the political bogies with which the designing have for years diverted the mind of the people from vital problems.

V. The Slums of Our Great Cities.

The frightful condition of tens of thousands in these plague spots of Christian civilization have been in a measure brought to public attention

during the past two years by THE ARENA's systematic agitation. During 1894 we will publish several important papers dealing with the slums of our great cities.

The Civilization of To-Morrow. Papers of Special Interest to Parents and Teachers.

One of the most important features of THE ARENA for 1894 will be a series of papers which are now being prepared by eminent authoritative writers, dealing with the civilization of to-morrow. These papers will discuss: I. Heredity. II. Prenatal Influences. III. Early Environment.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

These vital problems must be thoroughly expounded and their real import forced home upon the consciences of the people before we can hope to approach a true civilization. The writers who contribute to this series will discuss heredity and prenatal influences in an able manner. The problem of early environment will also be comprehensively treated. The paper dealing with early home influences, school influences, and the influence of persons and love on the young, all parents and teachers should read with especial care. The whole series will abound in hints, suggestions, and illustrations which will be of great value to them. Among the contributors to this series will be HELEN H. GARDENER, who is one of the ablest writers on heredity in America, and Dr. SYDNEY B. ELLIOT, the author of the best work ever published on prenatal culture. The editor of THE ARENA also will write some papers on early environment.

Woman's World.

Since THE ARENA was started, four years ago, we have published more than three times as many contributions from women as any other high-priced review in the English language; while no magazine of opinion has so strongly advocated justice and freedom for womanhood as THE ARENA. In 1894 the cause of woman will be ably upheld, while the brightest and strongest thinkers among our American women will add to the interest of its pages.

Popular Papers on Emergency-Surgery, by WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

These papers are of great practical value, for after perusing them our readers will be acquainted with the latest and best methods of proceeding in case of accidents, such as wounds, hemorrhages, burns, sprains, dislocation, the treatment of those apparently drowned, those suffering from collapse or apoplexy, and those who have been poisoned. These papers are as follows:—

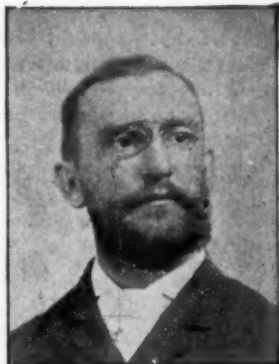
I. General Anatomy. A brief but comprehensive survey of this subject, to render the subsequent papers intelligible without further explanation.

II. Treatment of wounds in general, including hemorrhages, burns, scalds, etc.

III. Treatment of fractures, sprains, dislocations, also giving explicit directions for the use of the triangular bandage.

IV. The treatment of those apparently drowned and of those suffering from shock, collapse, apoplexy, with observations on the care of those who have been poisoned.

These papers are scholarly, yet practical; and while not in any sense so technical as to render them incomprehensible to those not versed in medicine and surgery, they will give our readers the most advanced and improved methods of treatment in cases of emergency. They contain a vast amount of vitally important information which every intelligent person should know.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

Religious Views of Our Late Poets as Voiced in Their Poems.

Six short papers prepared by Rev. M. J. SAVAGE and his brother, Rev. WILLIAM H. SAVAGE. These papers will be charming expositions of the religious and ethical sentiments of Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, Whittier, and Browning, and will contain many exquisite quotations from the writings of these great poets. They cannot fail to be exceedingly helpful.

Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

A series of important papers by scholarly physicians who have employed hypnotism with marked success in the treatment of disease, will be an important feature in the next volume of *THE ARENA*. These papers will be of great value and interest to all thoughtful people. The opening contribution will be from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D., who after having graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine (homœopathic) completed a post-graduate course at Harvard. Dr. Cocke has met with marked success in hypnotic treatment. He is a scholarly physician, rigidly scientific in methods. His narration of important cases in which hypnotism has been successfully employed is very interesting and valuable, furnishing additional evidence of the power of mind.

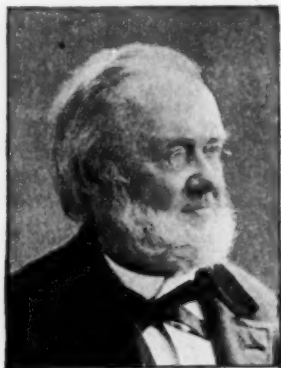


REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Psychical Science.

Embracing scientific papers on various psychical phenomena, including a series of valuable contributions prepared by leading scholarly physicians on hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. The first paper of this series will be a feature of the January *ARENA*. It is entitled, "*The Sixth Sense and How To Develop It*," and has been prepared for *THE ARENA* by Mr. Paul Tyner. It is an essay of peculiar power, scholarly, scientific, and yet in perfect sympathy with that new thought which we believe will do

much to redeem the world. Dr. James R. Cocke will follow Mr. Tyner in a remarkable paper on "The Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine." THE ARENA more than any other magazine or review in the world has awakened general interest in scientific investigation of psychical and occult phenomena. During the past three years many of the most eminent thinkers of our time have discussed these problems in our pages, among whom we might mention Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Rev. Minot J. Savage, F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, Eng., and Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D. In the future, as in the past, this review will give space to scholarly papers looking toward solving the great problems of the scope and power of the mind, and the to-morrow of the race.



PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

Physical Science.

A number of timely papers on Physical Science will appear in THE ARENA for 1894. The first of this series will be entitled, "The Marvels of Electricity," and has been prepared for THE ARENA by that profound scientist and philosopher, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D.

Editorial Department.

In the future, as in the past, the editorial department will be characterized by the vigor, boldness, and earnestness of purpose which have done so much to make THE ARENA the most popular and most loved review in America. In this department Mr. Flower contemplates devoting a few pages each month to current events of vital significance, which will be an epitome of important happenings in the republic.

Special Features of The Arena.

Fine portraits of leading thinkers, choice illustrations when the subject calls for illustrations, critical biographical sketches, stories of American life by American authors, prose etchings, character sketches, etc., will be features of THE ARENA for 1894, making the review interesting to all members of the family.

The popular southern short story writer, Will Allen Dromgoole, will contribute her best work to our columns during the coming year.



WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

The Books of the Day.

In addition to the 1550 pages which have constituted Volumes VII. and VIII. of THE ARENA, we have published during the past year over two hundred and thirty pages of reviews of the leading books of the time. The aim of the writers of these reviews has been to give the readers of THE ARENA a clear and intelligent idea of the nature, character, and contents of the books noticed.

In addition to the reviews prepared by the editor, carefully prepared criticisms have appeared from such able writers as Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Hamlin Garland, Henry Wood, Hattie C. Flower, Rev. Philip Moxom, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Mrs. Annie I. Fields, Grace Carew Sheldon, Professor A. B. Curtis, Helen H. Gardener, Lucinda B. Chandler, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and other critical writers. The two hundred and thirty pages of book reviews in themselves make an invaluable compendium of literary news and criticism, and added to the regular pages of *THE ARENA* make this magazine the largest review published.

The book department for 1894 will be specially attractive, as no pains will be spared to make it indispensable to the reading public.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Our Special Premium.

Two years ago we gave every reader of *THE ARENA* who remitted twenty cents extra for postage, our *Arena Portfolio*. Perhaps no premium was ever more appreciated by the public, and a large number of copies were sold at three dollars to persons wishing to make choice presents to friends. All the editions of our *Portfolio* have been exhausted, and owing to the destruction of a number of the plates, it will be impossible to republish that collection of portraits. At the urgent request of several thousand of our readers we have, however, decided to issue an *Arena Album*, very similar in many respects to the *Portfolio*. The initial page will contain fine portraits of Whittier and Tennyson; there will also be an index, giving list of portraits, and the following portraits with autographs, printed on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, or the whole making a portfolio of special value and interest:—

Title page: Whittier and Tennyson.

Page giving list of portraits.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

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|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I. Richard A. Proctor. | VIII. Helen H. Gardener. |
| II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D. | IX. Louise Chandler Moulton. |
| III. Hamlin Garland. | X. Helen Campbell. |
| IV. James A. Herne. | XI. Will Allen Dromgoole. |
| V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M. | XII. M. French-Sheldon. |
| VI. B. O. Flower. | XIII. May Wright Sewell. |
| VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett. | XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M. |
| XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. | |

These portraits are placed in a handsome portfolio, cloth back and board sides, stamped in silver. Every subscriber to *THE ARENA*, whose name is received after Oct. 1, 1893, will receive a copy of this magnificent Album, post-paid and ABSOLUTELY FREE. The retail price of the Album alone is three dollars.

We are determined to greatly increase our subscription list during the ensuing year. We believe the papers arranged for and which are prepared or being prepared by master brains, are unequalled in vital interest by any contributions ever before arranged for by a single publication. We are resolved to make THE ARENA for 1894 incomparably better than ever before. And in addition to this we give, absolutely free, our magnificent Arena Album.

In return we ask our friends, in sending in their subscriptions, to secure one or two additional names. Our family of readers have done splendid work in the past, and we doubt not that they will appreciate our efforts and contribute a little time to the work which we are carrying on, and which we believe is dear to the hearts of our people.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The December ARENA will open Vol. IX., and will be in many respects the most notable issue of the Review which has yet appeared. It will contain, among many other contributions of special merit:—

- I. **Ascent of Life; or Psychic Laws and Forces in Nature**, by Mr. STINSON JARVIS. The first paper will be given in this number.
- II. **The Higher Criticism; Its Aims and Methods**, by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, D. D., LL. D., A. M., of Oxford, Eng. This is the first paper in our series of contributions upon the Higher Criticism, which are by the most eminent apostles of the new movement in the orthodox churches of Europe and America.
- III. **The Wonders of Hindoo Magic**, by HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.; the first paper of our notable series on "Indian Occultism; or, A German Scientist in Eastern Wonderland."
- IV. **The Bank of Venice**, by Honorable JOHN DAVIS, M. C. The first of some important contributions on famous passages in the financial history of Europe. Several other important papers on vital political and economic problems will also be features of this number.
- V. **Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent**, by JAMES R. COCKE, M. D. A strong paper containing numerous striking illustrations of the benefits of hypnotism in medical practice which have come under the author's observation.
- VI. **Gerald Massey, Prophet and Reformer**. In this paper the Editor of THE ARENA will give a number of the most stirring and inspiring poems written by the people's poet of England, and which are peculiarly interesting for the present moment, when a great industrial revolution in the United States is in progress.

A fine portrait of Mr. Jarvis will be a feature of THE ARENA for December.

Read our prospectus for 1894, preceding this department.

The Close of Vol. VIII.

With this issue we close Vol. VIII. of THE ARENA. Since the appearance of THE ARENA our circulation has steadily and uninterruptedly increased, and our family of readers is far greater to-day than ever before; and it is our determination to double our circulation during the next three months. To do this we have resolved to make THE ARENA indispensable to all persons who are in any degree in touch with live problems. THE ARENA has never catered to fossilized thought, or sought the favor of

those who love to camp in the valley of ancient ideas. It has realized that we are living in an age in many respects resembling the Renaissance, which brought forth a race of giants, and gave the world an upward impetus; an age in which was given to man a new earth, a new heaven, the printing press, the Reformation, and that wonderful dream of the dawn, "Utopia"; an age which ushered in a noonday splendor in art, with scarcely an hour's dawn; an age in which evil was seen incarnate and active in the Borgia family, in Machiavelli, and

in the spirit of persecution which rose in the evening of this period, and which for a time veiled the face of freedom and manacled liberty. Our time is very like this most remarkable epoch; and though we who are in the heat of the battle may fail to fully appreciate the far-reaching and revolutionary character of the conflict, no student of history can be wholly ignorant of the fact that we are in the midst of a revolution all along the line of human thought, very similar to that which we call the Renaissance.

NOW THE ARENA has ever sought to give voice to the best thought of the prophets of progress, and those who, while being scholars and deep thinkers, are as yet too far in advance of their time to be popular with those who wish others to think for them, those who cannot think, and those who love to haunt the graveyard of yesterday. It has never catered to conventionalism, and has steadily opposed plutocracy and that slothful conservatism which denies injustice when found in conventional life, and ignores wrongs which are nurtured by society and fashionable religion. It has been *the one review in all the world* which has fearlessly given the cause of the industrial millions a full and free hearing.

THE ARENA for next year will, we believe, surpass all previous volumes in interest and in the brilliancy of its papers. A contemporary kindly observes that "THE ARENA continues to lead the advance column in the realm of vital thought," and this will be our constant aim for 1894. We earnestly urge every friend of this magazine to read our prospectus in this issue.

I trust that every reader of The Arena will peruse the graphic description of the series of papers on "The Ascent of Life," given in our prospectus in this number.

The Late Professor Proctor on Shakespeare's Plays.

In this issue of THE ARENA we give our readers a most interesting paper, expressing the views of the late Richard A. Proctor on the Shakespearean plays.

This paper is taken from the unpublished letters of the late Professor Proctor to his daughter, who has carefully edited the correspondence in such a way as to preserve the phraseology, while eliminating from the letters matter of a personal nature. It is one of the most valuable contributions to the famous Bacon-Shakespeare controversy which has appeared.

Medical Slavery through Legislation.

We earnestly urge all our readers to peruse with care the thoughtful paper of Mr. Henry Wood, in this issue, on Medical Legislation. Mr. Wood is one of the most brilliant essayists of our time. His able works, "Ideal Suggestion," "God's Image in Man," and "Edward Burton," have given him an enviable place in the ranks of cultured scholarship, and alone entitle his word to special consideration. But aside from this, the question is one of vital importance, and one about which we propose to write at length at an early day. For as THE ARENA has ever stood for freedom and progress and as the enemy of all forms of class legislation, it cannot consent to be silent in the face of that species of class legislation which, next to religious laws, is the most odious conceivable; especially as other reviews and journals have for years been prejudicing public opinion against one of the most sacred rights of the individual—that of selecting whomsoever he desires in the hour of sickness. All persons who attempt to heal the sick should stand on precisely the same footing; and while it would be perfectly proper to enact a national law compelling every person who pretends to heal the sick to place upon his office wall certificates from the county clerk or other authority, stating his qualifications or lack of qualifications to practise, anything which goes further than this, so as to operate in a way that might prevent any American citizen from obtaining the services of whomsoever he desired when sick, is an iniquitous measure which destroys the most sacred rights, and in essence and spirit is as unconstitutional as it is unworthy of our age.

Any subscriber of THE ARENA who sends us one new name during the next thirty days (October 15 to November 15), will receive free a copy of "Ai," the wonderful social vision which is awakening such interest among thoughtful people.

The Lyceum of the Future.

Nothing has been more marked during recent years than the decline of the lecture platform, unless it is the decline in the power of the pulpit in great centres of civilization. The press and the drama have, to a great extent, supplanted the pulpit and the lyceum; and during the past few years the lecture platform has been given over chiefly to "funny" men and persons whose principal end seemed to be to make people laugh. A marked change, however, has recently taken place in many sections of the country, which is very hopeful, and indicates, I imagine, the rise of the lecture platform along legitimate lines. We have entered a period of earnest, serious study. Everywhere the demand comes for literature which treats of live and vital themes in a fearless, honest manner. And with this awakening, which seems to me destined to become nation wide, come calls for hints as to organization, and inquiries for lecturers and persons who can deliver a number of talks which will make great themes clear and lay the foundation for comprehensive courses of reading. This seems to indicate an earnest purpose, which will eventually express itself in organizations that will secure the services of able thinkers and specialists to discuss great questions. I know of nothing so helpful to a community as the entrance of an earnest, able, and thoughtful lecturer, who in one or more evenings gives the most receptive brains a wealth of new ideas, carefully marshalled and impressively presented. I have known small towns and communities intellectually awakened and a wonderful impetus given to general reading by the advent of a lecturer who discussed living and vital problems; while in Boston, last year, we had most striking illustrations of this same result. Professor Drummond's lectures on evolution were serious, solid, and to

the frivolous and shallow very dry, but to the vast majority of those who were fortunate enough to secure tickets, as well as to thousands upon thousands who enjoyed a digest of his views as published in the daily press, they were wonderfully stimulating and thought-inspiring. This was marked by the great demand for works treating of evolution, as well as by the nobler theme which for a time supplanted, among thousands of people, the small talk which a few years ago monopolized conversation. Public-spirited men and women, who would benefit their country and bless the rising generation, could not do better than raise a fund in each town, city, and village for a series of thoughtful lectures on living and vital themes.

Another indication of the growing interest in a lecture platform which shall represent vital thought and real issues, is seen in the deep interest awakened during the past year by Hamlin Garland in his lectures on American literature, on the land question, and various economic problems. The wonderful quickening of independent thought and the awakening of the intellectual life in the people is one of the most striking symptoms of our day. A soul hunger is found in all sections, and the serious and earnest speaker will feed the desire and supplement valuable literature, which is now within the reach of all reading circles.

Rabbi Schindler's Lectures on Living Themes.

The readers of THE ARENA are a commonwealth of thinkers upon live problems, and it will doubtless be welcome news to very many of them to learn that so original, profound, and earnest a thinker as Rabbi Solomon Schindler has prepared several lectures, and will fill a limited number of engagements during the coming season. The following are the subjects upon which Rabbi Schindler will lecture this winter:—

I. "OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THEIR GLORIES AND THEIR DEFECTS."

A new lecture; which, among many other things, discusses the question of public school

funds for sectarian propagation. The lecturer was reared among the normal schools of Germany, has enjoyed a wide and varied experience among our own educators, has been for several years, and is now, on the Boston school board, and is well qualified to tell many things of vital import to parents, teachers, and all who admit the wisdom of the statesman who said, "Give me the children, and I care not who teaches the parents."

II. "BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF POSTERITY."

This is also a new lecture. As "the boy is father to the man," so, in one sense, are unborn generations the grandfathers of us all, if our altruistic efforts on their behalf materially modify our present lives. As we judge the past, pity its errors and excuse its crimes, or glory in its good deeds, so will the future call us to account. Among our noblest aspirations is the sincere wish to so order our lives, that posterity will be thankful for our existence. This is a unique and thrilling lecture, which rivals "Looking Backward" in interest, and excels it in practical benefits to mankind.

III. "INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM."

The first may be called the Ptolemaic system of ethics, in which all the universe revolves around the individual, and the Golden Rule itself is but a beautiful though inadequate outgrowth of this initial error. The second is the Copernican system of ethics, in which all individuals circulate around the great sun of truth, for the greater good of the whole. This charming lecture develops these two fundamental ideas, and shows how they are woven into the warp and woof of our very existence; and that our true motto should be—not "All for one," but "One for all." It finds favor with radical, conservative, and socialist alike; for it appeals to the great principles which move humanity as a whole.

IV. "WHAT IS NATIONALISM?"

The ovum of this lecture appeared in the *New England Magazine*, for September, 1892, concerning which the following is quoted from a personal letter to Rabbi Schindler:

"In all that has been written on the subject, I have met with nothing so well adapted to popular comprehension. You have answered the question so clearly, and replied to objections so fairly, no one can fail to understand. It is very readable, and whoever begins it will finish it. It is an educational paper in the best sense of the term."

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

V. "THE JEWISH CRIMINAL CODE AND THE TRIAL OF JESUS OF NAZARETH."

This lecture is a historical study, as convincing in its logic as it is startling in its conclusions. The speaker shows an expert's acquaintance with the proceedings under the ancient Jewish law, and proves that we get too much of our theology from Milton and Dante, as we also get too much of our Christianity from the earliest Christians, who were too close to both Judaism and Christianity to properly understand either. He talks from

the standpoint of a liberal Jew, and the lecture arouses intense interest in Jew and Gentile alike; but it is better suited for the *élite* among the *litterati*, than for the popular ear.

Should any of our readers desire to communicate with Rabbi Schindler in regard to these lectures, they may address him, at his home, 36 Berwick Park, Boston, or his manager, Mr. James H. Dunne, No. 1 Beacon Street. I make this announcement with pleasure, believing it may be interesting news to our readers, and also hoping that through it some communities may be led to secure the services of one of the most original, and able thinkers of our time.

Mr. McCrackan's Lectures.

Another valued contributor of THE ARENA will give a limited number of delightful lectures during the ensuing year. I refer to W. D. McCrackan, A. M., the scholarly author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic." Mr. McCrackan is not only an able and vigorous thinker, but his long residence in Switzerland and his careful studies of everything pertaining to that wonderful little republican jewel in monarchical Europe, render him peculiarly fitted to speak authoritatively and interestingly on the following subjects:—

1. "Mountaineering in Switzerland."
2. "William Tell, in Fact and Fiction."
3. "The Life of the Swiss Peasantry."
4. "Swiss Solutions of American Problems." (The Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportional Representation.)

The first three lectures are given with stereopticon views; the fourth deals with political problems or ideal republican measures, and is given without pictures. Any organization or society securing Mr. McCrackan's services will, I am confident, feel richly repaid, as he is an entertaining speaker, his themes are of especial interest, and each lecture contains a vast amount of valuable information which could only be obtained by travel and deep research. Persons desiring to communicate with Mr. McCrackan should address him at his residence, 376 Newbury Street, Boston.

Do not fail to read our announcement of "The Ascent of Life," published elsewhere in our prospectus.

The Money Power.

William Waldorf Astor, one of the most conspicuous illustrations of a man who is enabled to luxuriate in foreign lands through *unearned increment*, very naturally champions the cause of gold, and in the September number of his *Pall Mall Magazine* appears in a signed editorial championing the cause of the Bank of England, and the usurer class of Europe and America. Mr. Astor closes his paper with this insolent remark, which well illustrates the spirit of the gold oligarchy, whose headquarters are in the Bank of England, and whose western branch is that world of gamblers known as Wall Street: "It is not likely," says Mr. Astor, "that in this practical age the financial centres will suffer a thing so delicate and vital as *their* standards of value to be trifled with at hazard. And so long as this remains the case, it may confidently be affirmed that it will be impossible to accomplish any monetary scheme of world-wide bearing which encounters the joint condemnation of the *city of London, Wall Street, and New York.*"

Nothing is more alarming to-day than the arrogance of Wall Street or the confidence it exhibits in its ability to further subvert the interests of America's millions for the financial gain of: (1) a few score of millionaires, (2) a class of financiers who through special privileges are accumulating millions of dollars, and (3) the usurer class of Europe, which may be justly compared to an octopus which is absorbing all but the very life of productive wealth. The question for the American voter to determine, and to determine speedily, is, whether Wall Street shall destroy the republic, or whether the wealth-producers shall unite in a Herculean struggle and destroy Wall Street. And by Wall Street I mean the world of gamblers and parasites who are feeding off the nation's wealth-producers.

In this issue we publish a paper worthy

of careful consideration, entitled "The Slave Power and the Money Power."

Knowledge the Preserver of Purity.

Few papers have been published in THE ARENA the past year which awakened more general interest or called forth a greater number of commendatory letters than Rabbi Schindler's contribution in the July ARENA, entitled "Innocence at the Price of Ignorance." It was this able contribution which suggested the brilliant and thoughtful paper contributed by Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, which we publish in this number. Mrs. Scammon is president of a large woman's club in Kansas City, Mo. She is one of those splendid thinkers who have in recent years succeeded in bringing together women devoted to serious thought. The clubs now being formed throughout the United States for grave consideration of vital subjects are a significant and happy sign of the times, and women like Mrs. Scammon little know the influence they are exerting on future thought by their splendid labors.

Is Liquor Selling a Sin?

In this paper the eminent temperance lecturer, Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, replies to Mr. Brown's notable paper, in which he defended liquor selling as scriptural. Personally I am far less concerned as to whether or not Jesus drank fermented liquors or manufactured wine on a certain occasion in a country where every one on festal occasions partook of the juice of the grape, than I am concerned about the morality of wine drinking here and now. We are far too prone to live in the past and disregard facts as they exist to-day. If the saloon is directly responsible for a large percentage of the crime committed; if it is filling our prisons, penitentiaries and almshouses, and if it can be shown that it is directly responsible for great injury being inflicted upon innocent persons—such, for example, as the suffering imposed upon the families of its victims—then it clearly becomes a subject for the voters to handle, uninfluenced by what was the custom or teaching in former times.

Patterns for Greek Robes and Syrian Costumes.

I am pleased to be able to give our readers the address of a thoroughly competent lady, who will send patterns for both the sleeveless Grecian robe, such as appeared in THE ARENA for June, and the Syrian costume, or who will make these garments when measures are sent. The address is as follows: Mrs. J. E. Watson, 19 Oakdale Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. I can cordially recommend Mrs. Watson, as I have seen a number of her Syrian suits, the result in each case being perfectly satisfactory to the most fastidious.

It affords me great pleasure to note the general interest manifested by thoughtful people throughout the Union in this great movement. Quite a number of ladies in Boston are adopting the Syrian costume, and for bicycle use it is becoming very popular in various parts of the country. Mrs. Watson is the first dress-maker Mrs. Flower has found who is entirely satisfactory in regard to fitting; and for this reason I would recommend all friends who are desirous of obtaining satisfactory patterns to communicate with her.

Darwin's great work, "The Descent of Man," marked an epoch in the thought of civilization. Mr. Jarvis' "Ascent of Life," while in perfect accord with Darwin's "Descent," takes a step in advance and crosses the threshold of the next realm of conquest which confronts the human mind. See prospectus for outline of this most important series of papers.

Important Papers by Mr. Savage.

We have made arrangements with Rev. M. J. Savage and his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, for six papers on the religious views of our latter-day poets. These sketches will deal with the thought and expression of Longfellow, Lowell, Browning, Whitman, Whittier, and Tennyson. Three will be prepared by Rev. M. J. Savage, and three by his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, whose able paper on "The Real and Unreal God," in a recent issue of THE ARENA, occasioned such favor-

able comment. These contributions will be of special interest to all thoughtful people.

Remember that every subscriber to The Arena for 1894, whose subscription is received after October 1, will receive our magnificent Arena Album absolutely free.

Three Very Notable Papers.

In the December ARENA we will publish the first of three notable papers from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D. These contributions are as follows:

I. Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

II. The Voice as an Index to the Soul.

III. Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine.

These papers are very able and will prove exceedingly instructive and interesting to our readers.

I hope all our readers who have not read Mr. Daniel's wonderful social vision, entitled "Ai," will secure a copy. It is a charming story, rich in quiet humor and luminous with Christlike charity. It will bring all readers into the most active sympathy with the unfortunates of life.

Gerald Massey.

I propose to notice the life and work of Gerald Massey in three papers. The first, dealing with Mr. Massey as man and poet, appears in our issue this month. Next month I shall deal with the prophet and reformer, and in the January issue with Mr. Massey as a mystic. In those papers will be found many of the poet's gems of song which deserve far wider notice than they have as yet received.

Professor Sanday on Higher Criticism.

The opening paper of our series on the Higher Criticism, from the pen of Professor William Sanday of Oxford, Eng., will appear in our next issue. Professor Sanday is one of the deepest scholars among the orthodox thinkers of England, and his paper will be read with great interest. We have in hand an ex-

ceedingly able paper on this theme by the eminent English thinker, R. F. Horton, A. M., which will appear at an early date.

A Leader in the Cause of Justice.

We are in the midst of a social revolution, although comparatively few people who are not in perfect touch with the industrial millions appreciate the magnitude of the movement. During the ensuing year *THE ARENA* will be in the forefront of the battle, fighting for absolute justice for the people. It will expose special privileges and wage a ceaseless warfare against class legislation.

Mr. Powell's Study of Thomas Paine.

In this issue we publish a companion study to the admirable paper on Benjamin Franklin which Mr. Powell contributed to the September *ARENA*. Few persons possess the rare power evinced by Mr. Powell of discussing in a charming and yet critical way the life, thought, and work of eminent persons. It is only fair to say that the paper given in this number was in our hands months before Mr. Conway published his admirable work on "The Life of Thomas Paine," the entire essay as it appears being the result of Mr. Powell's individual and exhaustive research, extending over several years.

Rabbi Schindler's Thoughts in an Orphan Asylum.

While many of our readers will not agree with Rabbi Schindler in the views expressed in his able paper in this issue of *THE ARENA*, all persons will be benefited by perusal of this contribution, as the author is always suggestive. It is the peculiarity of original thinkers that they open up many vistas of thought, awaken ideas, and stimulate the brain; and this in a very real way characterizes all the work of Rabbi Schindler. Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have arranged with this thoughtful writer for a number of papers, which will appear in *THE ARENA* for 1894.

Close of the Bacon-Shakespeare Case.

We close the verdict on the celebrated Bacon-Shakespeare case in this issue, giving the opinion of Governor Russell of Massachusetts, Andrew H. H. Dawson, A. B. Brown, and Henry Irving. As will be seen, the verdict is overwhelmingly in favor of Shakespearean authorship.

La Corriveau.

In this issue of *THE ARENA* we publish a striking historical sketch from the pen of the well-known and accomplished Canadian author, Louis Frechette. It will be read with interest.

Brilliant Southern Authors.

THE ARENA has brought to public notice a number of brilliant Southern authors. In this issue we give a story from the pen of an accomplished writer from western Tennessee, Mary Jameson Judah. Among the well-known persons who own Tennessee as their home, and who are contributors to *THE ARENA*, are General Marcus J. Wright (at present in Washington, D. C.), Will Allen Dromgoole, Virginia Frazier Boyle, and Mary Jameson Judah.

The Social Science Federation.

I take great pleasure in giving our readers the following open letter which is being sent out by the Social Science Federation, of which Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, author of the noteworthy essay on "Knowledge the Preserver of Purity," in this number of *THE ARENA*, is president. I rejoice to see this glorious work being so ably pushed. Only one word: Broaden your work, dear friends. Do not imitate men by confining your membership to one sex. Hand in hand must manhood and womanhood rise.

Believing that organization among women is the demand of the hour; that by the concentration of their forces may be increased, many fold, their power for good, the Social Science Federation desires to call the attention of its friends and of all who are interested in club work to its recent change from the old interstate organization to the broader basis of a Western Federation of Clubs.

As first organized, it was the aim of the Social Science Club to promote a better acquaintance

among the women of this section, to enlarge their opportunities, and to bring the highest knowledge of each for the benefit of all; and thirteen years of helpful and happy association upon this basis has developed in the club an earnest desire for the broadest and freest extension of its benefits and pleasures—the desire, above all others, to extend to those who live in new settlements and remote farming districts its genial friendship and the mental stimulus which springs from community of thought and feeling.

In no sense a rival of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, but rather its sincere friend and ally, the Social Science Federation yet feels that there is in the West a demand for work more detailed in plan, and more intimate in relation than is possible with so general and large an organization. Hoping that it may help to meet this demand, it now offers its hand with its heart in it—its many hundreds of hands and hearts as one—to the women's clubs of Kansas, Missouri, and adjoining states, looking toward the establishment of a general working sisterhood in the West.

The research and discussions of the Social Science Federation are conducted under several departments, viz., Education, History and Civil Government, Literature, Natural Science, Domestic and Sanitary Science, and Philanthropy and Reform. Courses of study prepared by the committees in charge of these several departments are furnished to clubs upon application, though their adoption is optional. No iron-clad rules govern the formation and admittance of clubs. "Unity in diversity" is the motto of this federation, which aspires only to be a link in the chain of mutual helpfulness that shall encircle the earth, uniting each to every other and all to the Highest. "The torch of God passes on its way, hand reaching out to hand." The Social Science Federation asks only that each member shall hold her torch high.

Reference books under the various courses of study will be furnished to clubs for a nominal rental, just sufficient to pay the expenses of distribution.

Copies of the constitution and by-laws, and a simplified constitution in conformity with it, will be sent upon application, either to the president or corresponding secretary; correspondence upon any and all matters pertaining to club membership or work is solicited, and all inquiries will meet with a cordial response; also the personal co-operation of some member of the executive council is tendered to all who may wish for such aid in the organization of new clubs.

Fraternally signed,

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, president, 2460 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Jennie M. Kellogg, first vice-president, Emporia, Kansas; Mrs. Sallie Toler, vice-president, North Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Lucy B. Johnston, vice-president, Minneapolis, Kansas; Mrs. Lillian Hale, vice-president, 2402 North 10th St., Kansas City, Kansas; Mrs. T. H. Church, vice-president, 622

West 8th St., Topeka, Kansas; Mrs. Frances M. Carruth, vice-president, Lawrence, Kansas; Mrs. Lena E. Fuller, vice-president, Quenemo, Kansas; Mrs. James Humphrey, vice-president, Junction City, Kansas; Mrs. Hill P. Wilson, corresponding secretary, Wa Keeney, Kansas; Mrs. C. F. Wilder, recording secretary, Manhattan, Kansas; Mrs. Henrietta S. Turner, treasurer, Paola, Kansas; Mrs. Noble Prentiss, auditor, 422 West 10th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Remember that every subscriber to THE ARENA whose subscription is received after October 1, of this year, will be presented with our magnificent Arena Album, absolutely free.

Help for the Sinking and Redemption for the Young.

During the past two years and a half THE ARENA has raised between three and four thousand dollars, which has been expended in feeding the starving, caring for the sick, securing positions for the needy, and redeeming the children of the slums. Accounts of these disbursements have been made in this department of THE ARENA, so that our regular readers are acquainted with the great good which has been accomplished. But as numbers of new readers have joined our circle during the past few months, I wish to say a word on this subject and ask every friend of THE ARENA to do something for the needy within the next sixty days. I do not ask that the money be sent to our Fund, for many friends have those whom they can help at their own doors. But I do ask that each reader of THE ARENA register a vow to help some needy one during the next sixty days, and let that vow be sacredly kept. We are on the verge of a terrible winter. Tens of thousands of our people will suffer, but we can greatly lessen the bitterness of some lives by thoughtful aid. Let no one withhold the help which lies in his power. THE ARENA has two life-saving stations which will be its special charge this winter. One is located in the slums of the North End in Boston, the other in the slums of Philadelphia. And it is about these two branches of work that I wish to speak most seriously to our friends.

I. THE SLUMS OF BOSTON.

Below, I give a letter from Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, the noble-souled minister who is giving his life to relieving suffering, aiding the disheartened, and redeeming the young in the very heart of the slums of Boston. It has been under the personal supervision of Mr. Swaffield that the main portion of our disbursements in the slums of the North End has been made. And chiefly through the agitation opened two years ago, and carried on by THE ARENA, substantial reforms have been wrought in this part of the city. As long as our Fund was supplied we were able to do great good in relieving suffering, in helping the needy to secure positions, and in various ways aiding those who had fallen under the wheel. Now, however, our Fund is empty, and until we receive assistance we can do nothing. All money paid into this Fund is so disbursed as to help in a real way the deserving poor. All cases are personally investigated, so that no money is wasted on those who do not really need help, or given where it can be used for liquor. The story of the good which has been accomplished by THE ARENA Poor Fund would require a volume, and while I have never urged the aiding of these unfortunates as anything more than a palliative measure, I do claim that it is our sacred duty to help these sufferers to the full extent of our ability while we agitate for those great reforms which are rooted and grounded in justice. This is Mr. Swaffield's letter and report:—

My Dear Mr. Flower:—

I enclose statement of expenditure of the last \$40 received from the Arena Fund.

The recent visitation of families in the North End reveals a sad state of affairs. Poverty and want I fear will be terrible this winter—so many willing and able are out of work, and hence are unable to provide for those dependent upon them. We hope that funds will come in so that we may be able to run our new soup kitchen at its fullest capacity.

I am glad to say that, through your agency in the main, in exposing the evils of society in the North End, many sights that used to sadden our hearts and eyes are now gone, and many families are now doing well in the suburban towns around Boston.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

Expenditure of Arena Fund to Sept. 27, 1893.

For board of 15 mothers and children in the country for 6 days each at 40 cents a day	\$36 00
For meals and lodging for men out of work	2 00
Medicine and food for sick	2 00
	<hr/> \$40 00

W. J. SWAFFIELD.

II. THE SETTLEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

And now one word in regard to the magnificent work being carried on by Mr. Daniel in Philadelphia. I am peculiarly interested in this work because of the breadth of its scope and the catholicity of its spirit. Mr. Daniel in his wonderful little work, "Ai," has outlined the redemption of the slums along certain broad and noble lines. The dream precedes the reality, and having dreamed of redeemed and transformed slums Mr. Daniel has set to work to bring about the realization of his dream. Accordingly he has moved his family into the slums, and has commenced personal labor among the unfortunates after the manner of the work operated by Ai in the story of that name. This work will, I believe, save to civilization and the race many persons who would otherwise be lost. I believe also that it will eventually lead to much helpful labor along the same lines in our great centres; and therefore I feel a keen interest in its success. Below I publish a letter just received from a friend, giving five dollars for this enterprise. This, with the ten dollars credited in THE ARENA last month, makes fifteen dollars already contributed to the work.

All who feel moved to aid us in either of these noble works may forward money to us, and it will be acknowledged in THE ARENA. An account of its disbursement will also be given at intervals as heretofore. Please designate for which work you wish the sum expended.

Enclosed find \$5 for the good Mr. Daniel in assistance to his noble work among the slums at Philadelphia.

May his friends, who are legion, prove their sympathy by a timely aid.

Yours for truth,

F. S. CHANNELL.

A Card from Mr. Fleming.

I greatly dislike to give place to personal grievances in the columns of THE ARENA, as I always deplore the mentioning of any name in other than a decorous manner. I have, however, received the following letter from Mr. Fleming, to which I give place merely because it seems simple justice that Mr. F. be heard in his own behalf, although I cannot in the future permit personal grievances to be discussed in our pages.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1893.

To the Editor :—

My attention has been directed by the *Critic*, September 2 last, to the following statement made by Mr. Appleton Morgan, in the July number of THE ARENA, p. 236 :—

"Later I sent a man named Fleming (not a Shakespeare scholar, but a man with no motive for prevarication) to examine it, and he arrived at the same conclusion."

In reply I beg to state :—

In 1887 at the request of the editor of "Shakespeareana" I prepared a paper on "Bibliography of the First Folios in New York City." While doing so I examined the copies of that book in the Lenox Library. That paper was read before the Shakespeare Society of New York, and afterwards published in "Shakespeareana" for March, 1888.

In reply to the words, "not a Shakespeare scholar," I enclose a copy of a letter from Mr. Morgan to myself :—

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.
Appleton Morgan, *President*.

Office of the President,

21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1891. }

Dear W. H. F. :—

Do you feel disposed to go ahead with that joint arrangement of which we spoke?

"A Technical examination of all the Quartos and of the Four Folios of the Shakespeare Plays tending to an identification of the Printing Offices from which they were issued; and so to a Summary of the Circumstantial Evidence as to their Sources, Production, and Shakespearean Authorship."

How would that do for a title? H. O. H. & Co. would print it. We would have to jointly shoulder the expense, less, however, all the ornaments, headpieces, tailpieces, etc., which have been used in the *Bankside*, and as many of the H. P. blocks as we care to use.

[Here follow details as to style of printing, number of copies, price, sales, etc., etc. The letter concludes :—]

Believe me, the labor will be enough for our lifetime. Shakespearean study will never perish, and it will link your name and mine together for our collateral descendants, anyhow — unless you propose to get married, and if so you had better hurry up.

Cordially always,

(Signed) A. M.

I declined Mr. Morgan's repeated offer to join him in writing this book, *not being willing to "link" my name with his*. Hence his present opinion of my scholarship. I congratulate myself that I am placed in the company of such eminent scholars as Dr. Furnivall and Dr. Rolfe as one of the subjects of Mr. Morgan's malicious criticism. In view of the confession made in the closing paragraph of his article, such criticism comes from him with very bad grace :—

"Admitting, then, as Mr. Donnelly says, that I wrote, ten years ago, a book to prove the Baconian authorship, it seems to me that if anything I should be rather commended than condemned, for being frank enough publicly to state that I had, as I believed, become convinced that I was mistaken."

One who makes such a blunder should be a little modest in criticising those whose reputations for ripe scholarship are firmly and permanently established.

WILLIAM H. FLEMING.

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